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A faint, out-of-focus background image of a classical building, possibly a temple or a library, featuring four prominent columns supporting a triangular pediment. The building is rendered in a light beige or cream color, blending with the overall warm tone of the slide.

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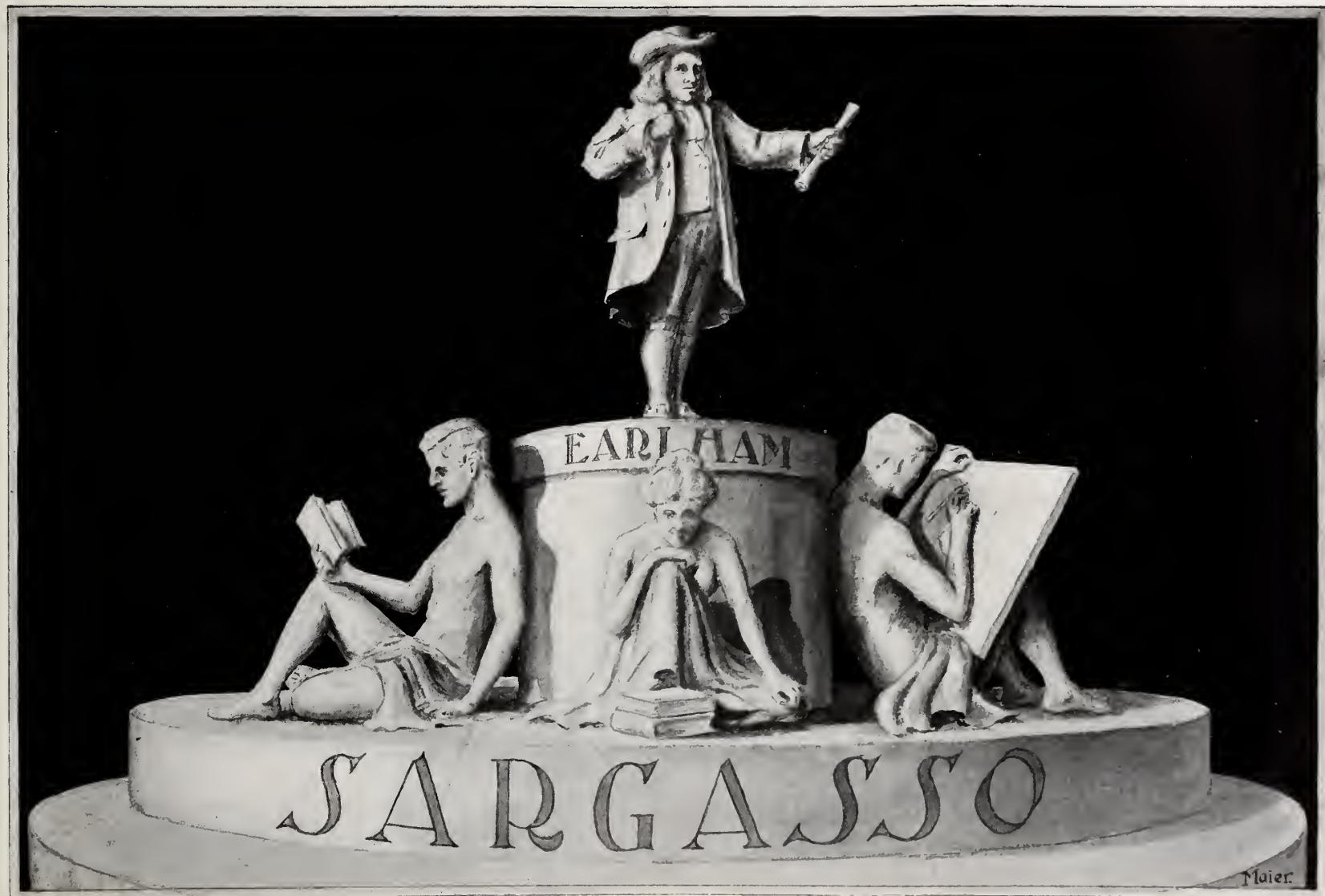
VOLUME II

*The Earlham Sargasso
of 1909*

Published by

The Junior Class of Earlham College





Maier.



ARRIVING AT EARLHAM

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APPROACHING EARLHAM HALL

GREETING

A. KETCHAM

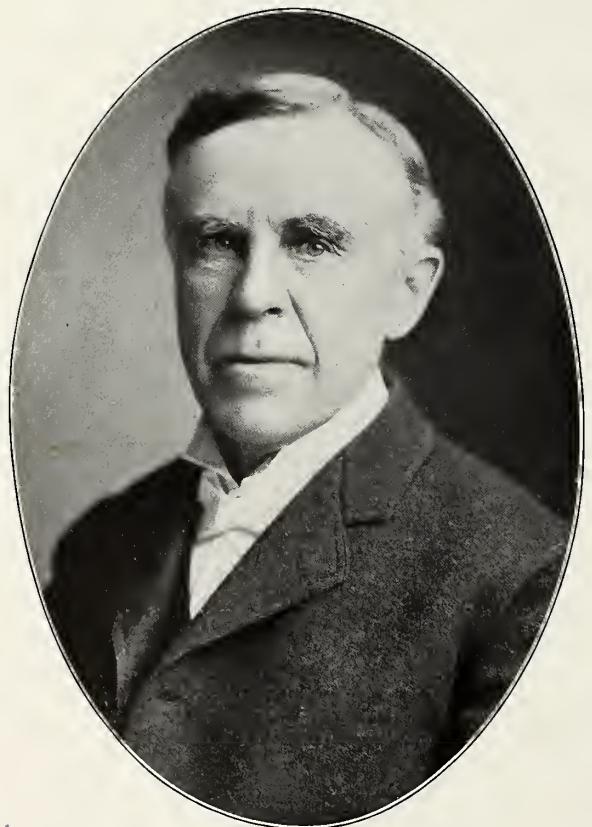
ONCE more I make my appearance and extend a greeting to all my old friends, as the SARGASSO of 1909. And yet how I have changed. The last three years have marked such a rapid progress in Earlham that I had to get a brand new dress, the old one having become out of date. It had to be made much larger also to keep up with my growth.

I thought that I would never be brought out before company again but the Junior Class, which is composed of people who do things, wanted a souvenir of their college days so they began to get me ready for my second "debut". They didn't make a big noise about it but put their fingers on the Earlham pulse and found it also to throb with a desire for my reappearance. So great was the demand of former Earlhamites to see me that requests came, not only from all parts of the United States, but even from England, Norway, Japan and the Philippines.

My foster-parents have now established a precedent and I am sure that the fashions will sufficiently change for the Junior

classes to bring me out in a new frock every two years. They got me ready in the time formerly labeled "leisure", "sleeping hours", "parlor-nights"—yea, and even "meal times". My new dress is made in the same general style as it was before, that I may acquire a distinctive "Earlham" appearance as I grow older. But you will find me replete with original and peculiar frills and ruffles.

I am not altogether satisfied with myself and I can scarcely hope to please every one in every particular, but I ask that you suspend hasty judgment of me and to be charitable toward me. My mission is to portray Earlham as it is today—with all its joys and pleasures—; to awaken in the hearts of all true Earlhamites, sweet memories of their Alma Mater; to reflect credit and to shed glory upon our dear old Earlham wherever I may go. Thus have my foster-parents sent me on my mission; thus I extend my warmest greeting; and may our love grow stronger as we become better acquainted.



To
David Worth Dennis
the Founder of the
Department of Biology
In recognition of his long, devoted and inspiring
Services to Earlham
We, the Class of 1910, lovingly
Dedicate this Book

Calendar

1908

September 28—Monday. Fall term begins.

September 28 and 29—Matriculation and registration of students.

September 30—Wednesday. Instruction begins in all departments.

October 7—Wednesday. Meeting of the Board of Trustees (9 a. m.)

November 26—Thursday. Thanksgiving recess of three days begins.

December 19—Saturday, 8 p. m. Music Recital.

December 24—Thursday. Fall Term ends.

1909

WINTER VACATION

January 4—Monday. Winter Term begins.

Matriculation and registration of students.

January 5—Tuesday. Instruction begins in all departments.

January 13—Wednesday. Last day for handing in subjects of Theses for Degrees.

March 20—Saturday. Music Recital.

March 25—Thursday. Winter Term ends.

SPRING VACATION

March 30—Tuesday. Spring Term begins.

Matriculation and registration of students.

March 31—Wednesday. Instruction begins in all departments.

May 3—Monday. Professional work for teachers begins.

May 12—Wednesday. Last day for handing in theses for degrees.

June 11—Friday, 8 p. m. Music Recital.

June 12—Saturday, 8 p. m. Annual Elocutionary Entertainment.

June 13—Sabbath.

10:30 a. m. Baccalaureate Service.

8:00 p. m. Address before the Christian Associations.

June 14—Monday, 8 p. m. Public exercises of Ionian and Phœnix Societies.

June 15—Tuesday.

9:00 a. m. Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

2:00 p. m. Class Day Exercises.

5:00 p. m. Business meeting of the Alumni Association.

7:00 p. m. Annual Tea of the Alumni Association.

June 16—Wednesday.

10:00 a. m. Commencement.

4:00 p. m. Meeting of the Executive Board of the Alumni Association.

Spring Term ends.

SUMMER VACATION

June 21—Monday. Summer Term begins.

July 30—Friday. First half of Summer Term ends.

August 2—Monday. Second half of Summer Term begins.

September 10—Friday. Second half of Summer Term ends.

Earlham College

Semicentennial Conspectus

POINT OF VIEW

EARLY can a just estimate be made of the worth, vitality and tendencies of an institution, as complex and as important in its functions, as a college, until a point in its life has been reached, at which a retrospect of considerable breadth is attainable.

Fifty years of a college-public will show three human generations, in such relation to one another and in such manifestation of qualities and tendencies, as to afford a fairly satisfactory basis, upon which to reckon worth and vitality. The first generation will still be objectively present, at its work, except the forward fringe of it, which has been melting away long enough to show something of the finish, it is making; the second will be in the first lustrum of its chosen and established work; while the third will be swarming over the walls of childhood, showing its life and qualities to every one.

THE LOOK FORWARDS

Earlham College is one, probably the most distinguished one, of the spiritual children of Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends.

Early in the decade of 1830, this great body of religious people found by its annual reports that there were in its families between 6,000 and 7,000 children, of whom two-thirds were more



or less deprived of the "guarded religious education" that has been the ideal of this church, ever since the days of its founder.

It is true they had at the time the best private schools of the country, for they always planted those twin civilizers, the school house and the meeting house, among the first things they did, in every "settlement" they made. But the immigration from Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England had poured their families into the new country so rapidly that their "Monthly Meeting Schools" were incompetent to educate the children. There were not enough schools; there were not enough qualified teachers for the schools that were. It was at this time,

also, that a new voice was heard crying in that wilderness: Give us a more advanced education, give us the means of culture, a chance at the refinements of life.

When this voice of John the Baptist is heard crying in any wilderness, it is time for the governors to listen; a new light has appeared, a new thirst has come, a new civilization is dawning, and the old regime and the old means will not suffice for it. Thus the idea for a higher, central institution of learning was born with the necessity for it,—the idea of a set of dormitories, class-rooms, study-rooms, laboratories, libraries; the idea of a set of instructors of thorough education, wide knowledge, technical skill, inspiring, Christian character; the idea of an institution

that should be a home, where the youth of the church might go, wear off their rusticity, lose their bad habits, develop their faculties, and return to be promoters of true work and true life in their respective localities.

This idea of Indiana Yearly Meeting to establish a central institution of learning at Richmond was nearly thirty years in developing and materializing in a college equipment. It assumed, very naturally, as a first form, the idea of a boarding school, after the manner of Haverford, Westtown, and Providence, through which Friends, east of the Alleghenies, had been succeeding so well in educating their children. The land for the site of the contemplated boarding school was a generous purchase. Want

of money for the buildings was the delaying circumstance. All through the decade of '30 and the early years of '40, contributions were coming in from friends of the Meeting, from friends of the enterprise in the eastern States, and from England, Ireland and France, but universally in small amounts, so that the accounts of the managing board always read—Bills payable.

One wonders what kept that board in heart. They were staunch men, they believed in their cause, they believed in the meeting that stood back of them, they believed in the good Providence that over-shadowed the meeting. Perhaps, some of them knew the story of the founding of Harvard College



THE OLD BOARDING SCHOOL

and took courage from it,—how it was a people's enterprise, as theirs was; how every one contributed, but no one much. Was the wilderness speaking unto wilderness? Were the words of Massachusetts telling the story of faith to the woods of Indiana and Ohio?

Whether these heroes knew the story of Harvard, or anything of the philosophy of the growth of great and complex organisms, or not, one can hardly doubt that they knew "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and took high pleasure in sacrificing themselves for their children's children, seeing them in their future culture and refinement, as we are seeing them in their present. No other construction will account for those years.

In 1847, when the west wing of Earlham Hall was completed, the boarding school was formally opened and Indiana Yearly Meeting entered upon its work of higher education. The next step came in 1852 in the creation of an undying board of management

for the institution, "Twelve men and twelve women, divided into relays, the terms of service of which terminated in one, two, and three years, respectively." This board was the first abiding, organic unit of Earlham College. By virtue of its continuity in membership it came to see the logical outcome of the enterprise that had been undertaken, and to direct its attention to the permanent features rather than the passing. Seven years later, the logical consequence transpired in the passing of the boarding school into

the wider privileges and higher functions of the college. Outwardly there was not much difference for some years. Constitutionally there was a stability acquired, an honorable station, and a chance for unlimited growth. It was still a college in *posse* rather than in *esse*. Its chief asset was still faith, the substance of things hoped for, rather than the things themselves. It had one substantial building; rudimentary chemical and physical laboratories, a few books, a small collection of minerals and fossils—a material equipment, very meager; simply a nucleus, a locality, a kind of Mark Hopkins' "log". But it had the spirit of Mark Hopkins at the faculty end of it and the spirit of the Mark Hopkins student at the student end of it, and therefore it was well founded as a college.

THE LOOK BACKWARDS.

It would be impossible to enumerate the beneficiaries of the founding of a college. They multiply rapidly and they soon scatter over the world and into every honorable busi-

ness and profession. They are not only the Alumni and body of students that have been in immediate contact with the institution and their children and children's children without limit, but, also, all those whose lives are touched by the light of the institution and its ideals reflected from the multiplying centers established by the radiation of its influence. A college is not only a city set on a hill, which can not be hid, but a diffusing color, tinting the total of things, a musical tone, echoing



through the whole composition and enriching the harmony.

Looking back over Earlham College from this, its fiftieth anniversary, we can see more clearly than ever before, what it is, and appreciate more fully what Stedman said of the founding of such institutions: "Whenever an educational foundation is established for the study of elemental matters—of scientific truth or human ideality—we return to the primary motive for education. * * * The founders would restore a balance between arbitrary and fundamental education. The resulting gain is not the overflow of collegiate resources, not the luxury of learning, not decoration, but the enhanced use, joy, and worth of existence. * * * such institutions are a fresh search for the verities, the inmost truth of things, * * * inevitable in that they are the means for man's advancement and for the conduct of life."

Except in a conspectus of some kind, in which the later years of the college are seen against the earlier, one is not apt to see the enlargement of life and the uplift that have come from it.

It was founded in a love of truth, and in its later years it loves it—not less, but seeks it more widely, and finds it more abundantly, in fields hardly known to its founders. It was founded on a love of church, and it has not departed from it, but the idea of church has widened with widening knowledge, and "the brethren" are rapidly becoming all men. It was founded on the fear of God, and there it abides, steadfast, but the fear is less austere, more reverent, fast softening into a deep and comforting love. It was founded on sympathy and fellowship, and they have grown

with its growth, beyond the narrow boundaries of church and state and countrymen. The sentiment against war is still growing, and another and a wider is springing up beside it. Perhaps the founders thought that the world was made for man—its forests, its flowers, its fruits, its animals, its birds, its fishes—all for man, alone, principally. If so, in the planting of Earlham they planted even better than they knew. That narrow and selfish conception is fast passing with the increasing light and the increasing appreciation of the cosmos of all things.



ippines, Alaska—and that wherever their light shines their benevolence flows to "all things both great and small," we can see that Earlham is indeed an instance of the great truth that Stedman uttered. Or, in Whittier's terms:

Not vainly the gift of its founders was made;
Not Prayerless the stones of its corners were laid;
The blessings of Him whom in secret they sought
Has owned the good work that the fathers have wrought.

WM. N. TRUEBLOOD.

Historical Sketch

SITUATED on a tract of land of one hundred and twenty acres, adjoining the western limits of the city of Richmond and overlooking the city and picturesque valley of the Whitewater River, is an institution which reaches, this year, the fiftieth anniversary of its history as a college and the sixty-second as an educational institution.

Plans for such an institution were begun as far back as the early thirties and by 1837 were well under way. Like the beginnings of all great movements, the progress was slow and it was 1847 before the doors were thrown open for students. From the start, both sexes were admitted without restriction or reservation. The school was maintained as a boarding school of advanced grade until 1859 when it was organized as Earlham College.

Among the early contributors to the endowment of the college was a prominent English banker, by the name of Joseph John Gurney, a highly educated man and a prominent minister among Friends. His timely gift was later supplemented by a larger one which was contributed by his widow and the college was given its name from "Earlham Hall", the ancestral seat of the Gurneys, at Norfolk, England.

The earliest officers and teachers of Earlham were largely men and women from New England, whose refinement, force of



character and scholarship gave it from its beginning an enviable reputation throughout the Ohio valley; a reputation which it has consistently maintained for half a century.

Earlham College enjoys the distinction not only of being one of the first co-educational institutions in America, but of having been one of the foremost institutions in the West in promoting the advanced practical study of science. As early as 1853, it took the lead in Indiana along the lines of Natural History, by starting a collection of materials for the study of Geology,

Mineralogy, Biology, Archeology, and kindred branches. Its present museum, the outgrowth of that beginning, exceeds in completeness and value most other collections in the colleges and universities of the Middle West. About the same date, the first astronomical observatory in the state was established on the campus. Here, also, the first chemical laboratory in Indiana, for the use of college students, was equipped, and, as an outgrowth from this, Earlham has today five well-equipped scientific laboratories.

Earlham Hall was the scene of all the activities of the college life until 1887. Then the corner stones of two new buildings were laid and the following year saw the completion of Lindley Memorial Hall and Parry Science Hall. The history of these has been given in a previous number of the *SARGASSO*, and



need not be given here. The two new buildings provided commodious class rooms and laboratories and gave room for a chapel, a museum, society halls, offices and the like. To Earlham Hall was left the home life of the college.

Keeping pace with a general broader movement in the college world, new interests were taken up and Earlham's influence was rapidly widened. The new claims of athletics were met by the building of a gymnasium, and, a little later, by the laying out of an excellent athletic field.

The year 1907 marked another step in the material progress of the institution. To meet the demand for home life on the campus which had grown out of increased attendance, provision was made for the building of a men's dormitory, known as the Edwin S. Bundy Memorial Hall. This is one of the best equipped dormitories in the Middle West and offers accommodations for about one hundred young men. The hall was made possible by a gift of Mr. and Mrs. Zenas L. Bundy, of Greenfield, in memory of their deceased son, who was a former Earlham student. The building is of red brick trimmed with stone and its architecture is based on that of Earlham Hall. The interior is arranged on





HALL, 1887

OBSERVATORY, 1854

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HULL HALL, 1907

LIBRARY, 1907

PARRY HALL, 1887



EAGLEHAM HALL, 1854



LINDLEY HALL, 1887

observatory, 1854



the most approved modern plan and with a view to both health and beauty. The parlors and association rooms are convenient and attractive and the men's rooms, most of which are in suites of three rooms to every two men, obviously offer many advantages for both social and individual needs.

A Library building was also made possible by Andrew Carnegie's generous gift of thirty thousand dollars to which eight thousand dollars was added by the college. This building, which was officially opened in December, 1907, stands just across the main drive-way from Lindley Hall. One enters the building from the west through a wide hall, on the left of which the stairway ascends. The large reading and reference room is on the first floor, with eight departmental alcoves around its outer curve and with "stacks" for books which have an ultimate capacity of sixty thousand volumes. There are also rooms for offices, conversation and cataloging. On the second floor are four seminar



rooms. Here, too, is a room designated as an Art Room and intended for the reception of rare treasures of books as well as pictures. On the north is a large room, used by the Library Summer School of the Public Library Commission and a smaller room has been set aside for the Reference Library of Indiana Yearly Meeting.

The new buildings necessitated improvement in the heating system of the college and in 1908 the central heating plant was added to the list of new equipments. From it a vacuum system of heating was extended to all the college buildings. This system represents an expenditure of seventeen thousand dollars.

The whole group of buildings, situated on a campus of forty acres, delightfully shaded by native forest trees and tastefully laid out in walks and drives, is an asset of which all friends of the college may rightfully be proud.

During the last three years the development of the college along all lines has been unprecedented. The departments of

Physics and Chemistry have been separated into two, with a professor at the head of each; the departments of English and Biology have each been given regularly appointed assistants; a physical director has been appointed for the college year.

Though Bundy Hall has been occupied only one year previous to this, the applications for rooms have exceeded the supply of them and there has been a waiting list all year. The college dining hall, also, has reached its present capacity.

The Indiana Public Library Commission decided, one year ago, to establish its library school here because of the various advantages offered by Earlham. Under the new educational law of Indiana, the college has been accredited by the State Teachers' Training Board and this has led to extensive expansion in the department of Philosophy and Education.

The Summer School has had a steadily increasing attendance and reached the highest enrollment on record in 1908. The total attendance of the college for the present year is estimated at about six hundred students.

During the past three years, the endowment funds of the college have been increased by eighty-five thousand dollars, which

brings the total endowment up to three hundred and forty thousand dollars. An additional gift is estimated at ten thousand and the working plant at three hundred and fifty thousand.

Earlham is a typical college as contrasted with a university. Its requirements for the Bachelor's Degree are equivalent to those in the leading universities in America but its work is concentrated upon undergraduate courses. It is able, therefore, to offer college training of an exceptionally high grade, under conditions more favorable than are found in overcrowded institutions of complex organization. Upon the completion of the college course, Earlham consistently encourages its graduates to prosecute their work for advanced or professional degrees in such universities as offer the best advantages in their chosen lines. By this method an exceptionally high degree of efficiency is secured in both undergraduate and graduate study. The wisdom of this policy is abundantly justified by the large number of Earlham graduates who, from year to year, pursue advanced work in the leading universities of this country with distinction to themselves and their Alma Mater.

HARLOW LINDLEY, '97.



In Memoriam



HODGIN

I knew him well. And ever at his task
Carving ideas out of life and story,
And walking close to them himself.
He wore the teacher's crown of glory—
Not noisy fame that blows about the world
The bubble of some great perfection—
But the crown that daily service won
Of students' trust and students' deep affection.

I knew him well. And ever at its need
He laid his life on Friendship's glowing altar;
A thousand knew his ready help
And no one ever knew him falter.
A kindly, gentle life was his,
That beamed on all the life around him,
As true and steadfast as a star
To every soul that found him.

I knew him well. A carver at the block
That held his one imprisoned beauty,
For forty years and more—the last stroke,
Like the first, armed with zeal and duty;
But the angels, looking, said—It is enough,
And sent the fairest one of all the blest
To hold his hand back from the stroke.
And now he is at rest.

Wm. N. TRUEBLOOD.

Taken from the Earlhamite "Memorial Number."

Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgin

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Prof. Cyrus W. Hodgin was born February 12, 1842, and began teaching in 1861, in Hadley's Private Academy in Richmond, Ind. This was followed by a year in the public schools in Randolph County, after which he taught for three years in the public schools in Henry County. He graduated from the Illinois State Normal University in 1867. The year 1868-69 was spent as principal of the Richmond High School. He was professor of history in the Indiana State Normal School 1872-1881. He was superintendent of the Rushville (Ind.) City Schools 1882-1883. He came to Richmond, Indiana, as principal of the Richmond Normal School in 1883 and continued until 1887, when he accepted the position of professor of history and political economy in Earlham College, Richmond, Ind., which position he has held to the present year. He was on a leave of absence 1892-1893 pursuing graduate work in the University of Chicago. He has lectured a great deal on educational topics, temperance, peace and arbitration. He has done a great deal of work in teachers' county institutes, and during the years 1896-98 he was in charge of the history work of the Chautauqua Correspondence School.

As an author, in 1880, he published "An Outline of a Course of Study in United States History"; in 1891, as a supplement to Dole's American Citizen, "Outline of Civil Government in Indiana"; 1893, "Indiana and the Nation"; 1893, "A Study of the American Commonwealth", joint editor with Prof. Woodburn; 1897, "Sketch of the History of Indiana", for the Indiana edition of Lossing's Encyclopædia of United States History: and about two years ago a sketch of the History of Indiana for the Indiana edition of Redway's United States History.

AN APPRECIATION

We think of him first as a teacher. Teaching was his chief work, and his first regret when he realized that death was near, was that he was not to be permitted to fill out a half century in the school room. He was himself a conscientious scholar who attained knowledge by painstaking labor; and was not tempted to that impatience with plodding minds which often unfits brilliant men to lead others to knowledge. He had an unfailing enthusiasm in his work. He did not shrink from the drudgery of administrative details: a schedule of recitations or examinations when it came from him was a work of art, and the routine examination of theses and quizzes was done with unfailing thoroughness. When he read "Blessed be drudgery" to us in chapel, it fell on our ears as a philosophy of life. He had a quiet cheerfulness and enthusiasm that was medicine to the soul. To him a truth never lost value because it was old, nor did he change his courses of study or forsake his friends for the sake of novelty. He took a personal interest in his students and felt an unfailing joy when he led one to see the meaning and laws of human history and to catch a glimpse of its divine goal. If he erred in his dealings with his students, it was through over-confidence in their sincerity and integrity; but I feel sure none ever took advantage of his faith, who did not feel the meanness of having betrayed a sacred trust.

I do not now recall a single scholar of national eminence that he trained, but in nearly every community where I go I find men and women who speak with enthusiasm of the love of truth and the transfiguration of life's common tasks that came to them when Cyrus Hodgin was their teacher.

Prof. Hodgin was in all things a practical idealist. He called

himself a *meliorist*: "a pessimist as to present conditions but an optimist as to possibilities." His idealism did not make him lose touch with the common things.

He was not blind to earth's wrongs and men's sins of life. He knew how far away the vision was and patiently followed the windings of the only paths to it. He was, until a year ago, president of the Peace Association of Friends in America and one of the founders of the Intercollegiate Peace Association. He was a member of the peace and temperance committees of Indiana Yearly Meeting and chairman of the Wayne County Prohibition Central Committee. He was chairman of the Wayne County Historical Society and a prominent member of the State Historical Society. He knew the prohibition of the liquor traffic must wait on public conviction and hence agitated the question. He believed in world peace but knew it could only come with justice. He believed in free trade among nations, in co-operation in industry, in Christian socialism as the final form of human society; but he knew these could only come as the spirit of Christ brought righteousness and brotherhood to the hearts of men.

His religious faith was sincere and simple; his trust in the love and goodness of God, deep and abiding. The sufferings and loneliness of his last year only strengthened it. In theology he was tolerant and progressive. In days when doctrine and emotional experiences filled the pulpits he was a preacher of personal, civic and social righteousness. The church's recognition of his gift came tardily, but a few years ago he was recorded a minister of the gospel.

This, and more, is the man we knew and loved,—the practical idealist, devoted patriot, true friend, painstaking scholar, enthusiastic teacher, preacher of righteousness. Our best expression of gratitude shall be our lives which show that he did not live, love and labor for us in vain.

ELBERT RUSSELL.

"The Comrade in the Dome"

IN MEMORIAM
PROF. CYRUS W. HODGIN

("Sometimes, in the silence of the night-time, one may hear the tiny hammerings of the comrades at work up in the dome—the comrades that have climbed ahead."—*Charles Ram Kennedy*.)

And so, today, with listening ear,
Beneath the crystal dome we stand
And seem, from far aloft, to hear
The joyous hammerings of his hand.
There where the heavenly arches go
To crown the living dome of love,
This one, so loving here below,
Is given his gracious task above.
With golden rivets, beam to beam,
And arch to arch, he welds in place;
The while a happy smile doth seem
Like sunshine to illume his face.
His angel helpers seem to know
The joy-light of that radiant mien,
And bend with him a look below
To earth's familiar home and scene.
They know, what we are slow to see,
That death is no dividing bar:
That now as never they can be
With us though still on earth we are.
They know that over there, as here,
They still may work for those they love;
And watching o'er earth's comrades dear,
Prepare for them the home above.

—Clarence Mills Burkholder.

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Robert L. Kelly, *Chairman.* John T. Stout.
Amos K. Hollowell. Samuel C. Cowgill.

VISITING COMMITTEE.

Mary B. Bruner, *Chairman.* Caroline M. Wright.
Morris E. Cox. John T. Stout.
Lily M. Hiss.

TRUSTEES FROM INDIANA YEARLY MEETING.

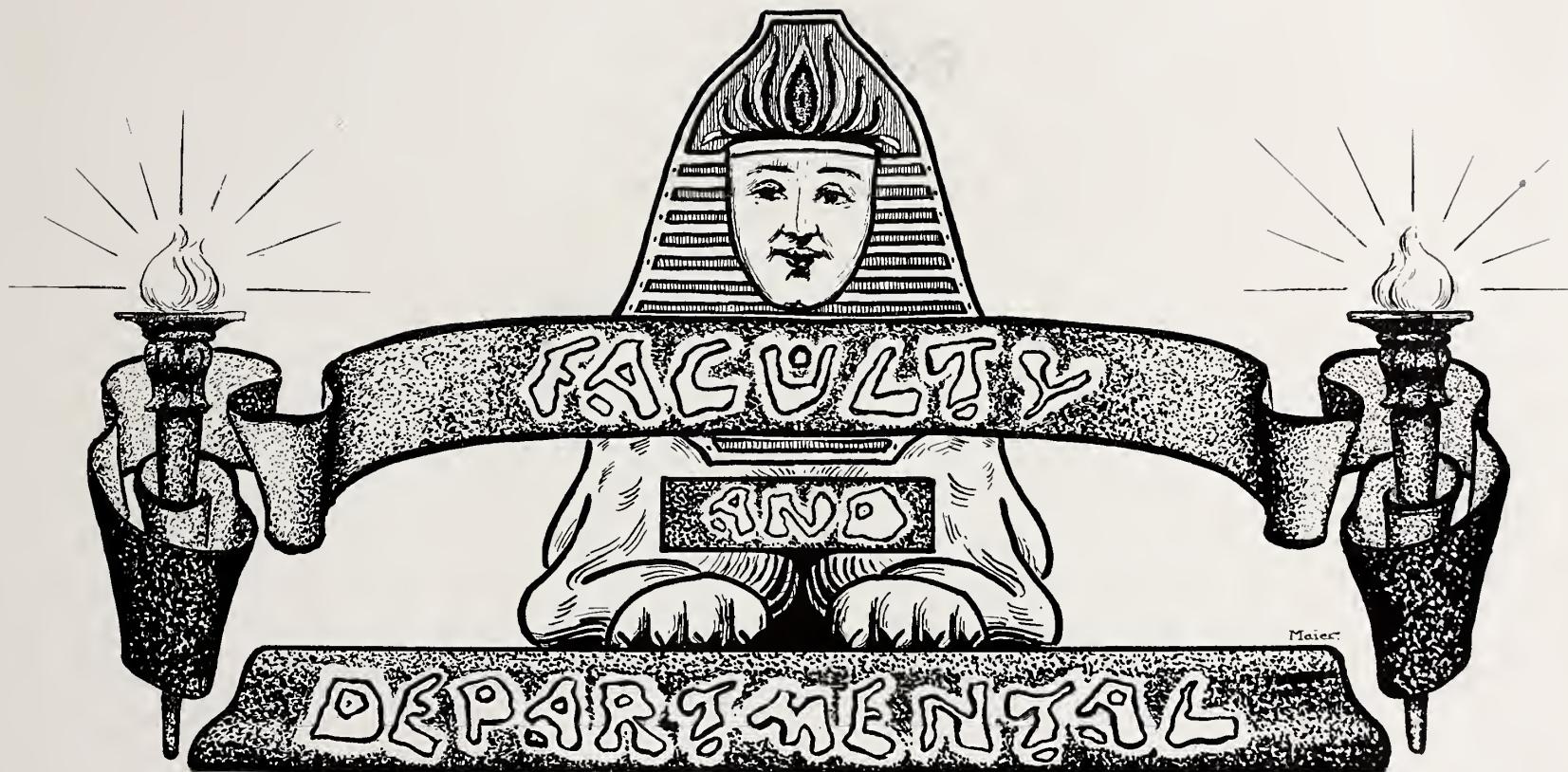
Allen Jay, Richmond, Indiana.
Benjamin Johnson, Richmond, Indiana.
Ethel K. Calvert, Selma, Ohio.
Mary B. Bruner, Greenfield, Indiana.
Timothy Nicholson, Richmond, Indiana.
Joseph A. Goddard, Muncie, Indiana.

TRUSTEES FROM WESTERN YEARLY MEETING.

Samuel C. Cowgill, Montezuma, Indiana.
Caroline M. Wright, Kokomo, Indiana.
Morris E. Cox, Westfield, Indiana.
Lily M. Hiss, Plainfield, Indiana.
Amos K. Hollowell, Indianapolis, Indiana.
John T. Stout, Paoli, Indiana.
Robert L. Kelly, President of the College (*ex officio*)

TRUSTEES OF ENDOWMENT AND TRUST FUNDS.

Mordecai M. White (President Fourth National Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio),
President and Chairman of Investment Committee.
Timothy Nicholson (Book Dealer, Richmond, Indiana), *Secretary and Member of Investment Committee.*
William P. Henley (Cashier Bank of Carthage, Carthage, Indiana), *Treasurer.*
Morris E. Cox (Cashier State Bank of Westfield, Indiana), *Member of Investment Committee.*
Amos K. Hollowell (Manufacturer, Indianapolis, Indiana).





President Robert Lincoln Kelly

PH.B., EARLIHAM COLLEGE; PH.M., UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO; LL.D., DEPAUW
UNIVERSITY; PRESIDENT OF EARLIHAM COLLEGE SINCE 1903.

Prexy, our fox-colored, verbose friend, presides over the Earlham carpet and woe to the one who must walk it. He got his red hair while harvesting sandburs in Parke County; he lost it trying to graft some ideas on to scrub stock. His verbosity he acquired while mastering Philosophy and through some mistake it still clings to him.

This man has done much to beautify Earlham. Besides the buildings and other small things completed, a delightful gravel walk has been laid out between his back yard and the serpentine. It was not missed before it was built, but now that the idea has been conceived and worked out by the artist, it has become so firmly connected with the campus that we must treasure it. Of course, it is not used, the plain ground works better; that isn't the point, it's the underlying desire to beautify the campus that we admire.

Now college presidents are usually knocked to a certain extent, but we are not going to do that. "Casting all jokes aside", as he invariably says in chapel, we love, respect and admire the man. He has brought the college up to its present high standard, and is amply fitted to keep it there. He has an eye for details, which accounts for the lack of friction in the college steam roller. Then, too, he is a friend to the individual student.



J. Herschel Coffin, B.S., A.M., Ph.D.

(CORNELL)

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND EDUCATION.

Looking so tender at first sight and yet so mighty, who would have thought that this slight haired Prof. could sing, wield a bat, play tennis, and teach Philosophy, too? And such a star at all! The "coughin'" quartet grew famous under his leadership; his prowess at the bat and behind it will be told to frighten bad children years hence; as to the tennis, a mightier pen were needed to describe the thrilling sight. Yet there is another side to this admirable young man; he is the Beau Brummel of the faculty. He always flashes his tans at an early date, and his green hose make a dandy combination. When one sees him stepping daintily over the lawn on a bright spring morning he may safely say in the words of the poet:

What a delightful sound I hear,
How sweet this sight is to the ear.

ROBERT LINCOLN KELLY, *President and Lecturer in Philosophy, Psychology and Education.*

PHILOSOPHY AND EDUCATION

"Wise men ask questions that fools can't answer."



Could Achilles ever catch up with the tortoise? The famous philosopher, Zeno, argued that Achilles never could overtake the tortoise because, while he was reaching what at any moment was the starting point of the tortoise, it would have gained a certain amount of ground and thus, forever keep ahead. Such examples are merely evidences of man's love of, and search for knowledge and truth, and they exist today as strongly as they did in those days when truth, as known to us, was obscure and hidden. Along with the change and advance of civilization has come change and advance in ideas.

"Philosophy consists not in airy schemes, or idle speculation. The rule and conduct of all social life Is her great province; not in lonely cells Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light To senates and to kings, to guide their counsels, And teach them to reform and bless mankind." —Shakespeare.

But the problem of the Department of Philosophy is not alone the attempt to solve metaphysical questions which the world has always debated. It recognizes them, in that they help to make up the history of civilization. It recognizes truths, not merely as cold truths, but as they have been brought into connection with the current of our own experience and knowledge: for the mere existence of a truth is nothing. The department does not lose sight of the real meaning of philosophic problems, but at the same time sees the need of relating them to life as we know it. By acquainting us with the beliefs, hopes, and aspirations of the ages before us, philosophy aims to help us see life clearly and wholly. Finally it recognizes and admits its own limitations and shows the necessity of a steadfast abiding faith in that which is far beyond the realm of cold reason.

The elements of philosophy and education may seem to be incongruous, but they are easily reconciled. The ultimate end of philosophy is to see life in its entirety, by means of the history and achievements of civilization. That of education is the same. Education has long ceased to be identical with mere instruction, but is identical with life itself, for as long as life lasts and our impressionability remains, we are always adapting ourselves to our surroundings, and acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world.



Harlow Lindley, B. L., A. M.

LIBRARIAN AND PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND POLITICAL SCIENCE.

There's no question about it, we have here some of the real thing. Here's the receipt: Take a quart of library paste, a bottle of red ink, and a hunk of steak, stir well and add a taste for authority. If you are of a practical turn and want to see it at work, go into the Library and pick out the one who breaks ten rules every six minutes; to be sure there is no mistake, see if he has his hat on and is talking in that far-away tone. Don't speak to him, he is too busy.

There has been a terrible change in him though in the last year. He's joined the "Young Married Men's Club" and eats three square meals a day. Those who know him best say he used to eat twelve dates for breakfast, an historic egg for dinner, and would spend the supper hour gloating over his free state. But you mustn't take in all you hear. If you want a fact, take this: He knows more about everybody and their folks than any three men in the state.

ARTHUR H. HIRSCH, *Instructor.*

HISTORY-POLITICAL SCIENCE

"History (teacher) repeats himself."



From Professor Lindley we learn that the fundamental object of the department is not only to give historical knowledge and training, but also to serve as the basis for professional training in law, journalism, government service, and general business activity, and primarily to prepare for good, capable citizenship. However, judging from reports, some people have differed from him in the past year, and have thought that the department was here for the purpose of furnishing a few snap courses and dealing out A's and credits free of charge. But two weeks' treatment always arrests further progress of this delusion, and a term's treatment effectively cures it for all time to come.

Another thing we learn from a term's consistent work in any of the four subjects embraced in this department—History, Economics, Government and Sociology—is the great practical value of the course. No matter what one's calling in life may be, whether doctor, lawyer, merchant, or chief, his training is incomplete without a general knowledge, at least, of the subjects mentioned above. The mere fact that Cæsar once crossed the

Rubicon, that Napoleon met defeat at Waterloo, or that the American Fathers drew up a Declaration of Independence are of little interest to the average person. But the motives working back of those events, and the results produced by them are of the greatest importance to every one if we are to properly interpret the present and prophesy as to the future.

One of the chief phases that has contributed to the success of the department and to the students' distress of mind is the collateral or "outside" reading. The task of wading through the flood of assigned readings that are poured out upon us seems hard at times, but if the work is consistently done the benefits derived are worth much more than the effort.

If there is any one thing that is characteristic of the History department it is the ever-present, unavoidable term thesis. We all remember vividly how the awfulness of the task seems to increase as we put it off from day to day, until, with only one week left and the thesis not begun, it looms up as an insurmountable barrier to our getting a credit. But, oh, what a self-satisfied feeling comes over us as we finish the last page and put it up in neat form, ready to stand as one of the world's great masterpieces of literature. However, many of us derive more pleasure and real benefit from the thesis work than from all the other work in the course put together.



Cleveland King Chase, A.B., A.M.

PROFESSOR OF LATIN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Always late to class, but a *sure thing* when he gets there. He thinks nothing of giving twice as long lessons as most of the other professors, which probably accounts for the small number in his classes, although it has been said they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. The students are afraid of his manner and astounded at his "prodigious" knowledge of Latin and Roman History. When late to class, the usual conclusion is that the recent arrival was cross the previous night. We have our political ideas warped many times by his "hot air" process in chapel. On investigation, we find that he carries that fancy cane to protect himself from the Richmond people whom he persuaded to purchase \$5 skating pond tickets. The heterogeneousness of this write-up was necessitated in order to correspond to the character of the subject.

MURRAY S. KENWORTHY, *Acting Instructor in Greek.*

ANCIENT LANGUAGES

“Dead, but not forgotten (?).”



“Small Latin and less Greek?” Nay, rather, less Latin and least Greek! This is what the student in ancient languages possesses when he first enters upon the collegiate stage of his classical journey. How much he thinks he knows in these departments of education at the beginning of the year!

How little he knows he knows at the end of that year! It is not because the study of the Humanities is especially difficult that the student comes to this definite bit of knowledge; but we must say that there is no course in the college curriculum which is so liable to change the “great primer” I to the little “i” of “brilliant or diamond” size. There is no study which takes the “wind out of a fellow’s sails” so quickly as the study of the Latin and Greek tongues.

And yet, with all this trimming, so to speak, the all round instruction obtained in the Latin Department is certainly compensative for the effort expended. After a four years’ course one is almost fitted to become the “rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, etc., etc.,” adding farmer at the end of the list. The records of Roman philosophy, society, and private life are studied, giving one an insight into the life of the good

3

old times. On the other hand, the practical benefit of this course may be expressed in the words of a scholar (?), “It learns us to talk correct”.

Professor Chase takes us in hand when we are barely out of the amo, amas, amat stage of our mental training (to say nothing of our social side), and when we find difficulty in telling an ablative absolute from a genitive of possession. To produce any effect upon the member of a Freshman Latin class demands that a professor must be “long suffering and kind”, which qualities are possessed by the present occupant of the chair in Latin. And, judging from the results of his teaching, his work is not in vain.

In the Greek Department, there are also points of interest. Of course it is expected that those “curlieus” are “all Greek” to the beginner, yet those of the advanced class also find them all Greek at times. They say, one must get the jingle to fully appreciate Greek, but it seems as though the “bats” will inhabit our “belfrys” before the chimes are installed. They also say that with a thorough knowledge of the Greek verb, the language becomes easy. Possibly so. During Professor Kaminski’s absence, Professor Kenworthy has been doing the gesticulatory enunciation stunts and has proven very energetic and efficient.

In fact, the departments of Latin and Greek under the heading of Ancient Languages, are most important at Earlham. It is a well known fact that students in these courses are inferior to none when “Greek meets Greek”, and Roman meets Roman.



Arthur M. Charles, B.S., A.M.

PROFESSOR OF GERMAN AND ACTING-PROFESSOR OF FRENCH.

In this professor we find a devout enemy of the "Antique Air Trust". Until you know him, his dignified bearing is apt to awe you. He is entirely harmless, however, and is a "matinee idol" to the Freshmen girls. This may be due perhaps to his distinguished chapel talks concerning the ways and means of love. He always has something to say on every subject that may happen to come up in his class room, from the new and universal language of Esperanto to the proper way of bringing up children in the way they want to go "that they may never depart therefrom", and his diversity of knowledge is a matter of much comment. His ability to exceed the speed limit rate in firing German questions is enough to make a timid Freshman's hair stand on end. You might never suspect that this calm-faced German Prof. was a master hand at business deals but too much can not be said of his business sagacity, for he persuaded Prof. Hole, that staid and conservative member of the faculty, to buy his lot at the corner of the campus just BEFORE the west side sewerage tax was levied and not AFTER.

HELEN BROWN KEYES, *Instructor in French and German.*

FLORENCE HANSON, *Instructor in French.*

MARY A. JAY BALLARD, *Instructor in Spanish.*

MODERN LANGUAGES

"For the Dutch Company is the best Company."



Two years' work in language is required of every student, says the catalog—and it ought to know—so the great majority of the Earlham boys and girls, being naturally too wide awake to care for the dead languages, plods, struggles, slips, slides, flounders its way through two years of German, or one each of German and French (a few even trying

Spanish), and heaves a sigh of relief when it hears the last "Aeh" or "Dien" and tearlessly says "Leb' Wohl" or "Au Revoir" to the "Hermann and Dorothea" or "Fraser and Squair". But they give it up too soon. The point where they stop is the place where the real enjoyment begins. "Tell" and "Colomba" are but fore-shadowings of the future delights of "Goethe", "Schiller", "Lamartine", "Hugo", and "Daudet". For there be people freakish enough to aver that there is pleasure to be derived from the study of language and for them the whole four years of German, two of French and one of Spanish are full of pleasure.

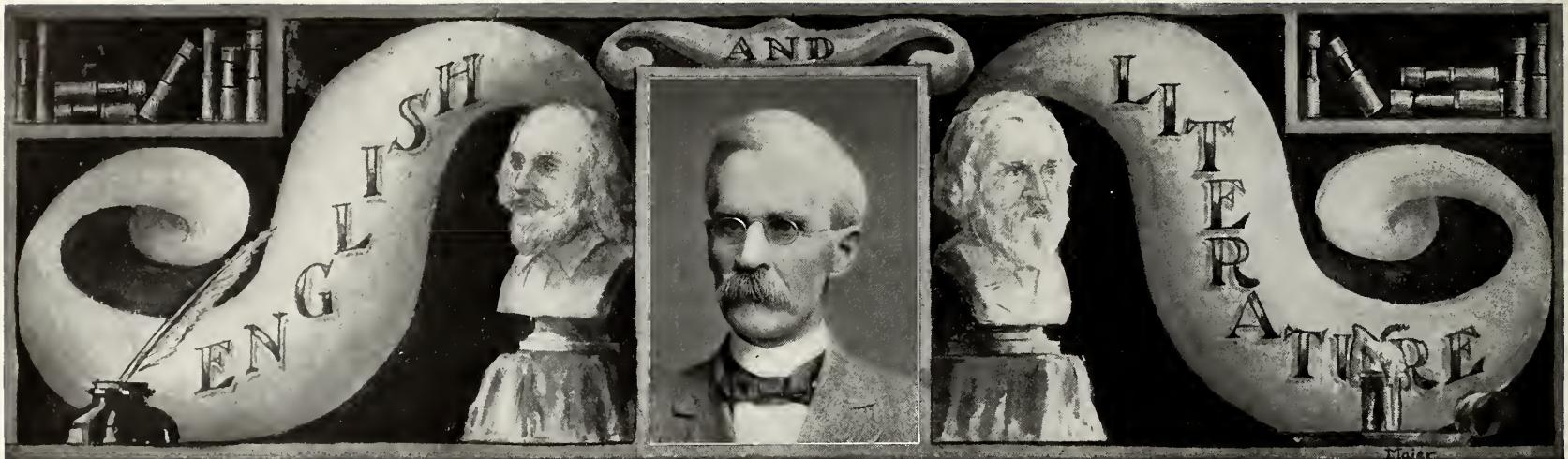
In German, the first year is mostly grammar and composition—don't you remember those Monday mornings?—with some

short stories and that charming little tale of "Inmensee". Good old "Wilhelm Tell", "Minna von Barnhelm", and "Hermann and Dorothea" are the mile stones of the second year. Shorter and more modern works are also read, while composition and conversation claim two days per week. The advanced work is not divided strictly into third and fourth year periods but the students are allowed to take whatever work they are able to carry. The German Club is an excellent supplement to the advanced work.

In French, two years are offered. In the first, reading is begun early and much is done throughout the year. The work of the second year alternates between a study of the masterpieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the romantic novel, making French really a three year course. The Morrisson-Reeves Library has an excellent collection of French fiction.

Those who wander into the Spanish classes enjoy their work, though those verbs ought to be reformed. Only one year is given, but besides a thorough grounding in the grammar of the language, several works are read, such as "El Capitán Veneno", "Víctoria", etc.

And with all this reading and composition, quizzes that are unexpected, exams—expected but unprepared for, and the grazing in pastures of library reading, we manage to survive and take an interest in things around us. When it is all over, we decide that the Modern Language Department is not so bad after all.



William Newby Trueblood, A.B., A.M.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AND ANGLO-SAXON.

William N. is a familiar professor and certainly a dear one in the halls of Earlham with his white hair and rosy cheeks, and more than that with his gentlemanly and gentle manners. You can find him in his class room every day from 8:30 in the morning until 4:15 in the afternoon, hearing his classes, outlining his work, or giving helpful talks to individual students seeking his aid in perplexing questions. He uses all his spare time and dozens of boxes of chalk in filling the blackboard with outlines of his work, deep truths and precepts of life which too often are wasted on unappreciative students. His familiar "any discussion" after every point made will be long remembered. He does not believe in taking the text-book as a law of the "Meades and Persians", but is an advocate of independent thought. He is a farmer of no mean repute, a poet of marked ability, and incidentally the only Democratic member of the faculty.

ELBERT RUSSELL, *Instructor in Biblical Literature.*

ANNA M. MOORE, *Assistant Professor in English and Rhetoric.*

ENGLISH AND LITERATURE



The new dictionary has arrived.

Our department of English was established during the first wave of the ever-increasing movement which has brought the study of English to its rightful place beside the classics. A pioneer of the movement and the pioneer in our own college was William N. Trueblood, who was chosen in 1875 to create such a department in order that "the undeveloped state of literature and literary art might be improved."

In those days the courses were few and of an elementary nature, but, little by little, the department has grown until at present there are twenty-one courses in literature, literary art and the English language. Special emphasis is placed upon experimental work.

We now have class rooms sufficiently large to accommodate the largest classes but the need at present is for more professors. During the past year, Anna M. Moore has been a great strength

to the department and we regret to lose her. It will be difficult to secure a successor as competent. This department has had a goodly share of graduates and there are nine out of the fifty members of the present class who will receive degrees from the English Department.

With the American ideals and especially in a locality such as ours, where the solid practical plays so important a part, the value of this department cannot be overestimated. In its thirty-five years of service, how many a man has received his first æsthetic awakening in one of these English classes and how much that inspiration has meant not only to the individual himself but to the community in which he lives.

Broader than "Art for art's sake", the highest ideals of ethics and philosophy are always upheld and through the man who has been the soul of the department, one catches the inspiration to seek the beautiful and the ideal. Through unselfish devotion and a true love and loyalty for both the work and the college, our pioneer has kept pace with this rapid growing movement until today our Department of English compares favorably with that of any institution of its class.



Elbert Russell, A.B., A.M.

PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE AND INTERPRETATION, AND COLLEGE PASTOR.

Our college pastor has the largest load of any man on the faculty, being the manipulator of the reforming process in bringing up the younger Quaker generation in the way they should go. Besides this he manages to dabble in every college activity and lends valuable assistance to the athlete, the debater and even condescends to head the faculty inspecting committee on the SARGASSO. His classes are noted as the scenes of great forensic battles in which the inspiring young preachers lead the warring forces, while he serves as moderator and peacemaker. Mrs. Lee says he is the only one on the faculty who can answer every question she can fire at him (and this is going some). His old athletic tendencies still crop out and find outlet in splitting wood and in turning his wife's washing machine.

MURRAY S. KENWORTHY, *Instructor in Biblical Literature.*

Biblical



has to earn it, too.

Earlham's Biblical Department is not merely a class in theology. True, theology is taught—all the way from Old Testament Theology to New Theology. And though it centers about the Bible, it is a vastly varied line of teaching that is given on that greatest of all literature.

The Bible is studied as literature, and those who have been blind to its beauty find the scales falling from their eyes as they see the visions of Isaiah and Ezekiel and Paul and John. Those who have been deaf to its music have their hearing restored, and listen with Elijah to the voice of God, or delight their ears with the sweet cadence of the Psalms. Those whose hearts have

"The Devil can quote Scripture to his purpose."

There is a certain ancient literature of which some colleges seem ignorant, but which Earlham considers even more worthy of study than the great epic of Homer or the orations of Cicero. Certainly, if there ever was a time when an Earlham Biblical student was looked upon as "taking something easy", that time has long since passed. A graduate who majors in Biblical work gets an A.B., the same as the rest—and

beaten sluggishly as they read the word, find themselves approaching it with pleasure as they anticipate the thrill of the orations of Moses, the stirring story of Joseph, the epic idyl of Ruth, or the most masterful Phillipic of Jesus against the hypocrites of his day.

The Bible is studied as history and the work of God, especially with the Hebrew nation, is allowed to point the way for progress in the present century; by seeing what Jesus did in Capernaum, men and women are helped to see what they should do in Richmond or Indianapolis or Chicago.

And the Bible is studied as revelation. Here as nowhere else is the will of God revealed. And the teachers seek and help their students to seek God's revealed will, not only in the book, but in the heart of man and in the world of nature. Confident that all truth is God's truth, they seek truth. And if the thing most men believe the book says or ought to say does not accord with the truth as they see it, they hold that men are wrong in claiming that the book ought to say it.

Some go from the department of Biblical work to sin the same old sins—or worse. And some go forth to preach, or teach by their lives, the gospel of peace and good-will in America and Africa and Mexico and Japan—telling those that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, that in Him is life, and the life is the light of men.



Edwin Pritchard Trueblood, B.S., B.L., A.M.

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY, AND DIRECTOR OF GYMNASIUM.

Prof. Ed., the college "flunkie", according to the vote, has all the jobs the other members of the faculty refuse to take. He is the "man behind the gun" in every intercollegiate contest, being dean of Athletics and coach of Oratory and Debate. He teaches the orator to inspire courage, the debater to "outmaneuver" his enemies, the football man to "charge", the basketball man to "shoot", the baseball man to "knock 'em out", and to the track man the art of "running away". When especially pleased with the showing of his prodigies, he slaps his knee, and, his face wreathed in smiles, in that familiar stage whisper says, "My! boys, but that's fine." Not having enough to keep him busy (?), and Supt. Ware having resigned, another job has been thrust his way and now he is known as "Supe" Ed. instead of Prof. Ed.

PUBLIC SPEAKING



“The gift of gab.”

Don't misunderstand. Prof. "Ed" does his work from the ground up. His students have to be able to say "r-r-r-r-ee-ee-ee-ng-ng-ng", or any other other old "thee-ee-ee-ee-ng-ng-ng-ng".

From orthoepy to oratory he covers the whole field. His students know the structure of an oration and also the structure of the larynx, how to give deep thoughts in a deep bass voice, if that is the proper thing just there. But the whole idea is not to "perform", but to learn to give vocal expression to thoughts in such a way that they shall produce their proper effect on the audience, whether the speaker be fighting in an intercollegiate debate, contending in an oratorical contest, trying to induce the city council to change the plans concerning that abominable sewer, or endeavoring to persuade sinners to "flee the wrath to come".

Perhaps Prof. "Ed's" plans have only one real point of genuine merit. They work better than other plans. That's about all. But they *work*. Oh! how they do work. The stuttering, stammering boy who couldn't say, "Mary had a little lamb", without making you think he was lying, and convincing you that Mary probably had a white elephant on her hands; or the squirming, giggling girl who couldn't convince you at the beginning that she had any mind, say nothing of any thoughts in it—well, Prof. "Ed" does not teach them to say, "Cur-r-r-few shall not r-r-r-ee-ee-ng-ng tonight!" but he can teach them to tell you that the "Curfew shall not ring tonight", and make you believe it, too.



William Orville Mendenhall, A.B., A.M.

PROFESSOR OF PURE MATHEMATICS.

"Gov.", the star-gazer, won all hearts from the very first with that boyish, innocent, and unsolvable look of his. He is one of us and knows how to sympathize, while he has an impressive way of reminding one of the straight and narrow path without even mentioning it. We can't help associating that modest and submissive disposition with the fact that he is married—of course, we wouldn't even suggest "hen-pecked". When he first came among us he was characterized as the Prof. who always "sported", but, then, he had a right to. He says that any man who would keep the job of "Gov." for more than two years would become cranky, grouchy, and soured on the world. Therefore he is going to set up light house-keeping next year in order to retain his sunny disposition. In order to relieve himself of some of his work he instituted a Student Council, which, being so successful, he thinks may entirely take the place of a "Gov." in the future.

LAURENCE HADLEY, *Assistant Professor of Mathematics.*

MATHEMATICS

"Figures never lie, but liars sometimes figure."



has had College Algebra or Trigonometry will say that he has not had some drill in the use of figures, in the solution of the long problems which their thoughtful and considerate Profs. have been able to present to them.

For the application of the knowledge to the practical everyday life, courses in Insurance, Mechanics, and Calculus are given. In the former, problems in valuation of bonds and computation of endowment rates and insurance premiums are given. In the

The courses offered in the Mathematics Department give the student, first, a thorough knowledge and drill in the uses of numbers; and, second, the application of this knowledge to the practical every day life, and to the laws of nature. None of the courses give simply the one and not the other of these, but no student who

latter one learns to calculate the amount of cork in a life preserver, or the amount of dough in a doughnut.

A course in "The Teaching of Secondary Mathematics" is given to those preparing to teach that subject in the high school. In this course especial emphasis is placed on the correct methods of teaching algebra, in order that future college students may be immune from the mania of many students today to take two terms of College Algebra. Courses are also offered in both Differential and Advanced Calculus, which has been called the science of nature because it is the science of variation.

Two courses in Astronomy are given in which the textbook is supplemented by frequent visits to the observatory at almost all hours of the night. But what is seen there only those who are permitted to go in can tell and they usually return more anxious to seek company in their dreams than to impart their knowledge to their fellow students.

Only during the past two years has this department been able to claim a head professor, but under the very efficient direction of Prof. Mendenhall the department is constantly growing stronger. Many new courses have already been added, and others are to be added for the coming school year.



William Coleman McNown, B.S.

PROFESSOR OF CIVIL ENGINEERING.

Only the civil engineers really know this man and they swear by him, but professors, wherever you go, are apt to be original in their conduct. We realize this and yet we boldly announce to the public that we have in this man the acme of individualism. What other institution can produce a man to vie with Hamlet or Richard the Third? What makes the thing better still is the fact that he does it when we can watch him. Let us describe the phenomenon. He chooses a morning at chapel time when all the students are gathered expecting a talk of some kind; he waits until every one becomes quiet, then steps majestically to the front of the stage. One uninitiated might think that he is preparing to say something, but far from it. He moves his lips indeed, but no crude words are allowed to mar the impressiveness of the scene. He begins to sway gently, probably in time to the rhythm of his thoughts; if he become excited by the process, he may add a few gestures. He smiles or frowns accordingly as his thoughts may be comic or tragic. This completed, he glances keenly about the room and takes his seat. Yes, we boldly present the Monologue Prof. as the only original.

CIVIL ENGINEERING

The Campstry Bugs.



Until two years ago, Earlham could boast of no Engineering Department. All such work that she offered was included under the Department of Pure and Applied Mathematics. But when Prof. Sackett resigned, to accept a position as head of the Sanitary Engineering Department at Purdue, Prexy Kelly set to work and, aided by the mystic incantations of two or three of the trustees, at last conjured Cornell into giving up Professor McNown. It has always been a puzzle just how this came to pass. The significant fact is we *now* have the Department of Civil Engineering.

About the first thing Prof. told us was that he got his sheep-skin from Wisconsin in '03; that he had since been connected with the Erie Railroad in its Maintenance of Way Department; that he did Construction and Municipal Work in '06 and then had charge of "Railroad and Municipal" at Cornell.

Since Wm. C. has been with us another splinter-fired new transit, tape lines, plumb-bobs and three new pins have been added to the equipment. The departmental work has been broadened by courses in Structural Engineering, Masonry, Reinforced Concrete and Specifications and Contracts. And then, too, Prof. introduced "Church", but not to make his victims feel more reverential toward the general subject of Mechanics. New testing apparatus has also been promised for the near future.

So with this enlargement of the laboratory, and of the course of study, with the organization of an Engineering Club and a closer connection with the Department of Physics, Engineering has been made a strong course. If the charge has ever been made that the practical has been neglected at Earlham, it can now be denied. It is safe to say that no other institution can offer, alongside the regular cultural and college studies, so great a variety strictly of a university and technical type.



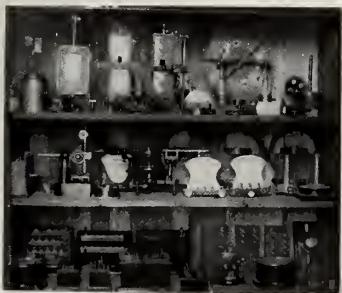
Edwin Morrison, B.S., M.S.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS.

Prof. Morrison is industry personified. He is always the first Prof. to arrive and the last to leave the laboratory. He never knows when Friday evening comes, but continues until late Saturday night, and then carries a whole library home in his arms. These qualities of persistency and perseverance were acquired in his boyhood days while kicking shins with Prexy on the football field of Bloomingdale Academy. His students will never forget his "elevate up", "in that manner like that", "connect on", "repeat over", nor his favorite pastime of fastening a clothes line to the wall and wiggling the other end of it. The value of his chapel talks varies inversely with the amount of preparation, as is shown by the fact that his best one, after many apologies, was given off-hand. He and Prexy roomed in "Heaven" while in Earlham, and this probably accounts for the fact that both are preachers.

PHYSICS

"Throw Physics to the dogs, I'll have none of it."



Chemistry, but in 1906, plans were laid which matured in the complete separation of the two departments in 1907. Since starting on its independent existence its growth has been phenomenal, amounting to over five hundred per cent.

Why does the ambitious student spend his hours calculating Temperature, Coefficients and manipulating the Tresnel Mirrors and Bi-Prisms? It is here the future engineer is getting the fundamentals for his vocation, while in Earlham's other varied departments, he adds those things that make a well rounded course. It is here that the coming instructor in Physics in our institutions of learning, from the high school up, is acquiring his information.

One of the most popular as well as most profitable innovations that has been made recently, is the introduction of Physical Manipulation. This includes shop work in both wood and metals, in glass blowing, chemical process, such as methods of silvering on glass, cleaning and distillation of mercury, and preparation of wax, glues, and cements, used in experimental work. This enables students not only to do experimental work but to construct their apparatus and laboratory materials as well. The demand for such training has been so great that facilities have already been enlarged in the two years of its operation. The methods used are those of the best technical schools and the course is made adjustable to the needs of the individual.

Since a great deal of expense is involved in equipping a good Physics laboratory, it was the last science to be made an independent branch. However, with the feature of Physical Manipulation added, and with extensive purchases, students now have every facility for experimental investigation. The present director, with his assistants, have constructed some of the most valuable apparatus, including several pieces from original designs. With its growing advantages the Department of Physics is justly claiming a large share of attention, and is becoming recognized as "no mean department".



Harry Nichols Holmes, B.S., M.S., Ph.D.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.

(JOHNS HOPKINS)

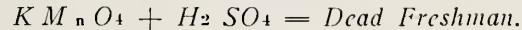
This man stepped into our college circle blowing a horn to a loud tune. The horn was his own and the tune had one refrain, but that didn't matter, we took it in well. The man then proceeded to do what the horn said to a certain extent; he sang a solo now and then, coached the basketball men a little and "spotted" some. The last named activity was easily done, a new unmarried Prof. has that advantage. But when we saw the extreme to which it was carried on at both ends of the line we marveled at the audacity. We might have saved our wonder to a later date. Once in chapel the shock came;—he promulgated his (Loisette's) memory system. Again we took it all in, but on second thought, looked it up and found that a little green book was to blame, not he. Still, as long as the little boys and little girls are sufficiently worked in Parry Hall (and they surely are), we will not complain.

ELSIE M. MARSHALL, *Instructor in Domestic Science.*

SILAS E. FAUQUIER, '09, *Assistant in Laboratory.*

LESLIE C. NANNEY, '09, *Assistant in Laboratory.*

CHEMISTRY



betokens Parry Chemical Hall.

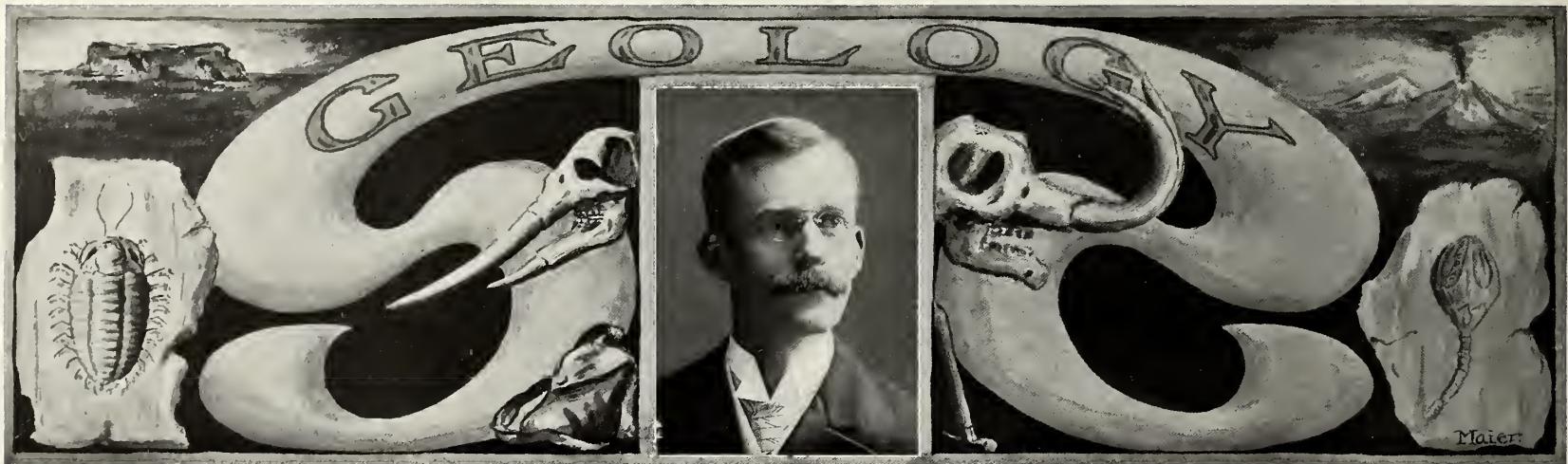
Our students frequent this place to acquire a year of science, that is to be the most useful to even the devotee of Greek or English. They get this science to correlate with Biology or Geology as it may be. They often stay three or four years and secure the fundamental principles that will enable them to assist a steel magnate or a mining company in preventing usable material from going to the scrap heap. Though not strongly specialistic, the bulk of the education of the industrial chemist and analyst is received in this same Parry Hall. The students of this course take leading positions in prominent high schools and other educational institutions. Thus does harmony exist with the outside world.

Bottles containing fluids representing the varied colors of the spectrum, a dark corner containing some such queer apparatus as an alchemist might call his own, books full of chemical lore, both erudite and modern, anon, a strange new combination of unsuited elements and a Freshman explosion

The most notable thing is the progress that is everywhere evident. An increase of 125% in enrollment over last marked the opening of the present year. In keeping with this growth, the addition of an entirely new advanced laboratory is noticeable while the capacity of the main laboratory has been doubled, thus affording opportunity for one hundred students to work at a time. There has been rapidly accumulating a very serviceable chemical library in the director's office. Here the seeker after knowledge may drop in for a social half hour with the past masters of the science and become absorbed in anything from the process in cement making to a critical review of work being done with hexachlororthoquinomethylmonohemiacetalpyrocatechin ether.

In this department the fact that there is a social side to even a chemist's nature is not overlooked. An annual banquet is given by the advanced men at which such fearfully named dishes as Potagé a la Chemie, Caseinated Tubers, Spherical Legumes and Di-Methyl Xanthine Infusion are consumed. Parry Hall Punch has become widely known through its merits.

It must not be forgotten that the Department of Domestic Science is correlated with Chemistry and the two work to each other's mutual advantage. Not only will you find chemists hailing from Earlham, but likewise in many of the best kitchens of the land will you observe former students directing operations with a master hand. Chemistry and Domestic Science make their bows and welcome you.



Allen David Hole, B.S., A.M.

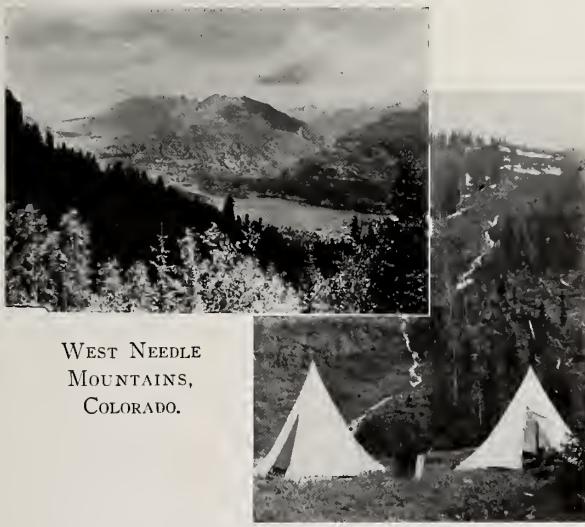
PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY, AND CURATOR OF THE JOSEPH MOORE MUSEUM.

"Daddy" had been so busy collecting antique fossils that he neglected his own welfare, but the pace set by Harlow aroused his zeal and he at once set about to procure a wife. We had long ago given up all hope of his ever becoming a Benedict, and hence the announcement of his engagement caused great excitement in the college community. This new fixture in his home explains why he no longer lingers around the halls, but immediately upon dismissing classes makes a bee-line for the avenue. Those who neglect to visit them do not know what a treat they miss. For his chapel talks he generally conducts a "Nickelodian" show in order to relieve the monotony. As the chairman of the committee on extra work it devolves upon him to place a restraining hand on the aspirations of the too precocious student. Conscientious,—yes, almost to a fault. Neat,—not even a speck of dust on the elephant's ear can escape him. Scientific,—the long and incomprehensible words he sometimes uses would make us think so.

HAROLD CHAPMAN, '09, *Assistant in Joseph Moore Museum.*

GEOLOGY

"I did it with my little hatchet."



WEST NEEDLE
MOUNTAINS,
COLORADO.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY CAMP IN COLORADO
AT 11,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

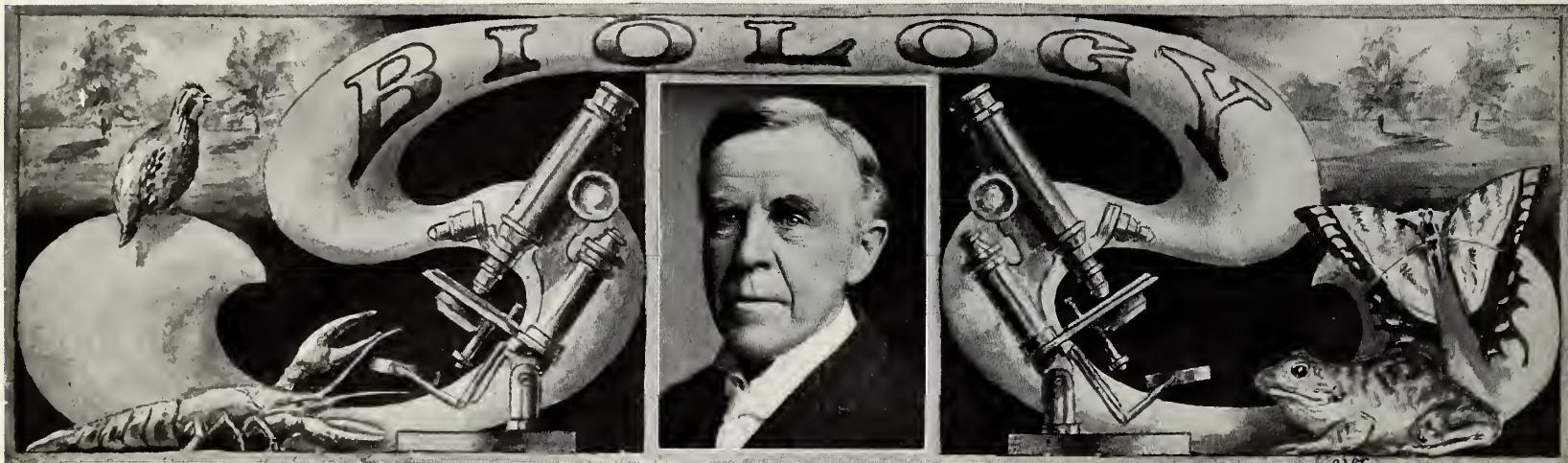
Recent years have seen this department respond to an impetus of growth, such, possibly, as has no other department of the college. It has risen since 1900 from the insignificant place of offering two electives to that of a very popular major, with courses

arranged so that the student may pursue work in this line during his entire four years. The arrangement of the courses has been carefully made in accordance with the demands of those students wishing to supplement their science work with Geology, as well as of those who are pursuing it as a major.

The work consists of lectures and recitations, library refer-

ence work, laboratory investigations and field work. The latter includes not only work in the vicinity of Richmond, but each summer a special two months' course is offered to a limited number of advanced students. These summer courses, as well as those offered at the college, are conducted by the head of the department, who is a member of the United States Geological Survey, and is engaged in making investigations in glacial geology in certain areas in the Rocky Mountains. The work for the summer of 1908 was in a part of the San Juan Mountains near Silverton and Durango, Colorado. The object of these field courses is not only to acquaint the student with the geology of the areas covered, but also to give him thorough instruction in general field methods, and in the making of maps and reports as nearly as possible up to the standard set by the United States Geological Survey. This advanced field course has become one of the most popular courses offered, since it furnishes a most excellent and direct preparation for those desiring to engage in some line of practical work in geology.

Work in the field as well as in the laboratory and class room, is supplemented by reference work in the library, where may be found a well selected series of geological works, including all reports, bulletins, folios, monographs, and professional papers issued by the United States Geological Survey, together with many of the reports issued by the Departments of Geology in several of the states.



David Worth Dennis, A.B., A.M., Ph.D. (SYRACUSE)

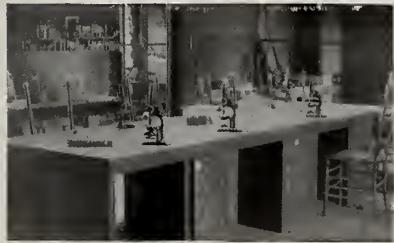
PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY.

"Behold a man in whom there is no guile". A kind Irish face and a merry twinkle of his blue eyes, with a "Now, my dear young friends, I'm afraid you haven't received your mental regeneration", is enough inspiration for the most dilatory one of us. Oh, yes, the Freshmen are afraid of him because bluffing doesn't go; but they soon learn to love and respect him for this very thoroughness. "Daddy" Dennis can tell you exactly what ornithological specimen is perched on the highest twig, if he can get his peepers on the creature's left toe nail. He can talk for sixteen days about the woodpecker's tongue and never say the same thing twice. His specialty is biology, but, aside from being well versed in all modern sciences, he is at home in the field of classic and modern language and literature. He is noted for his ability to quote poetry to suit any subject or occasion. He always has a surprise for us in his chapel talks, and we never know whether to expect a talk on Raphael or Darwin. He is one who lives and practices what he teaches, and has been an inspiration to two generations of Earlham students.

BEN F. GRAVE, *Assistant Professor of Biology.*

BIOLOGY

"Rather a CUR intact than a silky poodle in the Lab."



grave this year, and last but not least the genuine laboratory perfumes.

"Now, my young friends, get in the game. You must have classified one hundred trees, press their leaves, and keep a note book for the lectures or there will be no use for you to waste your time on this course until examinations." And the Freshmen look scared, the bluffers smile, and the more serious record the data in their note books.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to pass around and take a look at this slide. It is as pretty as a peach. It is worth its weight in gold—providing you could sell it." And the proud possessor of the slide beams in the Plant Histology course.

Again, in the spring there is another course, more popular than trees because it is such fun to go "birding". "What we need in this class is mental regeneration—we need to have our minds all born over again and be able to see whether a bird is purple or green," and then no one looks much frightened.

By the time the Animal Histology course is taken, the

bluffers are few, the Freshmen are brilliant Sophomores, no longer afraid but bold. The amount of time spent on this and on Embryology during the year is detrimental even to B's in German. But no greater blow can come to a student's pride than, when after a strenuous effort at a recitation, there is an ominous silence on the part of the teacher, his spectacles leave his nose and the fall is complete with, "Now, do you *really* think you have said anything?"

The Osteology class fairly make the bones rattle and try to impress the less wise by long names. The Evolution class is a close rival in popularity with Birds and Trees. In this class Dr. Dennis always brings a broader view of everything to his students. The Bacteriologists are small enough in numbers to be relegated to the side room, but they consider themselves the lords of the laboratory and tell of how they worked when they had Animal Histology.

The courses have been somewhat changed this year as Dr. Dennis left during the middle of the Fall term not to return until Spring. There has been given by Prof. Grave a year's work in Plant Evolution and he has also given one term of Comparative Anatomy. The work in the laboratory has been made much simpler by the advice and assistance of Prof. Grave.

With a competent assistant and new courses, the Biology Department has outgrown its present quarters and a new laboratory is needed as soon as it can be given. There is surely no set of students more loyal to their professors and to their work than the Biology students.



Lucy Francisco, B.S., A.M.

DIRECTOR OF DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

Only the music students really know Miss Francisco, as the common herd never see her except on those mornings at chapel when she introduces to us Moszkowski, Rubinstein, Tschaikowsky, and others. Although we do not understand the theme of the selection, which she so carefully explains beforehand, yet we appreciate the music itself as a rare treat. Her students are effected by her energetic disposition so much that every piano in the institution is kept going from morning till night. You would not suspect it, but this musical prodigy was a chemistry shark in her college days, taking her B. S. and A. M. in that department, supplementing this with a post graduate course in Bryn Mawr. She then taught Botany and German, the latter at Friends' University, Wichita, Kansas, and after this thorough preparation came back to Earlham where she is now chief mogul of the Music Department. She spent the winter term in Europe acquiring a few new wrinkles of the music art.

MUSIC

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."



In past years Quakerism has always been associated by many with a lack of music. This is to a certain extent true. During the first thirty years of Earlham's existence there was no music of any sort in the college. As the years passed, however, this need was seriously felt and as the old idea,—that music was sacriligious and harmful,—became obsolete, the new idea of a department of music came to the front. Thus it was that in 1885 this important part of the curriculum of modern colleges was begun in the leading Quaker institution of the West.

This, however, was a small beginning and it was not until 1891 that the department became anything similar to the flourishing one which we have now. Mrs. Finley was instructor then and under her careful guidance and supervision music became a helpful and lasting influence in the college. It is largely due to her efforts that the present high standard has been reached. In 1906, Miss Lucy Francisco, the present instructor, took charge, and under her management the standard has been steadily raised.

Miss Francisco is a very competent and able teacher, as the

number and enthusiasm of her pupils indicate. Lessons under her require many hours of hard preparation, but it is the kind of work that is a pleasure. Her chapel exercises are also a notable part of her work, as it brings the entire school into touch with the department and instills into every one the desire for good music. The many student and faculty recitals that have been given in the past three years have also received their full share of appreciation.

The needs of the department, however, are great, and Miss Francisco is aided by a corps of very efficient teachers. Miss Marcy Kirk is the assistant in piano and she also teaches a few of the classes in theory and composition. Miss Jeannette Edwards of Indianapolis, spends two days a week at the college for the purpose of teaching voice. It is probably this phase of the department that has grown the most in the past few years. Instruction in the violin is receiving a new impetus under the direction of Miss Edna Hecker, from New Madison, Ohio, who spends one day a week at Earlham. Under the direction of Miss Edwards and Miss Kirk, the college chorus of thirty voices has been carefully trained and has sung several times before the student body. Indications also point to increased interest in quartettes and orchestras. There are several organizations of this sort in the college at present but they are not under the supervision of the Music Department.



ANNA MOORE, A. B., *Assistant Professor of English.*

Miss Moore had the reputation as a teacher before she came to Earlham and during the short time she has been with us, she has won our admiration, not only as a teacher, but as a scholar and yes—a philosopher. For who would not be willing to sit for hours and listen to the "whys and wherefores" of life, its beauties and ideals, and all told in such a charming way. We had hoped that she would prolong her stay among us for years, but fate decreed otherwise it seems, "For she is a woman and therefore to be won" and the predestined knight has made his appearance upon the scene.

LAURENCE HADLEY, PH. B., A. M., *Assistant Professor of Mathematics.*

Even the faculty is not without its "sports", as Professor Hadley is one of the most enthusiastic students in the Cam-pustry department. Although Harlow and "Daddy" Hole only took one term in this course, he is following the habit of the college algebra students and taking a second term. In the class room he is just as enthusiastic concerning a problem. No detail is so small as not to receive the utmost attention. No pupil is so dull as not to receive as much care as the most brilliant. He seems to have a square deal for his motto and certainly lives up to it.

MARCY LORENA KIRK, *Instructor in Piano and Theory.*

By looking at her picture one would not think that "Miss Modesty" is continually being taken for a Freshman, but that is the fault of the picture. She is a living exception to the rule that "all good children die young." Because of her being so sensitive and so easily "fussible", we hesitate to elaborate on her characteristics for fear of hurting her feelings. We saw more of her during the winter term when she filled Miss Francisco's place in chapel, and especially was she the cynosure of attention when she instituted the grand "piano prelude".



ELSIE M. MARSHALL, A. B., *Instructor in Domestic Science, and Assistant in Physical Culture.*

Miss Marshall divides her attention between teaching the future housewives how "to knead the dough" and conducting French dancing lessons (girls only) in the Gym. She is the only one in school who can outwalk Miss Keyes and keep her tongue going at the same rate, for she always has something to say out of the class room as well as in. With all her good ideas about Domestic Science it is really too bad that she lives in single blessedness, and any of her students are ready and willing to act as matchmakers for her if an opportune time arrives.

MURRAY S. KENWORTHY, B.L., A.M., *Instructor in Biblical Literature and Acting Professor of Greek.*

The very picture of well-fed content and seemingly always in the very pink of condition. Prof. Kenworthy's loyalty to the college in any of its numerous undertakings is never doubted, for in his student days we find him in the list of Athletes, Orators, and Debaters. When he leaves the Greek room, you may be certain that he is not afraid of physical labor, for you will find him at home with hammer or spade, if not dabbling in suds helping his wife (a characteristic of a meek Biblical Professor). Being one of the "knockers" on the "frivolity" of the last SARGASSO, we tremble at his verdict of this one.

FLORENCE HANSON, A. B., *Lady Principal and Instructor in French.*

Just a wee bit precise, most people think. Has a horror for men, barn-dancing, sewing parties and ringing hand bells. Of course, this doesn't imply that she is whimsical at all. In her inquisitional zeal for borrowing trouble, she is continually calling some one down—although it is usually the wrong one. Her latest addition to our moral and religious code is that it is far more Christian-like for the girls to make fudge Sunday morning rather than keeping people awake while making it on Saturday night. She also thinks it far better for the girls to go alone than to have escorts. She has traveled extensively and made a specialty of French. Since it is so difficult for her to leave off the old habit of teaching, she has kindly consented to help out Prof. Charles and Miss Keyes by taking a French class off their hands.



HELEN BROWN KEYES, A. B., *Instructor in French and German.*

Miss Keyes hails from the East and has condescended to take up her abode in the midst of the "dorm dwellers". Already her civilizing influence has made itself felt among the "barbarians". She is as independent as you please and is noted for her frankness in expressing her original ideas on any and every subject. Lucky is the chap who finds himself in her German or French classes—that is, if he knows his lessons; if not, it is advisable that he seek more comfortable quarters. It took the photographer just two months, three weeks and four days to get her picture, even though he received the most strenuous assistance of the combined efforts of the SARGASSO editors.

BEN F. GRAVE, A. B., *Assistant Professor of Biology.*

This man should be known by the reform Governors; he would be an inspiration to them. Elected as Graduate Manager of Athletics, he at once went down to the shop and made a large lid, which he placed on the treasury and nailed down. Instead of following Luther's example of nailing his Theses to the door, this great reformer spouts his in chapel. The most famous of these is the one on "Wishy Washy Sentimentalism". He is opposed to bird classes on the grounds that Biology and Campustry should be two distinct departments. Assuming Dr. Dennis' place as head of the Biology department, he has had a difficult position to fill, but up to date, the students say they have no kick coming.

HULDA WHEELER, *Instructor in Vocal Music.*

Hulda was only with us the Winter term during Miss Edwards' absence, but she made a hit with her sweet singing and golden hair. The only regret among the older boys was the fact that she was already "taken". She says Earlham had a wonderful influence upon her from the very start for she threw away three "rats" the first day, when she saw that the Earlham Co-eds did not use (?) them. Would that there were more like her.



JEANNETTE EDWARDS, *Instructor in Vocal Music.*

The founder of a real-for-sure chorus. So important has it become that it deserved to have its picture taken for the SARGASSO,—though it had to be done in the dark. Having the true missionary spirit, we gave her a three months' leave of absence to entertain the music-loving people of Germany. They, having become satisfied, gave her an indefinite leave of absence and she got back to Earlham in time for the Spring term. Let it be officially understood that those trills in her voice are not due to stage fright but are the results of years of practice.

ARTHUR H. HIRSCH, A. B., *Instructor in History and Political Science.*

Rather tall, slender, flaxen-haired and blue-eyed, with a grin that overspreads his entire countenance. He has a title of Reverend and his preacher's instinct has manifested itself even in the class room where he has erected a pulpit effect on which he leans and delivers his orations with masterful eloquence. Once in a while his train of thought is wrecked by a question and it often takes him the rest of the period to get back on the track. Woe to that one who says, "I don't know" in his classes, for he will bombard him with questions till he finds out what that one does know, unpleasant as the process may be. But then that is Rev.'s way and we all have our faults.

EDNA HECKER, *Instructor in Violin.*

We hardly know her except as a violinist and pianist. She has been designated by some as an "Athletic Musician." She certainly does put her whole soul into her music when she plays and we are accustomed to being "carried off" into the land of nocturnes and rhapsodies, coming back to mother earth again with a thud when her instrument ceases. Although modest and demure, as most Quaker maidens are, we hear from those who know her best, that she enjoys a joke as much as anyone.



MARY A. JAY BALLARD, A. B., *Instructor in Spanish, and Registrar.*

Unknown by many of the students, evidently Mrs. Ballard, in regard to Earlham at least, was "born to blush unseen". Those who are in her Spanish classes or come in contact with her in the office are impressed by the cheerfulness and kindness with which she performs her duties and her ever-willing spirit to help out the students in regard to their courses or credits. Here's hoping more students will become really acquainted with her and that future ones will have the benefit of her influence as some of us have had.

FREDERICK CLIFTON VAIL, *Director of Athletics and Athletic Coach.*

Since this is the day of men with ideas, Earlham was blessed two years ago when she opened her doors to Mr. F. C. Vail, Athletic Coach and General Advisory Committee. If you wish to know how to serve at table, when to put on yellow spats, how to get a round soccer ball, in short, if you wish to know anything, go to this man with new ideas. There was a slight squall in "Foxy's" gray matter the other day, and he came forth with the proposition that Earlham enter the mail order business and carry on a track meet with Haverford through the post. He had looked into the matter carefully and stated that the finish of the races would be vastly more exciting with Uncle Sam as a medium. The cost of the stamps could, he thought, be easily defrayed by the gate receipts. The track men immediately began training.

OLIVE S. ROGERS LINDLEY, A. B., *Instructor in English.*

Allow us to introduce to you Mrs. Olive Rogers Lindley, chief cook and private secretary to "Our Harlow", the capturing of whom is her greatest achievement. At the urgent request of the Board of Trustees, she is helping out the faculty by taking charge of the Prep. work. Having been assistant governess over one hundred and twenty girls in the Dorm last year, we doubt not but that she finds it an easy task to rule over her cozy little home on the avenue. Of course, we haven't been invited over yet for a good meal, but we live in hopes.



NEWLIN

TRIMBLE

WARE

WARE

GLUYS

MENDENHALL

FINLEY NEWLIN, Treasurer and Postmaster.

Finley, the infallible figure manipulator and money juggler, is a great Taft man, as can be told by his mustache. His zeal for Uncle Sam's interests is so great that he even puts a "notice" in your box whenever a "Special Delivery" letter is waiting in the office.

GRACE TRIMBLE, College Hostess.

According to definite directions, we designate Miss Trimble as "College Hostess" instead of "Parlor Matron". Anyone wishing information as to the latest developments in the "sporting" world of Earlham, can get the desired information from her—for she is in a position to know.

ALFRED E. WARE, Superintendent.

"Supe" is a miniature Roosevelt, his main characteristics being the "strenuous life", "big stick", and "raw deal". Many needed improvements on farm and campus have come during his administration and we regret his resignation at the close of the Winter term. He has taken charge of his large farm in Kansas.

LILLIAN WARE, Matron.

Her striking characteristic is her attachment to her family for we never saw her except at meals. One thing sure, we had mighty good grub for which we were duly grateful. We wonder who will do the milking on the farm in Kansas.

MARMADUKE GLUYS, Engineer and Mechanician.

We all know and love Marmaduke, who has been here for one-third of a century, as he looks in his working "togs", lubricating and repairing the mechanism of the college. He hasn't had time to have a cabinet picture taken for twenty years, but took a day off to get this one for the SARGASSO.

LUCY MENDENHALL, Gov.'s Wife.

None of the "Bundy Boys" wonder at Gov.'s statement that "he doesn't need a graphophone". To her is due part of the credit for the harmony existing in Bundy. Our "big sister" is an ever present help in time of trouble—especially if it pertains to Earlham Hall.

LIBRARY SCHOOL

Handlers of Knowledge.



"The State Library School at Earlham," with what pride did we read that in the papers, a year ago this spring, when it was decided by the high "moguls" to favor Earlham with the

Summer Library School. That the charms of Earlham are above those of Winona Lake, is plain to be seen by the students, but that outsiders were aware of the fact, also, has always been a matter of wonder. That the new College Library, supplemented by the Morrisson-Reeves Library at Richmond, offered better facilities to the Library School than the Winona one was taken as a matter of course and Earlham made such an impression on them that the school will be held here this summer.

It was the 15th of July, that thirty students began their work and incidentally, at the same time, began to bake and sizzle in the second floor of the library, although the charming view helped to counterbalance the heat. There were seven day students in the school, the rest residing in Bundy Hall.

The school was in charge of Mr. Chalmers Hadley, of the State Library Commission. His assistants were Miss Carrie Scott and Mr. Francis Goodrich, all of whom did every thing in their power to make the session a successful and pleasant one. They succeeded admirably. Mr. Arne Kildahl, of the Library of Congress, gave several profitable lectures during the session.

The social side was by no means neglected and the six weeks were gay with hay-rides, picnics, etc. An excursion to the Dayton, Ohio, Public Library was one of the features of the session, a special car being obtained for the trip.

SUMMER SCHOOL

A. Kochans

"Pedagogues need Pedagogies."

A was ALL summer, this school lasted through,
Which before 1908, it never did do.
B was for Baseball, with lunatics played.
We *went* to Easthaven; the other team *stayed*.
C can't you guess it? We couldn't refrain,—
Croquet on the Campus, played right through the rain.
D was for "Dorm". To the girls it was new
To own half of Bundy and Old Earlham too.
E means that lessons were Early begun,
And calls to mind too the Eclipse of the sun.
F was for Fourth, when a picnic we planned,
With fireworks to follow and goodies to cram.
G was for Glen and for Grocery too,
How often we found there old students and new.
H was for Hot! in the Library School,
And also for Hayrack they rode to get cool.
I was for Inside where we studied or slept;
For few other uses the great buildings kept.
J was John Wesley, of Library fame;
To join him in study some thirty more came.
K was for Kildahl who came in July,
He liked it so well, he could scarce say good-by.
L for the Lectures in chapel we heard,
On Art and on Ibsen; Prof. Ed graced the third.
M for the Meals and the Melons so sweet
That with ice cream and berries gave many a treat.
N was New Heaters in Earlham and Gym,
Put in that same summer with pounding and vim.

O was for Open,—all doors were swung wide,
And we reveled without till night drove us inside.
P was Piano the Tebbetts boys brought;
Far out o'er the campus its echoes we caught.
Q was for Quiet,—a blessing to all,
It haunted the Campus from June until fall.
R was for Rowing on Glen Miller's lake,
A pleasant cure-all for the weary to take.
S was the Sum of the students enrolled,
Two hundred and twenty less three, we are told.
T stood for Tables,—this year first assigned:
And Tennis to many it still brings to mind.
U was Upstairs in our Library Hall,
Librarians declared it the hottest of all.
V was for Verne, who with Bachelor's aid,
Prepared our Muséum for circus parade.
W Walking,—with Goodrich a hobby,
For the ladies he planned, this Librarian so jolly.
X for "Xams", which we could not evade,
And when they were over, some went and some stayed.
Y was Yet longer the school lingered on,
In the Normal Department till August was done.
Z was how Zealously homeward we turned,
From a happy year to a vacation well earned.
Etc. They say this should hint at a sequel,
So now I tell you, and do you tell all people,
That the Summer Term, which last year we helped start,
Will in future of Earlham be always a part.



"The best laid plans—gang aft agley."

THE Department of Campustry at Earlham is not, as is general, complete in itself. It is a broader name for a collection of lesser courses. In the collection there are Domestic Science, Parloryology, Cross Country Strolling, graceful Campus Strolling, Oratory, Psychology, Scheming, a course in Birds, and a special Senior's course in Matrimony. The general term for any of these classes is "Sporting" and nearly all the courses of the college fit in at some juncture; Lectures, Athletics, Dining Room Tables and Glances may be mentioned. This has long been a favorite course with the students. The reason for it is hard to ascertain. It is possible that it appeals to the *love* of chance, which is so ingrained in our natures. It can not be because the course is easy; it is one of the most exacting in the curriculum. The tests are very stiff and "Flunks" are frequent. The advice that the Senior gives annually to the Freshman who complains to him:

I've flunked again,

What shall I do?

shows that this course has taught him the secret of success:

Butt in again

And you'll get through.

Yes, the course is stiff. But there is a chance for variety and there is a competitive arrangement that spurs the student to his best efforts.

The distribution of courses is a little irregular. For example, a Freshman may take almost any of the courses,—with the exception of the Senior. As a Sophomore or Junior, he may take it over or enter an advanced class. A few of us are not eligible for advanced standing because of—oh, so many things. The idea is not so much to gain a complete knowledge of the entire course as it is to gain one of the many *more or less valuable prizes* offered. The Senior stands in a class by himself,—it might be called a Fellowship. He tries to show the underclass men what the sublime result of a careful four years of study may be. He mixes all the courses into a heterogeneous mass. If it proves to be a pill, he swallows it; if, on the other hand, the mass assumes a more lovely shape, he feels that he has attained that for which he came and after adding a few irregular courses, he is ready for commencement.

The Joseph Moore Museum

ALLEN DAVID HOLE, *Curator*

THE BEGINNINGS



URING the year 1853 the northeast room of the first floor of a certain unfinished building was used for a library and also for the storage of a fairly good set of philosophical and chemical apparatus for that day. In a small closet space underneath the bookcase which occupied the west end of the room, were two shelves on which were grouped some minerals and fossils which altogether would hardly have filled a peck measure. These were the nucleus of the Joseph Moore Museum. They were sufficient to give inspiration to a very few students whose relish for Geology began to be sharpened by finding that the earth was really giving proof of what books said, and that in these parts the rocks had much more to say than the books.

In the fall of 1853 Professor Moore, who had been appointed assistant in the boy's department, began to collect material with which to aid in imparting instruction in natural science. About three years after, at the time of the completion of the central portion and the east wing of Earlham Hall, a wall case seven feet high and five feet wide was placed on the south side of the lecture room, now the Young Women's Christian Association room. This case was filled with minerals, fossils, shells, bones, a few scraps of coral, Indian relics, etc., and was quite an attraction to students and visitors.

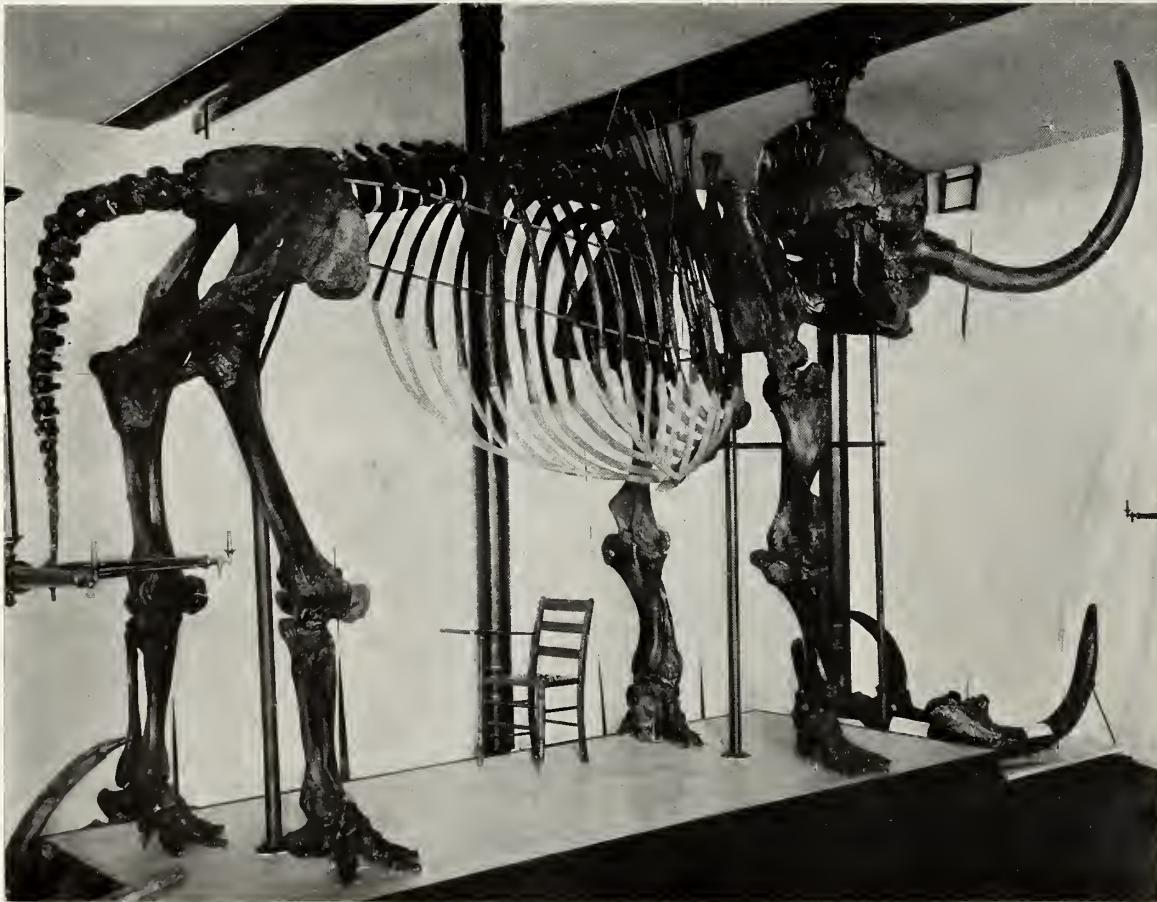
In the early autumn of 1859, Professor Moore entered the Law-

rence Scientific School of Harvard University and began collecting with a new vigor inspired by museums and collections of greater proportions than any he had ever seen. For two years he made trips to various points of interest in the East, paying his own expenses, the result being a large addition to the Earlham "Cabinet". To accommodate the enlarged collection a room was provided, thirty-two by thirty-five feet, by partitioning off the east end of the large room, now the Young Women's Christian Association room.

In 1866 Professor Moore took advantage of the delightful opportunities afforded by the extensive travel with his work in North Carolina, again sending all the material gathered to Earlham. The fall, winter and spring of 1874 and 1875 he spent on the Pacific Coast and in the Hawaiian Islands. The journey and collections were almost entirely at his private expense, requiring a total outlay of about one thousand dollars. The harvest of specimens from this trip, measured as to bulk, amounted to about twenty barrels. On the arrival of this collection, the partition was removed from the hall and



INDIAN RELICS



MASTODON

the entire space, fifty-five by thirty-two feet, was set apart for a museum.

During Professor Moore's four years' stay in North Carolina, beginning in 1884, as Principal of Guilford College, were gathered most of the stone implements in the North Carolina collection, found in a case in the north gallery. Additions were also made at this time to the collection of rocks and mineral specimens.

GROWTH OF THE MUSEUM

The museum has often received small, yet occasionally valuable gifts of specimens from students and also from persons not connected with the college. The Smithsonian Institution at Washington has, on as many as three occasions presented sets of specimens. In the early days of President Mills' administration, new and commodious buildings were erected which gave ample opportunity to expand and to exhibit the various departments, and in the summer



SOUTH AMERICAN SLOTH

gifts, with the specimens which they contain, -Hon. William Dudley Foulke and Mr. Benjamin Johnson, of Richmond, furnishing two cases.

Two large skeletons are easily the most noticeable of all the specimens, and are among the most important in the museum. The smaller is Van Amburg's famous elephant, "Tippo Saib". This elephant was over nine feet high and weighed over 9,000 pounds, its age being probably about forty years. The larger of these two skeletons, that of the Mastodon, is "one of the largest of the few that have been mounted in the United States. It is made up almost entirely of two remnants—the two were so nearly on the same scale for size that they fit together almost as well as if all had originally belonged to the same carcass." The height to top of head is eleven feet and two inches; the length from forward curve of tusks to backward curve of tail is twenty feet and two inches; estimated weight, when alive, about 20,000 pounds.

Perhaps the most important mounted skeleton, however, is of the Fossil Beaver (*Castoroides ohioensis*). "This skeleton, almost



PRESENT WORK OF THE MUSEUM

The making of a complete list of the 25,000 (estimated) specimens, and recording concerning each the place where secured, the person by whom collected, and the one from whom bought or received as a gift, is the work receiving the most time and attention at present, although additional specimens are being continually received. In order to make each one of these specimens easily available for examination or class use, the preparation of a permanent card index has been undertaken, and three years work already done on this index has classified a vast amount of material which would otherwise be almost useless.

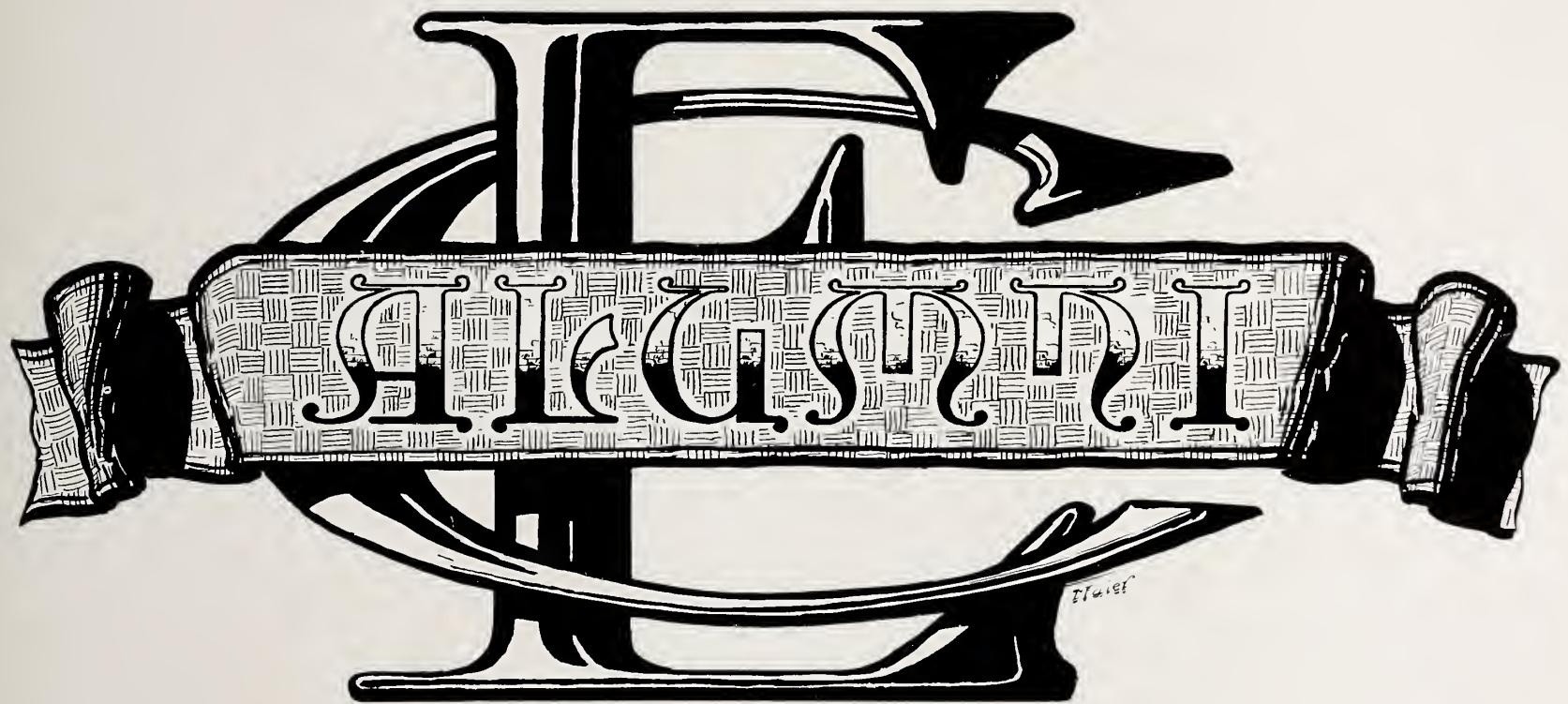
The present management of the college has provided the Curator with a corps of assistants, which makes it possible to follow out in a practical way the thought of his honored predecessor in giving opportunity to the numerous visitors (approximately 4,000 each year) to examine what most interests them, thus to some extent realizing the purpose of a museum as stated by Professor Moore himself in these words: "It has always seemed to me in passing through a systematically arranged museum that the minds and the hands that planned and arranged it were aiding the Divine Creator in revealing himself to men."



CASTOROIDES OHIOENSIS

entire, was found in eastern Randolph county, Indiana, in 1889, in a grayish fine-grained mud, beneath peat and above drift gravel." Extreme length, five feet, three and a half inches; height, one foot eight and three-fourths inches. In weight the animal, when alive, was about equal to that of a medium-sized Black Bear. Unless there have been additional finds in very recent years, of which reports have not been published, Earlham has in this specimen by far the most nearly complete skeleton of *Castoroides ohioensis* known to scientists anywhere, no other one being sufficiently complete to be mounted. In addition to this mounted skeleton the fragmental portions of various individuals of the same species now in the Earlham Museum represent a larger number of individuals of the species than is contained in all other museums in the United States.





Articles from Alumni

An Ancient View of Earlham Alumni

IT NEVER would have occurred to me that I should have been selected to write on this subject with any fitness, if I had not been compelled to adjust my glasses for the task, and some mildewed memories of the early seventies had not come floating in, as further reminders. It has fallen to the lot of the writer to spend most of his life within the sound of the old college bell that, unchanged, has tolled out the hours for morning awakening, and evening slumbers, for the last fifty years. When he first walked into the college in the Spring term of 1872, from his home less than six miles away, only forty-five students had graduated from this institution. Ten years had elapsed, it is true, since it turned out its first graduate, but only a few completed the course each year; all told, not more than some of the graduating classes of modern times, were numbered in its Alumni. As the faculty was largely made up of former graduates, I was surprised at the number of the old students that I have known: Calvin W. Pearson, '65; Deborah Steere, '65; Anna Valentine, '65; Alpheus McTaggart, '66; Benjamin F. Trueblood, '69; Morris P. Wright, '70, and many others were then engaged in the active work of the college. Still others lived either in the city or near-by towns, and have become friends and acquaintances since. In '72 an inventory of college property would list one main building, with tan-bark annex for gymnasium, and an observatory as at present. All sleeping—when things were going right—and eating—when "dixie" was to be had—as well as teaching, preaching, and accommodations for library and museum, were within this main building. We lived in close fellowship, and were not troubled much by the "Day Dodger", as very few students came from the city. As students began to develop

character of some kind, so there could be no mistake about their future, they were either sent down to one of the "Hades", or if still in doubt at the Sophomore year, they were permitted to remain in "Purgatory" until the final examinations. If needing help, they were sent to the top of building for retrospection from Macedonia. If a "Prep" or under-classman, you were required to remain in the common class room, under a governor's eye, during study hours, which was most as bad as Hades, either "East" or "West". At my debut in Earlham, Benjamin F. Trueblood, '69, was keeping the peace in the boys' school room by day and stopping croquet balls in the sleeping hall by night. It was here, after a stormy year, that he first made a firm resolve to have peace with all the world. David W. Dennis, '73, was a successor to Trueblood, and from the bad examples he had presented to him during this early and unstable time of his life, it is a wonder he ever turned out so well; but come to think of it, he used to turn out well to see the pillow fights at night and would turn us out—well or sick—at 5:30 a. m. for breakfast, if we didn't slide down the post. In looking over the early graduates, it is to be observed that many names are linked together, as Wm. N. Trueblood and Ruth Emma Stubbs, which, when taking into consideration that their opportunities, at that time, for match-making were not nearly so favorable as at present, must speak volumes for their energy, and want of college discipline. One or two "socials" of heterogeneous character were permitted each term, and what, with tipping of hats and smiles, along the front walks, after meals, together with occasional opportunity for side glances in the dining room, or at recitations, made up the full measure of legitimate love-making at the college, and considering how well it worked then, it seems a wonderful waste of time to put in so many hours, through field and glen, as our present candidates for matrimony are required

to consume. It is likely that the course in this important branch of the college work will soon be shortened, so as to give more time to the otherwise minor work of the catalog. I understand that the unmarried college professors are only to have credit for one hour a week, instead of sixty as heretofore. I want to call attention at this point to the class of '74. J. P. Dunn used to play Denny near the East wing of the building, in full view of the "Prep" school room, until those fellows would turn green with envy, before he would make a rush, about twenty minutes before class time, for Hades to acquire a lesson that took other members an hour or two to master. Since that time he has carried his talents, and favorite color, to the *Indianapolis Star*, and this journal must have been a little yellow.

According to William Jones, Albert Votaw and James Unthank, of this class, "hay" was selling from ten to twenty-five dollars per ton, according to the standing of the applicant. It was a "hay"-day for these young fellows, and it is a wonder they even got out of West "Hades". In fact they made so much fuss, that their successors of '75—William Pearson, Thomas Roberts and William P. Trueblood—did penance for a year in "Purgatory" for their sins, and a more sober lot never went away from Earlham.

The reformation started, was followed up by the class of '76. Marianna Brown was a model girl, and always had her lessons, and was kind to her teachers, loves and true. Lindley H. Johnson and Robert P. White are both quiet, law-abiding farmers in eastern part of Henry county. The only regret that the class has, is that Absalom Rosenberger should have turned out so bad at Penn College. It is said that he thinks he has the only true Quaker college, and has forgotten his own Mother. Wonder if this will remind him of this semi-centennial year! Things had moved along smoothly for several years, when the class of '77 came marching in to a tune composed by Irwin H. Cammock, or Arthur C. Rogers,—the honor has never been bestowed owing to a rivalry between these musicians, but I suppose Cammock will claim it, since Rogers has gone to a

school for Feeble-minded—poor fellow. Mary Binford and William Coffin were each studying for medicine among other kinds of devilment, and Thomas R. Woodard wished to ally himself to the profession by studying dentistry as an optional, with one hour's credit per week. In fact, Mary Ann Stubbs and Albert Haisley were the only bright members of the class. The worst of it all was, that the class found when it went to graduate it was not going to have credits enough, so it agreed to haul stone for the college to make up for shortage, and consequently the "Day Dodgers" and all other dodgers have had something to paint semi-annually, or oftener, and red has been very much much in harmony with the previous record of the class.

I knew all the members of '78 very well. They were a very dignified lot, but I don't see how one of them can pronounce his own name and be a minister—Doggett! Lindley Greene learned somewhere, in the study of medicine, to be a broker, yet in college he was always considered to be perfectly straight in all of his dealings. The same may be said of Leander J. Woodard, although he buys wheat now, and after converting it into flour, tries to sell it at a profit. Ella Levering and Antoinette Rezin were the main stays of the class, however, as they had the *power* and good *reason* to be.

I wish to close with the class of '79. David Douglas appears in the catalogue as a cashier of a bank, which gives him more credit than is due. He really is the best second baseman Earlham ever had, and banking has been acquired since, and is not natural for him. Three other boys make up the male output of this class—Levering, Moffitt and Parker, all good fellows in their way, but when compared with the girls of the class must make them pause. There have been girls in Earlham, and there will be others, but where will you find gems like these: Eliza Hadley, Virginia Reid, Luella Stubbs, Idella Watson, Phariba White, all stars, and have lots of printing after their names in the catalogue, showing that the public thinks well of them. It makes me de-lighted when I think they are all sisters of mine.

In turning over the leaves of the catalogue, I note the stars after the names of several of my old college friends, and, although I can see their faces as plainly today as in the far-away yesterday. I cannot help thinking how appropriate the stars are, and what a constellation these many dear ones must make in the eternal blue.

Yours fraternally,

CHARLES S. BOND, '87.

From Philadelphia Earlham Club

 LETTER received from the editor-in-chief of the 1909 *SARGASSO* asking about the history, purpose, meetings, etc., of the Philadelphia Earlham Club, has resulted in the gathering together of the following information, most of which has been taken from the minutes of the club.

The first gathering of Earlham people who lived in and near Philadelphia, of which there is any record, was about the 1st of December, 1899, when a little company of loyal Earlhamites gathered at the home of the Wildmans in Philadelphia. It was not an attempt to gather together Earlhamites exclusively, as there were friends from Ohio and elsewhere at the meeting who knew nothing of Earlham; it was simply an attempt of strangers in a strange land to draw closer together. Every familiar face was a joy to the beholder. At the first meeting were Florence Henley, the '99 Bryn Mawr girl; James Hiatt, the '99 Haverford boy; Margaret Chapman Hiatt, who was then teaching in Moorestown; Ruby Davis, who was at Westtown; Edward Wildman, who was teaching there, Ray and Marion White, Mrs. Mary White, Theresa Wildman, Dr. and Mrs. William Evans, Stella Newsom and Mary Peacock.

It was not until June, 1902, that any plan was formulated to create an organization or to make the Earlham gatherings a permanent institution. At that time the Earlhamites were entertained by Albert Votaw and his wife at Westtown, and Albert Votaw was the origin-

ator of the plan to hold regular Earlham meetings. So a business meeting was held and Chalmers Hadley elected president and Royal J. Davis secretary and treasurer.

The club now meets regularly twice each year; usually a social gathering at some member's home during the winter when we have often been so fortunate as to have some Earlhamite passing through the city to visit the club. Late in the winter of 1900 President Mills was invited to come to Bryn Mawr to give an address there before what corresponds to a Christian Association. All the Earlhamites were invited out to meet him after the address in the Graduates' Club Rooms. In 1906 we heard directly from Earlham through Sara Rogers. We usually have a letter from President Kelly which is always enjoyed.

A picnic is usually held in the spring at some interesting or historical spot. These meetings are always looked forward to with great pleasure and the average attendance is, I think, about thirty.

At the winter meeting in February this year with Dr. and Mrs. William Evans, George Wetherell was elected president, Manning J. Smith treasurer, and Edith A. Chandlee secretary. These officers with two club members appointed by the club (this year being Ruby Davis and Edward Wildman) form the executive committee, whose duty it is to arrange meetings, etc.

EDITH A. CHANDELLE, *Secretary.*

The Earlham Argonauts in California

 HE fellow that helped steal the '99 banner, and some good '99ers who mourned and raged over their spoilation, and an irrepressible naughty-naught who helped plan the coup for the triumphant return of the trophy on the '99 commencement day, and the beloved "Prexy" who bore the burden of all the turmoil,—these, and others of their ilk, of the pure strain of the Earlham blue blood, little dreamed that they would in future

days be argonauts to the land of gold and sunshine, and meet under the warm skies of California, to swap Earlham yarns and—be friends!

But down Los Angeles way, where, at Whittier, the hub of California Quakerism protrudes visibly, these erstwhile strenuous combatants speak right civilly when they pass, and have been known even to congregate at informal gatherings and at dinner parties. Then are the old Earlham jokes bandied about and probably Cass Rees, '99, has to tell again about hauling the banner out of the third story window of Lindley Hall, and of how Fate decreed that he should finally graduate with the class he helped to despoil. Allen Tomlinson, '02, forgets for a moment the patois of his hardware monopoly and tells about the hoe-downs after supper in the hallway on the boys' side. Then Caleb Cook, '98, is called upon to illustrate the story with one of his old hot-foot-Indian-club-tossing stunts, done to the ping pang of a banjo and the jingle of a mandolin. Perhaps R. W. Kelsey, '00, has just been presiding at a Meeting on Ministry and Oversight, but he is ruthlessly reminded of the time when he poured water down the stairway on Supt. Chapman and helped run a rough house on Gov. Newby and Professor Collins. Cy Coffin, '98, is five hundred miles away at San Francisco and therefore it is safe to tell of how he was in the big "scrap" in the garret of Lindley Hall and, because it was too dark for good defense, came off with one temper injured and one nose broken. It was during the faculty inquisition later that one of the boys who had been on the roof that night was asked whether any more than those already named succeeded in climbing the roof. "Yes," he admitted reluctantly, "one Moore."

But enough of reminiscence,—for the Earlhamites of California do not dream and laugh away too many hours in the memories of the old, sweet days at college. It is a boast, often made, that Earlham begets sons and daughters for the serious business of life. The alumni in California do not belie the boast. In business they are

prosperous and, in the manifold activities of the church and community, diligent.

One who attended the last session of California Yearly Meeting noted the number of Earlham men and women holding responsible positions. John Chawner, '64, was Presiding Clerk. Susan Harrison Johnson, '83, was Recording Clerk. The Assistant Clerk, Anna L. Tomlinson, will soon take a degree at Earlham. Aside from these the Official Reporter, the Railroad Secretary, the treasurer of the most important board, and many influential members of boards and committees were Earlham alumni.

Ex-President J. J. Mills is the able minister of Whittier meeting, one of the largest monthly meetings of Friends in the world. And throughout California old Earlham students are holding such positions as Monthly Meeting Clerk, Quarterly Meeting Clerk, Clerk of Meeting on Ministry and Oversight, Elder, Overseer, etc.

At Whittier College one finds Dr. W. V. Coffin, President of the College Board, while three of the most influential members of the Board are Lydia J. Jackson, '72; Dr. Lindley M. Greene, '78; and Caleb E. Cook, '98. In the faculty are found Emory Ratcliffe, '03; and Harry N. Wright, '04. Several other Earlham alumni have held positions in the Whittier faculty during recent years.

At Berkeley, just across the bay from San Francisco, a "salt-ing" of Earlhamites may be found. Dr. Pliny E. Goddard, '92, is a Professor in Anthropology in the University of California. W. C. Woodward, '99, holds a position in the History department and is a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Mead A. Kelsey, student '84-'85, president of the first Earlham Y. M. C. A., is pastor of the Berkeley Friends' meeting.

And the end is not yet. There are at least thirty-five Earlham alumni living in California,—one good-sized graduating class,—and the name and fame of them all would fill a whole SARGASSO, make mad the editor and swamp the business manager. So here endeth the first lesson.

The second lesson is just this, that the Earlham alumni in California, having thus discoursed solemnly upon their own prowess, wish to send greetings to their fellows everywhere, and to the dear *alma mater*. It is a far cry from the banks of the Whitewater to

the shores of the Pacific. But the Earlham spirit reaches. And here goes, back across the mountains and deserts and plains, the best wishes and the best love of the Earlham Argonauts in California.

R. W. KELSY, '00.



GROUP OF EARLHAMITES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Front Row—GURNEY MAPLE, '05; DR. J. J. MILLS, '78; H. N. WRIGHT, '04; EMORY RATCLIFF, '03.

Middle Row—JOHN CHAWNER, '64; LYDIA J. JACKSON, '72; SUSAN HARRISON JOHNSON, '83; ANNA DOAN STEPHENS, '00; ETHLEEN COPPOCK WILSON, '04; LULU HADLEY MAPLE, '94; SARAH NICHOLSON COFFIN; EDWARD COGGSHALL, '91.

Back Row—DR. WALTER C. STEPHENS, '01; JOSEPHINE EVANS WALL, '03; ANNA EVANS; GERTRUDE C. MILLS, '98; DR. W. V. COFFIN, '77; RUTH TRUEBLOOD HARRIS, '03; WALTER C. WILSON, '04; BESS HUFF MAPLE, '05; EDNA WHITE WRIGHT; ALLEN U. TOMLINSON, '02; DR. L. M. GREEN, '78.

Earlham and "The Oregon Trail"

THE "fond recollection" of certain of Professor Dennis' chapel talks of some ten years ago betrayeth me not, Kipling sings exultantly of England's "far-flung battle line". And, concerning our own selves, "lest we forget" the scope of Earlham's sphere of influence, it is the purpose here to show how the Earlham leaven is working far out on the shores of the North Pacific—in the land secured by American hardihood and courage which took their way in the picturesque forties along that far-reaching historic highway of both romance and privation—the old Oregon Trail.

Distances are magnificent with us, making an Earlham club impracticable; yet we feel bound together by those "mystic chords of memory" which make all Earlhamites as one. Indeed I have often wondered if we on the Earlham frontier do not the more dearly cherish the memory and associations of the old days, from the very fact of our isolation from our Alma Mater.

"What, that you brought from your college life, do you value most highly?" is not an infrequent question. From a vantage view of ten years, my reply is—a little red book, insignificant, having no money value whatever, but which money could scarcely buy. It contains merely the short and simple annals of an Oregon boy's everyday life amid new surroundings and among new friends—but as its pages open before me they breathe the very spirit of the typical, joyous, earnest, wholesome Earlham life. Hardly a circumstance was too trivial to find its way into the unpretentious chronicle, which thus brings before me the college life in all its phases. What memories cluster around the old Dorm! I turn the old leaves, reminiscently, the present falls from me, and again I am in old "456", digging away on tomorrow's work to the accompaniment of sputtering gas and the unforgettable aroma of steam escaping from the old radiator. A few more pages, and Mrs. Katy, bless her good soul, enters with motherly ministrations. Now, I am scuffling in a lively "floor" scrap; now in the midst of a students' social; now hurrying from the dining table with a mince pie under my coat, followed by the suspicious eyes of matron and less pie-ous companions; reveling in a neighbor's room in an impromptu jolly-

up, suddenly subdued by the decisive tap tap of an imminent governor; retrace my way again, with friends, along the old walks and paths about old Earlham; again go through the excitement of a stormy Ionian session. A few more leaves and I am being initiated into Earlham's first and only Greek letter fraternity—the Alpha Gamma Kappa (alias "Squeedunks", thanks to "Guy" Barrett), of which Harlow Lindley was the Alpha and indeed has remained to become the Omega. Now I am "collaborating" *Earlhamite* copy; desiring to "sport", I experience once more that well known sinking sensation which follows the putting in of a call on the "West side" for an interview in the parlor.

As friends pass before me in review, there are the names of some who are no more seen but who "live again in lives made better by their presence": Miss Moon, whose ministrations both cured and cheered; jovial, sunshiny Bob Shoemaker; true, whole-hearted Ed Bundy; popular, manly Bert Chapman; Carl Cox, quiet, gentlemanly; Earl Widup, impulsive and brilliant; and dear old Professor Hodgin, the prince among good men.

The idea used to be rather prevalent at Earlham that Oregon doesn't raise much but prunes and umbrellas. To refute this heresy, gently but firmly, the following summary is submitted in evidence of the fact that, though we be few and scattered, the Pacific Northwest presents a good showing of Earlham orators, editors, society presidents and athletes, and of sons and daughters who have made good since.

1871—Daniel W. Henley. Prominent attorney, Spokane, Washington.

1873—Wm. C. Hastings. One of Earlham's pioneer athletes of ability. Successful physician, Seattle, Wash. Lecturer, 1901-1903, University of Washington.

1890—Josephine Patty Glibert, Salem, Oregon. A leader in Earlham student activities.

1891—Robert H. Thomas. Introduced Oregon prunes at Earlham! For years a Portland, Oregon, public school principal, now clerk of Multnomah County District, including Portland.

1891—Lorena Townsend Hodson, Newberg, Oregon. First editor of the *Phoenixian*, later merged with the *Earlhamite*.

1893—W. Irving Kelsey, President of Pacific College, and his wife, Anna Townsend Kelsey. Presidents of the Earlham Christian Associations, respectively, and first graduates to go out as foreign missionaries.

1898—W. E. Allen. Assistant physical director and trainer of two state championship track teams. Exponent and promoter of clean college athletics. has held important positions as teacher of science in Nebraska and Washington. Now doing investigation work at Pacific Grove, California.

1899—Thos. W. Hester. All round Earlham athlete. Physician, Jacksonville, Oregon. Has presented four little olive branches as a peace offering to the shadow of the late "Big Stick".

1899—W. C. Woodward. Editor of the *Earlhamite*. Associate editor *Newberg Graphic*, member Pacific College faculty, and now a graduate student at University of California in History and Political Science and candidate for Ph. D.

1904—Luther M. Feeger. Earlham champion orator and debater. Pastor German Lutheran Church, Seattle, Washington.

1904—Wm. J. Reagan. Y. M. C. A. president and Haverford scholarship student. Professor of English, Pacific College.

1905—J. Aubrey Kramien. Earlham's representative in oratory. Now Assistant Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Bloomington, Illinois.

1905—Florence Lindley Reagan. President of Phenix and leader in Earlham co-ed activities. Librarian, Pacific College.

1905—Wallace Adonis Newlin, alias "Finley", $\frac{1}{2}$ alias "Fin". President of Ionian, business manager *Earlhamite*, and Earlham's handsomest man. Professor of Mathematics, Pacific College.

1908—Walter R. Miles. Winning Earlham orator. Now member of Penn College faculty.

1908—Hiram E. Hadley, Hon. LL. D. Member of the first *Earlhamite* editorial staff and as a pioneer and enthusiastic member of Ionian was intimately connected with establishment of paper. Late Chief Justice, Washington Supreme Court. Engaged in practice of law, Seattle.

WALTER C. WOODWARD, '99.

Word from the Chicago Earlham Association

HE annual banquet of the alumni and former students of Earlham was held again in Chicago April 3, 1909, and a more really enjoyable occasion would be hard to imagine.

We were Earlham boys and girls anew for an evening and talks, stories and songs carried us back in memories sweet to those happy days when youth knew no real trouble and our souls were

blest forevermore with teaching that was kind and wise. We were like children of one family sending love home. They would be ingrates indeed who could not possess this sentiment after having once breathed the atmosphere of that Quaker college. Of course, we came now from various walks and experiences of life and bore the little difficulties most gladly, in getting together at a designated time and place for reunion. Any gathering of the kind will naturally entail some inconveniences upon a portion of the members, but we recommend the habit of attending the annual neighborhood Earlham banquet, for the reason that it is both a good and a pleasant thing to do.

A meeting of old students is a little testimonial to the spirit which actuates the founding and continuance of such an institution, and recognizes the wisdom of the Friends' Yearly Meetings, the Board of Trustees and the College Faculty.

Loving tribute is paid to those teachers who, mostly unselfish, generous and devoted souls, seek no worldly ends of their own, but underpaid, give their lives so religiously for the good of others.

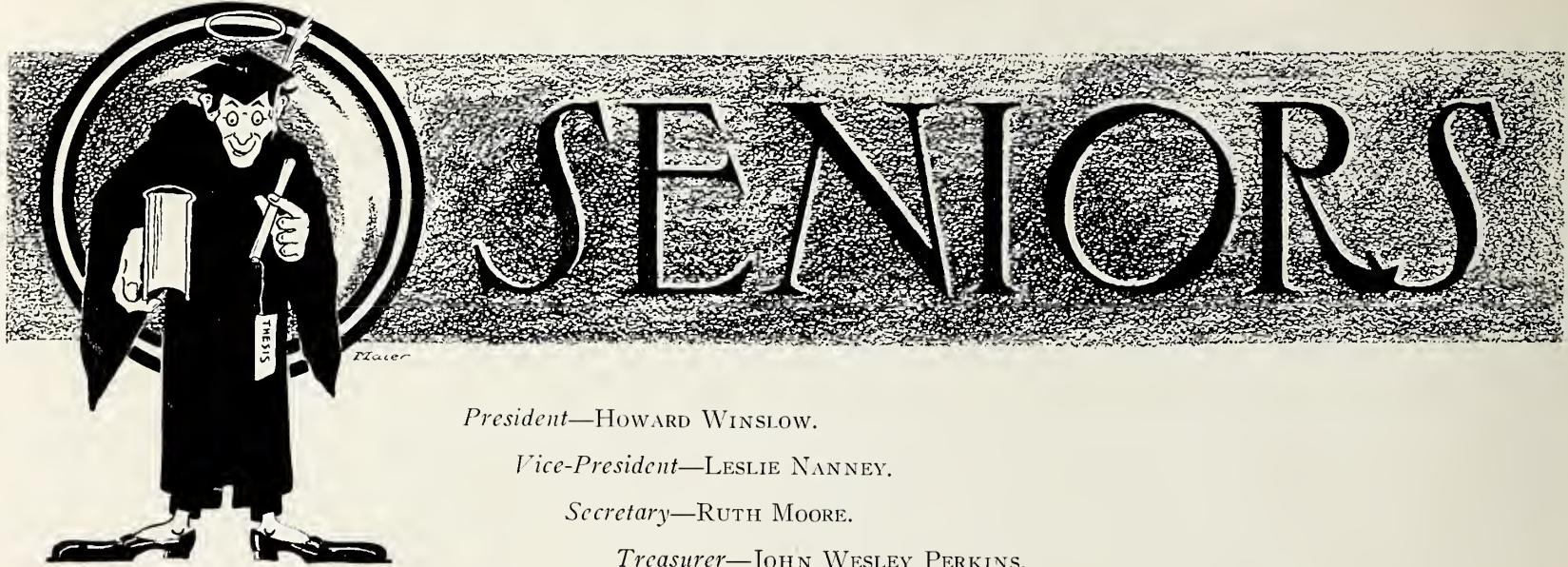
We could review the names of those who have passed away from this labor, and we recall easily those who teach at Earlham now. To each sincere man and woman we pay our most respectful regards. To the boy and girl within those halls we send fraternal greeting. You are fortunate. Enjoy the time spent there and profit by it. Those precepts are the best.

As for us, we are going to school still. We have found that the college course was not the finishing, but merely the preparatory in the school of life. It is the story of the Chambered Nautilus.

Of our homes, business and travels, of our thoughts and views we could write you a volume, but these lines are for just one little space in the SARGASSO to assure you, reader, that we are with you in spirit and have most loving thought for our dear Alma Mater. Long prosper the Cream and Yellow!

WALTER E. DORLAND, '94.





President—HOWARD WINSLOW.

Vice-President—LESLIE NANNEY.

Secretary—RUTH MOORE.

Treasurer—JOHN WESLEY PERKINS.

Marshal—ANNE HINSON.

Assistant Marshal—HERBERT E. WHITE.

Historian—JOHN W. PERKINS.

Motto—“When duty and pleasure clash

Then let duty go to smash.”

Flower—Cauliflower.

CLASS YELL

Rah! Rah! Deutscher Rhein!

Serpentine to Palestine!

Fine! Finer! Superfine!

Senior Class of Nineteen Nine!

History of Senior Class



Seniors are we and verily the shades of the prison house are fast closing about us. Soon we shall go forth from these classic halls, to teach the young idea how to shoot, for most of us are pedagogues. Doubtless we shall attain to great honor, for when we look at the record of our college career——!

'Tis true we have decreased in numbers since we entered Earlham, but the fittest have survived, and the fittest of such a bunch as that are fit for almost anything. After four years, the gallant band of seventy-

three that entered has been sadly reduced by matrimony, cans and other untoward agencies until it is only by the presence of several who did not enter with us that we can muster fifty members to commemorate our Alma Mater's fiftieth birthday.

It seems but yesterday since we, after due deliberation with Prexy, as to whether to take Solid Geometry or Music, matriculated and felt as if we were really members of the college. And with what wonderful and varied experiences were those first few weeks filled! The first meals in the dining room, the regular "how-do-you-do's", the pretty waiters, chapel, yelling, football, reception, sporting. Yearly Meeting, all are mingled in a golden haze, and the delight of that first Sunday morning walk will never return. The good old

days! What times those were! Class scraps, rubbing, tubbing, breaking a man's door down if he refused to open it, kidnapping, hair cutting, all sorts of stunts which would now be branded as the worst sort of misdemeanors. Truly, truly, this is a worthless and retrograded generation. But alas! we now file into chapel and fill the front seats as sedately as you please. We never read letters in chapel nor break any of the rules of this glorious institution, for we feel that we must act as models for our inferiors. And Dignity? Great chunks of it.

But 'tis not alone by this that we are distinguished. Ours is the largest class that has ever graduated from Earlham. It is one of the strongest in scholarship, athletics and social activities. We had five "E" men on the football squad last fall, four on the basketball squad, several point winners on the track, several on the baseball team, including the battery, and most of these teams have been captained the past two years by members of the class of 1909.

We have not, as a class, distinguished ourselves extraordinarily, but if good, solid work counts for anything, the class of '09 has done its duty. We entered in the old days when Bundy Dorm and the Library were not; we have seen, in the short time we have been here, a steady increase in the number of students and members of the faculty, a broadening of the curriculum, the growth of a feeling of comradeship and mutual helpfulness between the students and the faculty, and as we leave our Alma Mater, it is with the wish that she may ever continue to grow and prosper.

The majority of the clan are pedagogues but there are also a few engineers and representatives of other professions.

HISTORIAN.



WALTER M. BATCHELOR, Winchester.

B. S., Civil Engineering. Y. M. C. A. (3)(4); Mathematics Club (1)(2); Engineering Club (3).

Thesis—Estimation of the Cost and Plans for the Continuation of Seventh Street, from the National Road to South D Street (Richmond).

“Batch” is a distinguished D. D. Being a practical dub, he has landed the position of chief engineer or “coal shoveler” for Prexy. He has marked technical tendencies and hopes, some day, to design a foot-bridge across Clear Creek. If talking to a Democrat, he invariably shakes his head meaningly or plugs his ears. As his heart’s temperature varies periodically with the seasons, we are expecting to hear, soon, of his three dollar commencement-ride appropriation bill.

MYRTLE BOBLETT, Greenfield.

A. B., English. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (2)(3)(4), Vice-President (3), President (4); History Club (1); Anglican (3)(4).

Thesis—The Characteristics of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century.

“She wears her clouds inside out,
To show the silver lining.”

“Bob” has a great amount of frankness but we cannot become offended, however much we want to. Her merry, rippling laughter has often suddenly ceased at the vigorous ringing of the “Supe’s” bell. Her interest, after various interruptions, is at present centered in ditch digging and Y. W. C. A. Secretaryship.



HAROLD EVERETT CHAPMAN, Bloomingdale.

B. S., Geology. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Secretary (3), Cabinet (2)(3)(4); Ionian (S1)(2)(3)(4), Secretary (F2), Vice-President (W4); Alumni Editor *Earlhamite* (S3); Science Club (2)(3)(4), President (W3); President Class (F4); With U. S. Geological Survey Party in Colorado, 1907.

Thesis—Areal Geological Survey of Territory in the Vicinity of Richmond, Indiana.

“Chap”, the man with the smile, has spent three and one-half years at Earlham, the other half year having been spent on South Thirteenth street. The present Freshmen and Sophomores may be surprised to know that he is well posted concerning chicken roasts, asparagus mowing, etc. It is even rumored that he could give information about some of “Sid Hutton’s” escapades. He is a natural born singer and may be heard in Bundy near breakfast time, singing, “Are You Sincere?” He is a friend of the Day Dodgers and a jolly good fellow.



LAURA RUTH DOAN, Amo.

B. S., Biology. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (4); *Phoenix* (1) (2) (4), President (F4), Personal-Local Editor *Earlhamite* (F2); Science Club (S1) (2) (4), Secretary (F2).

Thesis—The Life History of the Sycamore.

"Mistress of herself tho' China Falls."

"Well, it seems to me" that Laura's originality and independence are known and admired by all. When we hear her drawling voice in *Phoenix* or in mass meeting we pay attention, for her words are sure to be droll and spicy as well as practical. It is a question whether or not she shares her small brother's interest in Arkansas and its mosquitoes.



SILAS E. FAUQUHER, Evansville.

B. S., Chemistry (Earlham, three years). Y. M. C. A. (1) (2) (4), Secretary (4); President '10 Class (W2); Ionian (2) (4), *Earlhamite* Associate Editor (4); Debating Team (2) (4); Science Club (2) (4); Oratorical Association (1) (2) (4); Chemical Laboratory Assistant (4).

Thesis—A Study of Qualitative Reactions to Simplify and Improve Present Methods.

"Si" entered Earlham three years ago. Since then he has learned a little but not much, for he has been too busy. What keeps him busy we know not, but he is occasionally seen prowling around Parry Hall. He has an extensive vocabulary which probably accounts for the fact that he can sell Aluminum and some other things as well. His eloquence and gesticulation have enabled him to make the Debating team twice. "Si" is a fair knocker, an accomplished punster, and a renowned big-word developer.

MARIA FRANCISCO, Richmond.

Diploma in Music and A. B., German. German Club (2) (3) (4).

Thesis—Old German Sources of the Librettos of Wagner's *Rheingold* Operas.

Maria distinguished herself and showed her grasping disposition by taking not only an A. B., but a Diploma in Music as well. They say she has taken everything in the catalog, including all the standing committees of the faculty and the complete roll of the students. Renowned as a giggler and far famed as a teaser, she is indeed a graduate of great and varied talents. When it comes to speaking "Deutsch", she can make even a native tremble—but why?





ETHEL GRAHAM, Liberty.

A. B., English. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (4); Phoenix (1) (2) (4); Anglican (3) (4).

Thesis—The Lost Atlantis.

Ethel is best known for her incessant talking—though she doesn't get much said. Those who know her realize that she is exceptionally studious and bright and that nothing less than an "A" will do. Her two ambitions are to teach school and to go to California. While her major is English she has a strong *minor* Domestic Science.



HAZEL HANCOCK, Anderson.

A. B., German. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Phoenix (1) (2) (3) (4), Secretary (S1); German Club (3) (4); Latin Club (1).

Thesis—The Analysis of the Technique of some Modern German Dramas.

"She's a daisy; she's a dandy; she gets there every time." That tells the whole story. Hazel is the escape valve manipulator of the girls' Enthusiasm Committee which is noted for its original and brilliant ideas. Although extremely interested in all forms of athletics, Campusty is the only branch in which she takes an active part. She intends to pursue this subject further, but is undecided whether to take a post-graduate course at Earlham or serve as assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A.



OTHO GLEN HARRELL, Kokomo.

B. S., Biology. Y. M. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Ionian (1) (3); Science Club (3); President Bryan Club (4); Baseball "E" (2) (3); Football "E" (3) (4); Captain Baseball Team (3); Captain Football Team (4).

Thesis—The Theory of Evolution.

"Mike", the Boss of the Whites, comes from the burg of Kokomo. His fierce determination and fiercer determined visage have often scared the opposing football and baseball teams sufficiently to lose them the contests. He lived with "Foxy" Vail for three months, but Foxy says "I'm a Prohi and Mike's a Demo, hence there can no longer be domestic felicity." Gov. granted Mike a divorce. The Hon. Mr. Harrell made one stump speech last fall, got a personal letter from Tom Marshall and a stereotype from Bill Bryan.

RUTH ADA HARVEY, Dunreith.

A. B., English. *Phœnix* (2) (3) (4); *Anglican* (3) (4); Secretary Class (F1).

Thesis—Owen Wister's *Virginian* as a Novel and as a Study of Modified Race Qualities.

“Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.” Demure and gentle in her manner, Ruth has lived among us a life very like the flowers she loves so well. We have enjoyed the sweetness of its passing fragrance, but many of us, it is feared, have failed to guess the hidden beauties. Her abilities for drawing, painting and story writing are, perhaps, not so well known as the kind word and bright smile, which she has for everyone and her love for the fields and woods.



HORACE J. HEDGES, New Castle.

B. S., Mathematics. Y. M. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Ionian (1) (2) (3) (4), Secretary (S3); Engineering Club (2) (3); German Club (4).

Thesis—The Planetesimal Hypothesis compared with Former Theories of Cosmogomy.”

Ach Dang! Horace came from papa's roof, an unsophisticated youth, but the glamor of Earlham life caused him to nominate everything from football to butter-scotch pie and himself a “Dinger”. He can impersonate Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde to perfection and if he does not become an author of “Dutch” ponies, will continue in the role of a disappointed office-seeker. People wonder that his business (?) trips to town have not lessened the ardor of his college spirit.



ALICE W. HILL, Richmond.

A. B., English. *Anglican* (3) (4).

Thesis—The Home-dream of Poets, as illustrated by Twickenham, Newstead Abbey, Abbotsford, Sunnyside and Il-dewild.

We all recognize that Alice has obtained her diploma through misfortunes of which she has made little importance. Although she has joined the ranks of the school teachers for the past year and consequently not been among us, we could never forget her and her sweet, impulsive ways. Not only have the students missed her, but it is rumored that one professor in particular has confessed to miss her daily conversations. Her tastes run rather high, too, for she seems to prefer lawyers and doctors to just ordinary men.



ETHEL LOUISE HENDERSON, Richmond.

A. B., History. History Club (4), Vice-President (4); Secretary Class (F4).

Thesis—History of the Wayne County Press.

Ethel is stately and tall with lots of hair and a head crammed full of the most valuable facts. She has studied such ponderous subjects as "Economics", "Sociology", and "Metaphysical Philosophy (?)", that make us catch our breath, for judging by her big brown eyes one would think her too "dreamy" for such heavy cogitations. If no happier fate is in store for her, she intends to maintain law and order in a Carnegie Library as a vocation. She is a trifle "solemncholy", but when she *does* smile,—.

ANNA M. HINSON, Martinsville.

A. B., English. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4); Phoenix (1)(2)(3)(4); Class Marshal (W4); Anglican (3)(4).

Thesis—Boston as a Literary Center; the Facts and Causes.

"Anne's" best known attribute is undoubtedly her ability to talk, and when she begins "Now, girls, this is the way I feel about it," all settle back in their chairs and they usually hear something, too. Poor Ann, though, is always overburdened with trouble, whether it be "assault and battery" by the Freshmen or a Math. lesson. She wore "Our Roy" out with her "worrying" over Trig and is now going, seemingly, to the "Devil" (see dictionary) fast.



JOSEPH H. JONES, Hughesville, Maryland.

B. S., Biology and Chemistry. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (2)(3)(4); Ionian (3)(4); Science Club (1)(3), Treasurer (F3); Vice-President Students' Council (3.(4); Class President (F3); Manager Basketball Team (4); Football "E" (4); Secretary Republican Club (4).

Thesis—A Biochemical Study of the Wastes of the Human Body.

"Joe" came to us from Guilford and has taken such a liking for Hoosierdom, he just will stay out here for his summer vacations. He has a peculiar hankering for the smell of the Biological Lab. Prof. Dennis has made him silent partner in the Lantern Business and gives Joe two dollars every time he assists in an out-of-town lecture. Some say he also was a member of the "Preventive-Panacea-Swellhead-Society". He wants a Doctor's degree from Johns Hopkins—and may get it.



BESSIE BOURNE JONES, Richmond.

A. B., Latin. German Club (3)(4), Vice-President (4); Latin Club (3)(4), Vice-President (4).

Thesis—Roman Games and Festivals.

Bessie is accredited such a high degree of scholarship that there is some doubt as to whether this is due to sheer intellectual ability or to her unquestioned skill in the gentle art of bluffing. An occasional "you-all" and her generous loyal nature betokens the fact that she comes from the "blue-grass" country. Aren't we glad that she happened to come north?



MAURICE M. JONES, West Milton, Ohio.

B. S., Biology and Chemistry. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (3)(4); Ionian (1)(2); Oratorical Association (1)(2)(3); Science Club (3)(4), President (F4).

Thesis—The Staining and Preserving Effects of Chemicals upon Woods.

"Motley" arrived at Earlham with a burning thirst for knowledge, a fund of miraculous stories (all true), and a fondness for female society. These characteristics still remain. He is a fluent wind jammer and a "keen" thinker, at times involving the subject under discussion in such a mist of "word pictures" as to leave his listeners rather dubious in regard to what it is all about. Maurice intends to go on the lecture platform to enlighten the world by the discussion of his favorite theme, "The Philosophy of Life". He doesn't know yet just what he means by this phrase but will doubtless find out, and we believe it will be a brilliant lecture anyway.



EDNA B. JONES, Richmond.

A. B., German. German Club (1)(2)(3)(4).

Thesis—Novels and the Romantic School in Germany.

Edna once received the title of being the most graceful and dignified girl at E. C. During her Senior year she has almost constantly been seen with a "Smile". She is noted for her inclination for sighing, and when suddenly amused, gives vent to the most exquisite of ejaculatory giggles. As an excuse to linger longer 'neath the classic shades of Lindley, she is taking a 3:25 Geology course. When teased by the other D. D.'s she is wont to say, "Oh, drat you."



HOWARD A. KLEPINGER, Eaton, Ohio.

A. B., History.

Thesis—The Possibility of a World Federation, Considered Historically.

"Klep" attended Northern University at Ada, Ohio, and Ohio University at Athens, while he holds a High School Life Certificate in Ohio. This Benedict member of the class has now and then dropped in for spring and summer terms and teachers' courses at Earlham to win his sheepskin. He is an experienced pedagogue and a substantial student. It is said that he can give the date of Columbus' discovery of America offhand, so deep is his knowledge of things historical.

WILMER W. LINDLEY, West Middleton.

B. S., Geology (Earlham, three years). Ionian (3)(4), President (W4); Football "E's" (1)(4); Baseball Manager (4); Basketball "E's" (3)(4); President Student Council (4); President Republican Club (4); Y. M. C. A. (1)(3)(4), Cabinet (3)(4).

Thesis—Geologic and Economic Study of the Coal in the United States.

"Wib" has already started on his political career, having been elected President of the Republican Club. Bundy Hall knows him well, but Earlham Hall inhabitants catch only occasional glimpses of him as he drops into the dining room thrice daily—he was never known to miss a meal. That "Wib" has not won more football "E's" is due to the fact that he is such a bookworm as to graduate in three years. He never gets "fussed" by anything and rooms with a well-informed Democrat, who is a great helpmeet for him.



MARY B. MOFFETT, Kennard.

A. B., Latin. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (3)(4); Phoenix (2)(3)(4); Latin Club (2)(3)(4).

Thesis—Roman Country Life as seen through Virgil's Writings.

Mary has two distinguishing characteristics, her capacity for work and her red hair. She was never known to take snap courses, except Domestic Science and Gym. She possesses an unusual amount of business ability. Prof. Lindley says she is the only woman he ever saw who would make a good banker. Her chief ambition is to help train the youths of America in the ways of Cicero and Virgil.

LOUIS MITCHELL, Richmond.

B. S., Civil Engineering. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Ionian (F1)(2)(F3), Secretary (F3); *Earlhamite* Business Manager (F3)(W3); Engineering Club (1)(2)(3); Baseball Manager (S2); Elected Football Manager (F4); Class President (S2).

Thesis—The Development of the Railroad Rail.

“Mitch” is another one of the '09 three-year sharks, even then taking time to help Nettleton Neff run the Pennsylvania Railroad. Math. is his hobby, as he would rather tackle a hard proposition in Mechanics than eat (?). He even quit the life of a D. D., after his first year to undertake to solve the mystery of Earlham hash and desserts. “Mitch” had a peculiar liking for Ednas, which was very noticeable. His Sophomore year, however, was the most “Saintly”. He has spent the past year at Purdue.



ETHEL RUTH MOORE, Huntington.

A. B., German. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4); *Phoenix* (1)(2)(3)(4), Vice President (W4); German Club (3)(4), Secretary (4); Secretary Class (W4).

Thesis—Autobiography of Heinrich Heine as gained from his works.

Ruth, “little but mighty,” hails from the little hills of Huntington County. We suspect her of being Irish on account of her keen wit, optimism and energy. When her chin gets set and she starts in to talk, we well know that there is something definite going to be said and meant. We have great hope she will star in “My Irish Molly”, as her life work.



ALICE ESTHER NEWMAN, Richmond.

A. B., Latin. Latin Club (2)(3)(4).

Thesis—Virgil's Aeneid from a Literary Standpoint.

Alice is a steady going D. D., a good student with a healthy love of fun and a well concealed spirit of mischief, which occasionally gets beyond control and causes great excitement in the “den”. She is a Latin “shark” but even has been known to star on the baseball field. She was so far ahead of the rest of us that she stopped to teach school last year and give us a chance to catch up.





LESLIE C. NANNEY, Waycross, Georgia.

B. S., Chemistry (Earlham, three years). Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(4), Cabinet (2)(4); *Earlhamite* Athletic Editor (2); Ionian (2)(4); *Earlhamite* Personal-Local Editor (4); Science Club (2)(4), President (S2); Oratorical Association (1); Track "E" (1)(2); Assistant in Chemical Laboratory (4).

Thesis—A Study of Methods of Softening Water.

Three years ago Leslie forsook the sunny Southland and entered the Quaker school in quest of scientific data. He has been known to approach such subjects as "Darwinian Theory", and "Atomic Delusions" and having become an enthusiastic evolutionist is at work on his favorite theme, "Up from Monkeyland". His favorite pastime in the Spring consists of speedy flights towards the other end of a half mile or quarter mile on the cinder path. Leslie is good-looking, bashful and an enthusiastic believer in Aluminum ware and co-education.



THURMAN OVERMAN, Knightstown.

B. S., Civil Engineering. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (2)(3)(4); Ionian (1); Basketball "E" (3); Class President (F1); Engineering Club (2)(3).

Thesis—Mapping of Knightstown.

"Skinny" dropped into Earlham with a thud and was made Prexy of the class at the first crack. He does not know why he is *here*, but thinks his papa sent him. The excellencies of his college life are many but it is in flirting that he has attained the highest efficiency. He was once heard warbling in the Y. M. C. A. and has occasionally appeared in public as the only male product of the E. C. Music Department.



DONNA MABEL PARKE, Richmond.

A. B., Latin. Latin Club (2)(3)(4), President (4); Secretary Class (W3); Alternate Bryn Mawr Scholarship. *Thesis*—Judicial Procedure in the Roman Court Illustrated by Cicero's Case against Verres.

Donna is a vivacious, energetic D. D. with plenty of enthusiasm for any worthy cause, from the Hagerstown Fair to a Georgia Camp Meeting. She is ever busy and cheerful and has made a splendid record here. Though having a weakness for Latin, she has recently displayed considerable interest in the theory of Campustry.

JOHN WESLEY PERKINS, Rising Sun.

A. B., German and French. Y. M. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Ionian (1) (2) (3) (4); *Earlhamite* Personal-Local Editor (2), Exchange Editor (4); Oratorical Association (1); German Club (4), President (4); Alternate Hav-erford Scholarship.

Thesis—Origin and Development of the Picaresque Novel.

John Wesley has proven himself a rising son of Earlham. He came among the sages in embryo, who entered Earlham in the memorable September of 1905. His favorite pastime is singing "Clementine" and during Library school, talking with the girls. When these prove insufficient, he dives into the midst of the intricacies of some French novel or German song. The vivacity of his manner, his mental acumen, his keen and witty refutation of any attempt at an unfair version of his acts, have left their impression on all our minds. Here's to John Wesley and the "One" of his choice.



J. EVELYN REEVE, Valley Mills.

A. B., German. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); *Phoenix* (1) (2) (3) (4), Secretary (S1), Vice-President (F4); Secretary Class (S1).

Thesis—Parziral.

Evelyn received her preparatory training in the Plainfield Academy. Along with several young friends and under the guidance of a big brother, she entered Earlham. Since then she has gone among us in her sweet and unassuming way, making friends at every turn. Her calm dignity is rarely if ever disturbed, and if she ever lost her temper she found it again so quickly that few of us ever discovered the loss at all. She is a good student, a pleasant acquaintance, and a sympathetic friend. If you don't believe in her loyalty, just ask the neat little Purdue pin which she always wears, for its secret.



CATHERINE SNEPP, Dayton, Ohio.

A. B., German. Y. W. C. A. (2) (3) (4), Cabinet (S3); Latin Club (2); *Phoenix* (2) (3) (4), Vice-President (S3).

Thesis—The Influence of Germany on H. W. Longfellow and Bayard Taylor.

Five feet seven inches, of commanding dignity, and a face that shows persistent determination. During her Senior year she has added to her ample stock of knowledge by learning how to skip (we don't believe this means a barn dance). Her reputation is so established that we are not afraid to trust her with anything which requires business or executive ability—even to the position of Lady Principal.





JONATHAN CLARK ROGERS, Demorest, Georgia.

B. S., Civil Engineering. Y. M. C. A. (2)(3)(4), Cabinet (3); Ionian (2)(F3)(W3)(F4); Engineering Club (2)(3); Vice-President Class (2); Secretary Bryan Club (4).

Thesis—Progress in Modern Sanitation.

"Caleb" hails from the land of Dixie but is a Yankee by birth and heart, if he ever had one. The only dominant feature about this fellow, save his innate peculiarities, is his tranquil-turbulent dull-witted disposition. His favorite song is "You Can't be a Friend to Everybody and it Ain'tno Use to Try." He ran a mile and a half one evening in spite of all his room mate could do. His one concern last fall was to vote for the "Great Commoner" which he vows he did, but only after he and the "Supe" both had been forced to swear.



VERNE FRANK SWAIM, Bloomingdale.

B. S., Physics (Earlham, three years). Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(4); Science Club (2)(4); Ionian (4); Baseball "E" (2); Football "E" (4).

Thesis—Determination of Gravity and Magnetic Component for Earlham, Indiana.

"Sam", "Beefie", "Flopper", is the Bloomingdale Academy lad. According to his own admission, his long suit at this place was giving psychological chapel talks on "The Ego". As an Earlhamite he has dabbled in Oratory (Subject, "Consternation"), Science and Politics. Then, too, he is a mysterious sort of a being;—at sundry times being noticed pottering around Prof. Morrison's physical lab. His ideals are a Professorship and a one-seated automobile.



EDITH C. SHUGART, Marion.

A. B., German. Y. W. C. A. (2)(3)(4), Cabinet (3)(4); Phoenix (2)(3)(4), Secretary (W3); *Earlhamite* Associate Editor (3), Editor-in-Chief (4); Class Secretary (F3); German Club (4); Latin Club (3)(4).

Thesis—Nature in Goethe's Earlier Writings.

Edith has taken a very prominent part in partisan politics during the last campaign, her room being headquarters of the Prohibition Party in Earlham Hall. Edith has never been known to get "mad", but according to her own verdict, she does become "righteously indignant". In assemblies of all kinds her counselling voice has been heard and she "practices what she preaches". She can argue around a point for an hour without ever touching it. Her chief ambition is to establish a school for boys.

RUTHANNA M. SIMMS, Richmond.

A. B., Biblical. Y. W. C. A. (2) (3) (4), Cabinet (4); History Club (2); Phoenix (F3); Secretary Class (S3).

Thesis—The Rise of the Anabaptists.

Ruthanna came from the "Windy City". She is exceedingly quiet, but notwithstanding, little of what is going on escapes her. She has a smile and a kindly greeting for everyone. Her courage is sufficient to offset the terrors of "Greek and Mice". Her ideals are high and her determination to attain them is firm. When provoked, she says, "Oh, pshaw!" but when she is very angry, she says, "For pity's sake!"



HILDA DEBORAH SHUTE, Richmond.

A. B., German. German Club (3) (4), Treasurer (4); Holder of Bryn Mawr Scholarship.

Thesis—The Peasant in German and French Literature.

Hilda is a very brainy member of the D. D. aggregation. She is noted for her bright smile which is seldom absent. With her noon-time musicals she has often entertained us and driven dull care away. On account of her display of histrionic talent, she is already admitted to be the logical successor to Sarah Bernhardt. Unlike some unfortunates, she is not petrified when addressed in German by "der Herr Professor".

CLAUDE W. ULLAM, Richmond.

B. S., Civil Engineering. Science Club (4); Engineering Club (2) (3); Holder of Haverford Scholarship.

Thesis—Design of Reinforced Concrete Arch Bridge.

Claude, Doc. Holmes' "Assistant Smile Coaxer", reserved, slight of limb, yet the terror of the Earlham Profs. Indeed the profundity of his knowledge has so increased that it has relegated his hat to the vicinity of his right ear. Reserved? Yes, for only as a Senior has he shown the least signs of appreciation for *our co-education*. He may embroider some, since he often speaks of "Floss" and a member of his Northern surveying gang has suggested that he charter a Minnesota Mail Express. He gambled Wallie Wilson out of three dollars and seventy-five cents.





MABEL TRUEBLOOD, Salem.

A. B., English. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Phoenix (1) (2) (3) (4); Anglican (3) (4).

Thesis—The Literature of the South.

Mabel is one of the Southern Indiana girls with the “mildest manners and gentlest heart.” There is a prevalent idea that she is a quiet, serious-minded maiden, but it is not “because her hair is curly”. Her pranks are seldom found out. Even tempered, cheerful, never worried, she lives a contented life. Her ambition is to teach school a couple of years and then settle down peacefully on a farm.

OLIVER WEESNER, Mooresville.

B. S., Civil Engineering. Y. M. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4), Cabinet (4); Treasurer Class (W4); *Athletic Association Flunkey* (3) (4); Oratorical Association (3) (4); Second Place in State Peace Oratorical Contest (3); Engineering Club (4); Science Club (S3); Ionian (1) (2) (3) (4), President (F4); Student Council (S3).

Thesis—A Review of Recent Literature on Structural Timber.

“Ol” is one of our mighty little men—mighty *little*. But though his vertical extent is not great, Oliver gets there just the same. He has held about as many offices as any man in school, which speaks well for his popularity. He is a hard and consistent worker, a deep and logical thinker, quiet and unassuming in manner but having a geniality and quiet humor which makes all who really know him, declare him one of the best fellows in school.



MARTHA HELEN STANLEY, Wichita, Kansas.

A. B., English.

Thesis—The Source, the Rise into Literary Use and the Subsequent History of the Scotch Language.

Helen Martha was blown in by a Kansas hurricane in the fall of '05. She had a terrible attack of homesickness but has bravely outgrown it. Her hobby has ever been a “square deal”—especially to never breaking the “sporting” rules. Her greatest regret is that she cannot sit in the parlor with the door closed, because her “case” is not serious enough to warrant it. Another hobby is to get down to meals just in time to hear the bell say good-bye. She has kept one remnant of her youth in the wild and wooly West and that is “By jing” and “Sure Mike”.



LAURA STANLEY, Westfield.

A. B., English. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (3)(4); Phoenix (1)(2)(3)(4); Latin Club (1); Anglican (3)(4), Secretary (F3).

Thesis—The Development of the English Verb from the Classical Period.

Laura is noted for the fact that she always has one red-haired person at her table. May Day, in her Freshman year, she was much "lionized" suddenly, but she has now attained such dignity that she has been mistaken several times for the Lady Principal. She seems to have inherited her brother "Red's" enthusiasm for football. She is interested in everything she is called upon to do, from chewing gum to arranging a Y. W. C. A. convention.



REMA HARRIET STONE, Carthage.

A. B., English. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (3)(4); Phoenix (1)(2)(3)(4), Secretary (F2); Exchange Editor *Earlhamite* (S1), Personal and Local Editor (3); Anglican (3)(4), President (F4); Secretary Class (F1).

Thesis—The Northern and Southern Versions of the Nibelungen Lied Compared, Contrasted.

Rema Harriet was brought to E. C. by her mother. At first she showed symptoms of being a typical Freshman, but after she had received an "impression"—still fondly preserved—of a certain Senior, she assumed an amount of dignity and "purity"-ness that positively appalled her young classmates. So well has she maintained this dignity that only her nearest friends ever dream of the violent relapses she suffers. Her aid and executive ability will be much missed in the college activities.

WILLIAM HOWARD WINSLOW, Carthage.

A. B., History. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4); Ionian (1)(4); One of the "Immortal Twenty-Two"; Vice-President Class (F3), President (W4); Track "E" (2)(3).

Thesis—History of Walnut Ridge Quarterly Meeting.

"Windy", of Carthaginian descent, has aspired to the appellation of "Baldy", but the long continued use of Newbro's Herpicide has robbed him of this distinction. His unfailing good nature has made numberless friends and brought him unequaled results in the "case" line. He is an authority on "cans", having tried every variety which Earlham offers. *In the open*, he majors in tennis and track.





HELENA B. SUTTON, Fort Madison, Iowa.

A. B., German. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (2)(3)(4); Phoenix (1)(2)(3)(4), Secretary (W1); Latin Club (2); Science Club (3)(4), Secretary (F4).

Thesis—The Middle High German Epic Kudrun.

Helena and her suit case have become inseparable friends during her stay here. She has only *one regular* habit—that of taking Saturday dinner with her grandmother in Richmond. As for the other habits, we know about them. Things are not what they seem in this instance, for her appearance of perfect quiet and innocence covers a multitude of pranks. She is neat, almost to a fault, for her motto is, "A place for everything and everything in its place." Her latest birthday present was a gold mine in Colorado and a large farm in Oklahoma.



HERBERT ELMORE WHITE, Carthage.

A. B., History. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4); Ionian (1)(4); History Club (4); Student Council (3)(4); Track Captain (2)(3)(4); Baseball Captain (1)(2); Baseball "E" (2)(3); Football "E" (2)(3)(4); Basketball "E" (3); Track "E" (2)(3)(4); Vice-President Class (S3).

Thesis—Influence of Friends in Making of Rush County.

"Jack" has indulged in every branch of Athletics, from Football to Campstry. In the former he has won "E's" galore and in the latter has won Ease for life. He can convince almost anyone, even Foxy Vail. The girls think him "cold and unapproachable" and even Doc Holmes says "he has a wild look". He once showed marked ability as a tonsorial artist, but later he and his friends aspired to places in Van Camp's Canning Factories.



EMMA JEAN SMITH, Richmond.

A. B., History. History Club (4).

Thesis—Wayne County's Contribution to Scientific Literature.

To be sure, all the Day Dodgers know "Jean", but it is probable that, though she has attended Earlham four years, she might have to be introduced to the bulk of Earlhamites. She has a wide reputation for talking and good-naturedly acknowledges her failing. Jean finds satisfaction in the fact that though there are thousands of Smiths in the world, she is the only Smith in our class of fifty.



GRACE T. STANLEY, Liberty.

Diploma in Music. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3) (4); Phœnix (1) (3) (4); History Club (4).

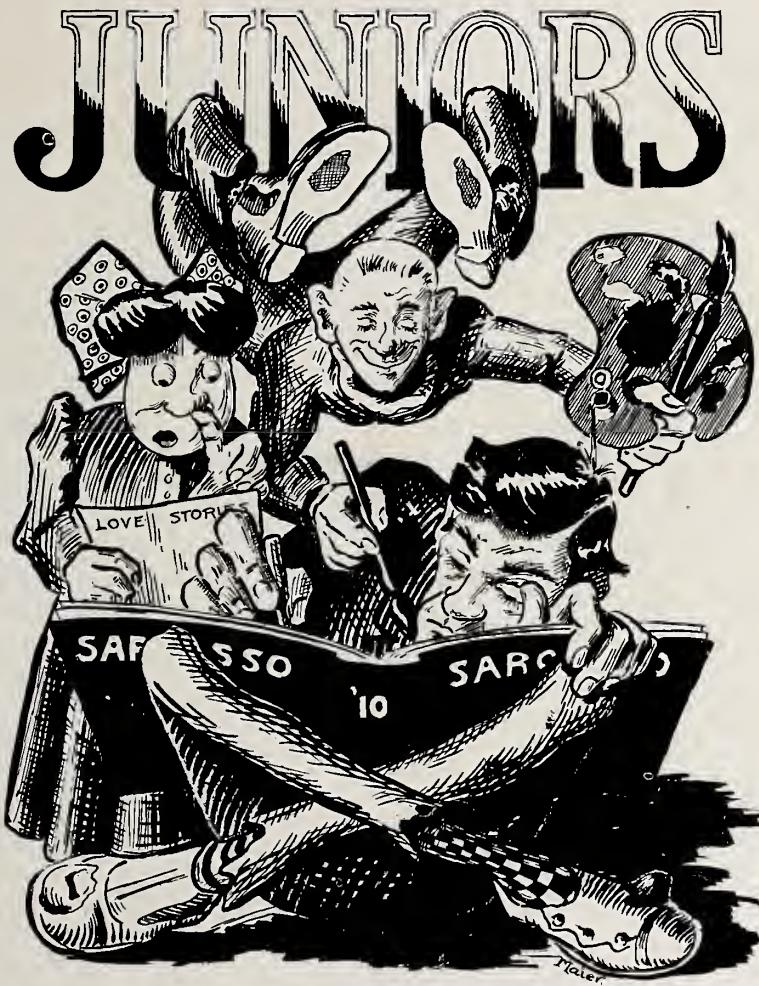
Mendelssohn, Bach, Moszkowsky—are all her cherished friends. Grace says she is going to teach next winter, but the way in which she tackles Domestic Science in her Senior year makes it hard to fully believe. Nature has endowed her with a spirit of generosity which has made happier those who have known her. She will let anyone have anything she possesses, from her best dress to a postage stamp. She doesn't always play just when we want her to—when she does favor us she plays so beautifully that we forgive her.



AND THE SHADOWS GATHER SOFTLY AS WE FONDLY SAY GOOD-BYE



NATURE'S FOLIAGE CLUSTERS 'ROUND



President—RUPERT STANLEY.

Vice-President—WALTER BLAND.

Secretary—MAUDE REYNOLDS.

Treasurer—HERBERT TEBBETTS.

Assistant Treasurer—PEARL MOSS.

Marshal—VINCENT D. NICHOLSON.

Assistant Marshal—EDNA TRUEBLOOD.

Historian—DANIEL L. BEEBE.

Colors—Purple and White.

Motto—Little talk—big deeds.

Flower—Violets.

CLASS YELL

Ripity, ripity, ripity, zip,
Zipity, zipity, zipity, rip,
We're always on hand to show you again,
For we're the Class of Nineteen Ten!



CLASS OF 1910—AS FRESHMEN.

History of the Junior Class



O virtuous Modesty, let us first secure you as our guide. Let no one doubt; fair Modesty has ever hovered 'round the Junior's brow. The scribe shall write no word that has not first been heralded by every tongue. And yet he fears, for many hidden, yet heroic deeds do plead with him for notoriety.

In autumn of the year of nineteen hundred six, Dame Earlham was most singularly blessed. Such blessings come but once in a decade: the Class of Nineteen Ten knocked on her door. She lodged us in her ancient Hall,—we were the last to have that privilege; we got the last official “rub” that e'er was given man within that Hall.

Old Earlham slept awhile, thinking, when she awoke, to find our class acclimated. She awoke, indeed, but it was our class awakening; *we were Earlham*. You doubt it? Then we quote: “On football team, six men; two men in basketball; four of the

baseball team; three on the track team; one tennis man and one debater.” The first year thus; still we had only stirred; the real awakening was yet to come. Thus far we had allowed our little brothers to compete with us.

What of the second year? The *Earlhamite* was ours. We furnished seven debaters. Consternation reigned supreme. Competing colleges now saw that for three years their goose was cooked. “No more goose eggs,” they cried, “What shall we do?” Our class was generous and sent a few.

The third year? And here our modesty o'erburdens us. Yet still stern duty urges on the scribe. *Our* orator, debaters four, our athletes, our “sports”—where are their equals? We claim they cannot be found; yea, we do swear our horrid swear, “By old *Wet Wayne*, they can't be found.”

And this, our book, if it praise, too, the Junior's name, remember he must needs be dumb, who does it not. Now glance once more at our most noble faces, and with that inspiration, turn ye—turn ye, and resolve to model after us,—the Class of Nineteen Ten.

HISTORIAN.



CLASS OF 1910—AS SOPHOMORES



BALDWIN

BEEBE

BEASLEY

BLAND

MARY BALDWIN, Westfield.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3), Cabinet (3); Phoenix (1)(2)(3); Latin Club (1); Anglican (2)(3).

Mary hails from the wilds of Westfield, that Quaker community which heretofore has furnished such a good per cent. of "raw material". Although she is quiet, her room mate can testify that she has spunk and to spare and really has a faculty for "bossing" when things do not go her way.

DANIEL LABAN BEEBE, Kankakee, Illinois.

Major—English. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2); Ionian (1)(2)(3); Anglican (2)(3), Secretary (S2); Press Club (3); Football "E" (3); Tennis Singles (1), Singles and Doubles (2); Class President (F1); *Earlhamite* Exchange Editor (F3), Editor-in-Chief (W3), Associate Editor (S3); SARGASSO Staff.

Though "Dan" comes from the Sucker State, he has, with the single exception of getting caught in a "barbers'" rough house, proven himself anything but a sucker. He has more ambition to the square inch in his cranium than any three fellows, in spite of the fact that it is rather "large". As a literary man and all-round worker, Dan has no superiors in the class.

ZOLA BERNICE BEASLEY, Fairmount.

Major—German. Y. W. C. A. (2)(3); Phoenix (F2) (S2).

It is said that "Zo" possesses more nicknames than any other girl in the Dorm. She belongs to the famous Fairmount bunch which holds complete sway on the third floor of east side. The members of this clique inform the outside world that she is a trickster of the highest order, a railing walker of some repute, and an artist of no mean ability.

WALTER PERRY BLAND, Joliettsville.

Major—Mathematics. Y. M. C. A. (S1)(2)(3), Cabinet (3); Engineering Club (F2) (W2); Ionian (F2) (W2); Vice-President Class (W2); Football Manager for 1909; SARGASSO Staff.

Walter Perry Diablo Bryan Pat Bland, exile from his own barg (only a broad place in the road in Boone County), is a versatile man. His usefulness as baseball coach (assistant to Foxy Vail), his Irish wit, green necktie, race track manner, freeness of speech on all subjects, especially politics, unite to make him one of the eminent men of his time. He has developed a strange tendency for the ladies this year. What will he do next?



BIRD

COMSTOCK

BINFORD

DENMAN

CLARA BIRD, Lynn.

Major—English. Y.W.C.A. (F2) (F3); Anglican (2) (3); Phœnix (F3).

For two years Clara lived just far enough from the college to be called a Day Dodger. Realizing the folly of this idea she cast her lot, as a Junior, with the inhabitants of the Dorm. Now she spends her spare time in trying to influence her town friends to follow in her path and be happy.

HOWARD PAYNE COMSTOCK, Noblesville.

Major—History and Political Science. Y. M. C. A. (1) (2) (3), Treasurer (2), Cabinet (3); Ionian (1) (2) (3); Oratorical Association (1) (2) (3), Secretary (2); History Club (3); Associate Editor *Earlhamite* (W2); Editor-in-Chief (S2) (F3); Editor-in-Chief 1909 SARGASSO.

"Commy", the man with ideas. Every hair of his head represents so many atoms of energy and wisdom. He is noted for his "pressing engagements"—all of them in Bundy Hall however. His college life has been too busy to make any specialty in Earlham Hall (even if he could). His singular manner and brusqueness in pushing things can best be summed up in a friend's (?) remark, "Commy is all right, but h—!"

MARY BINFORD, Greenfield.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (F3); Phœnix (1) (F2) (F3); Secretary Class (F3).

A hustler from the word go. Mary has enough energy in her small system to—make a hall miserable and wrathful as she gleefully yells to the tune of its snores. An expert dressmaker, a dream of a cook, "faith and begorra" what more could you want?

PERLEY J. DENMAN, Marshall.

Major—Chemistry and Biology. Y. M. C. A. (2) (3); Ionian (S1) (2) (3); Personal-Local Editor *Earlhamite* (2); Class President (S2); Science Club (2) (3); Oratorical Association (2) (3); Debating Team (2) (3); SARGASSO Staff.

Perley sailed in two years ago as a "sport" of no mean ability but struck a snag, and hasn't tried it much since. He is richly endowed with the gift of gab and an over supply of buoyant spirits, both of which he dispenses freely on all occasions. Perley's intercollegiate debates are the bane of his life, judging from his continual worrying over them.



CAREY

DENHAM

CORWIN

FURNAS

GRACE CAREY, Summitville.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (2)(3); Phoenix (F2); Secretary Class (W2).

Of Grace Carey
You'd better be wary,
For a sly young maid is she.
She makes eyes at Joe,
This you all know,
But none knows it better than he.

ARTHUR M. DENHAM, La Porte.

Major—Physics. Football Team (3).

“Dingham” is from La Porte. He moves about with a brisk air of business as if he had something important to do. He is noted for his study of Math and football, the extensiveness of his room decorations while he was in the Dorm, and lastly, his habit from his first year, of going for long walks after supper “beyond the limits of the campus”.

FLORENCE CORWIN, Richmond.

Major—English. Anglican (3); German Club (3); SARGASSO Staff.

Florence is one of those industrious girls who go through college in three years. She was an active member of that famous Day Dodger bunch of 1908, which caused Prof. Ed and Prexy so many watchful days and sleepless nights. The distinguishing characteristic of “Fliz” is that she has been taken many times for none other than the famous Ethel Roosevelt.

JOSEPH FURNAS, Valley Mills.

Major—History. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Ionian (W3); Baseball “E” (1)(2); Track “E” (2).

This up-to-date Valley Mills export, known by Earlhamites as “Muggs”, is somewhat short on quantity but long on quality—especially of his yell. The former affliction sometimes causes him to suffer undue chastisement, while the latter makes him liked by everyone. Joe has all the ear marks of a successful business man, although at present his chief ambition is to write a decent History Thesis and run a mile in 4:22.



CASSATT

GARD

ESTES

GOHO

NELLIE MARIE CASSATT, Wabash.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3), Cabinet (3); Phoenix (1)(2)(3); Anglican (2)(3).

One characteristic of Nellie is that she not only always knows how to help others but she goes ahead and *helps* them. She is another one of the lights from the "Banks of the Wabash far away", and she doesn't believe in hiding it under a bushel either.

REISHELL M. GOHO, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Major—History. History Club (3); German Club (3); Ionian (F3); Art Editor SARGASSO.

Reishell deserted Dickinson College to come to us. During "Hobo's" brief stay among us at least three of his characteristics have been impressed upon us: first, his ability to knock on everything in general, and on the West; compared to the East in particular; second, his great ability as an artist (we only have his *word* for this); and third, his desire to spend as little time as possible on the campus. His latest surprising venture is teaching a Sunday School class in Richmond.

LOUISE ALDEN ESTES, Westfield.

Major—Latin. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2); Phoenix (1)(2)(3); *Earlhamite* Personal and Local Editor (3); Latin Club (1)(2)(3); SARGASSO Staff.

"Little Louise" would make a leading "Vaudeville" star, judging by the manner in which she punctuates the atmosphere with her gesticulations, in punctuating the yards of "hot-air" which she can reel off (for her tongue is ever on the go). She tried Butler last Spring term so as to secure further suggestions from the Indianapolis theaters. She accepted a date for the Season Lecture Course early this fall but two trials caused her to secure a divorce.

RIFE H. GARD, Eaton, Ohio.

Major—Physics.

Rife, the artistic interior room decorator, moved to the Y. M. C. A. in Richmond, on the theory that if you can not be good yourself, you ought to be as *near* good as you can. He hopes to some day be chief funky at a corn carnival or street fair.



FARLOW

HANCOCK

FENIMORE

HAWORTH

JANET FENIMORE, Anderson.

Major—History and Political Science. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2); Phoenix (1)(2)(3); Assistant Business Manager *Earlhamite* (S2); History Club (3); Girls' Debating Team (1)(2); Representative to State Oratorical Contest (3), winning second.

"Janie", the suffragette, a firm believer in socialism and women's rights, also the efficacy of much speech in the securing of them. She has won two girls' debates for Earlham and won second in the State Oratorical this year. Because of her ability to "gas", she cannot decide between a socialistic career or the life of a "Woman Suffrage" lecturer.

JOHN S. HANCOCK, Fairmount.

Major—Geology. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Ionian (1); Football "E" (1)(2), Captain Elect 1909; Basketball "E" (2)(3), Captain Elect 1910; Track "E" (1)(2); Baseball "E" (1)(2), Captain 1909; Science Club (1); Secretary Student Council (3).

"Hank" is a by-product of the Fairmount Academy. The Dorm girls say he is the "best looking" fellow in Bundy and they spend their spare time watching him through their bird glasses. His main ambitions are to have two baseball diamonds for his champion "horsehide tossers", a fourteen foot extension on the vaulting standards and a patent room cleaner.

LILITH FARLOW, New London.

Major—History. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3), Cabinet (3); Phoenix (F1) (S1); History Club (3).

Miguel seems to have written these words especially about Lilith: "I would do what I pleased, and doing what I pleased, I should have my own will, and having my own will, I should be contented, and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired, there is an end to it."

LESTER C. HAWORTH, Danville.

Major—Chemistry and Biology. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3), Cabinet (3); President Elect (4); Oratorical Association (1)(2)(3), State Delegate (3), Vice-President State Association (3); Secretary State Prohibition Association (3); Debating Team (1)(2)(3); Business Manager *Earlhamite* (S2) (F3); Business Manager 1909 SARGASSO.

"Bush" has won debating "E's" galore and can argue the tail off a blind rat. He has a superabundance of steadiness (entirely lacking in respect to girls) and perseverance, learned while hopping clods, that gets him anything he goes after. His one fear is that he will not find a "mate" before he leaves Earlham. His hand at the money sack has made possible the success of this SARGASSO.



GLUYS

HUFFMAN

HALL

HOTCHKISS

MARY S. GLUYS, Richmond.

Major—English. Anglican (2)(3); German Club (3).

Mary is one of those D. D.'s whom we scarcely know. She is always late to classes and chapel and always has her lessons. The chapel ruling that tardiness counts as a cut, worked great hardship in her case. The faculty ought to know her better than we do for they give her all A's, usually with a "vortrefflich" attached to them on exams.

EDNA MARIE HALL, Elizabethtown.

Major—German and French. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Phœnix (F1).

"Don't let your studies interfere with your college education", has been the motto with Edna ever since she entered Earlham, four long years ago. She has "two eyes" for fun and is up to playing all kinds of practical jokes. It is her highest ambition to become a professional giggler.

HERBERT L. HUFFMAN, Richmond.

Major—Biblical. Y. M. C. A. (1); Anglican (2)(3).

"Herby" entered with us in the fall of '06, in a single state but could not stand it, so he went out to Iowa and got married. It is rumored that he is still happy. This Benedict together with Levi ought to start a Married Men's Club so as to offer further inducements for the rest of us to join them.

ARTHUR S. HOTCHKISS, Indianapolis.

Major—Geology. Ionian (F3); Athletic Editor *Earlhamite* (F3); Press Club (3); Track Team (2); Manager Track Team (2); Baseball Team (2); Basketball Team (1)(2)(3), Captain (3), "E" (1)(2)(3); Art Editor 1909 SARGASSO.

"Artie" is one of our busy boys. He made his debut into college activities as a fence and wall decorator. His later years have been spent in hard study (?) and careful geological research. Beside this he has had time to become the Larry Lajoie of our boys in the spring and Bacchus of the milk picture the year 'round.



HOCKETT

KENDALL

HAWKINS.

KEL SAY

EDNA HOCKETT, Wabash.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (1) (F2); Phœnix (1) (2) (3); Anglican (2) (3), Secretary (W3).

"She talks. Ye Gods, how she does talk!" So says her room mate and no one refutes the statement. Whether in English composition or German class she never lacks words to express her mighty mind, although she may laugh a line now and then to keep up with herself.

CLARA KENDALL, Richmond:

Major—German and French. Y. W. C. A. (3); Phœnix (F3).

Clara shows her sagacity by coming to us after a year at I. U. She is noted for her "still small voice", but we understand it is not volume that counts in Prof. Charles' classes. Calm, quiet, and unruffled, she pursues her way most unassumingly.

MELVILLE D. HAWKINS, Bridgeport.

Major—History. Y. M. C. A. (2); Ionian (2); Treasurer Class (S2).

"Zachius" has remained true to the class, though he has been off on a pedagogical furlough at Modoc the past two terms. He says "all great men are short". His marvelous ability, tenacity of purpose and golden locks make him a very dignified fellow. He only has one failing—his aversion to the fair sex—but he says this is not his fault.

EUNICE VICTORIA KEL SAY, Amboy.

Major—Biblical. Y. W. C. A. (1) (2) (3), Cabinet (2) (3); Phœnix (1) (2) (F3).

Eunice has not been with us every term for part of the time her presence has been needed in her native town of Amboy. Nevertheless, the months that she has spent in this Quaker institution have been full of conscientious striving to persuade sinners to flee the wrath to come.



MAPLE

MEEK

Moss

STANLEY

FLORENCE ELIZABETH MAPLE, Knightstown.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Phenix (1)(2)(3); Anglican (2)(3).

A proper beginning most sadly fails us. One can't say "she came into our midst, etc.," for she was here before we arrived. She came to the college a blooming infant, and now, looking at the perfected article, we bow in admiration to Earlham as a nursery. Every college boasts of a "College Widow" and we give this honor to "Flissie" with all due respect.

PEARL MOSS, Richmond.

Major—English. Anglican (2)(3).

Owing to specific instructions not to mention her "case", and since our Pearl is so precious that she must be constantly hedged about with the tenderest care, we will follow instructions. She is one of the "bright and shining" lights of the D. D. aggregation, at least as far as her hair and complexion are concerned.

RAYMOND A. MEEK, Richmond.

Major—History. History Club (3).

This wiry haired philosopher is one of the seven wonders of the age. His forensic battles with Plato and John Stuart Mills are a favorite pastime and when he shakes those raven locks, the whole world trembles. Wayne County's state of wetness is due to Meek's strenuous efforts on the dry side.

RUPERT STANLEY, Carthage.

Major—Biblical. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3), President (3), Cabinet (2); Ionian (1)(2)(3), Secretary (F3); President Class (F2)(F3)(W3); Anglican (3); Baseball "E" (2); Football "E" (2)(3); Member Student Council (3).

"Rupe", the athlete, Y. M. C. A. worker, and ladies' man, according to some, is one of our great men. He is the center of the football team, the center of the Y. M. C. A. work and, generally, the center of a crowd of admiring girls in the parlor. He hasn't received as yet a position in the Carthage canning factory, but there is still plenty of time.



NETH

H. TEBBETTS

PITTS

TRIMBLE

GLENA D. NETH, Covington, Ohio.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (2); Phcenix (F2)(W2); Anglican (3);

A Buckeye that lives up to the state record of cordiality and true friendship. She can spel "Deutsch" by the hour, and has a cranium well packed with figures crowding for expression in a Math class. We would predict that Glena would sometime be President of Vassar, were it not for the fact that she can not remain away from home over Sunday.

HERBERT TEBBETTS, Richmond.

Major—Physics. Y. M. C. A. (3); Basketball "E" (3); Treasurer Class (W3).

"Two-Bits" hails from Whittier College where he was sometimes known as "Happy". Since the name hasn't stuck to him, we have concluded that he left the secret of his happiness behind. He made his first appearance at Earlham last summer where he gained many friends who kept him from working too hard. His invariable good humor is his chief characteristic, for, though the Heavens should fall, Herbert would crawl from under the debris as happy and frivolous as ever.

LOIS PITTS, Morristown.

Major—German. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3), Cabinet (3); Phoenix (1)(2)(3); Secretary Class (W2); German Club (3); SARGASSO Staff.

"Oh! I just can't get this lesson right—it is so hard." This remark, accompanied by several emphatic rods of the head might be heard issuing from the lips of Lois almost any day. She is always intensely busy at whatever she does—be it lessons, defending the Phcenix Constitution against the Liberalists, talking, or just nothing.

HAROLD D. TRIMBLE, Bloomingdale.

Major—History. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Ionian (1)(2)(3); History Club (3), Secretary (3).

The Class of 1910 boasts of possessing the Paderewski of the school. Hon. Harold DeeW. Dimples has all the ear marks of a great musician even down to the mass of long flowing hair. He comes back every fall with a new ambition and a firm resolution to "sport", but it all ebbs away and by Spring he is still a bachelor.



QUIMBY

NICHOLSON

M. REYNOLDS

WALTHAL

MAUDE REYNOLDS, Richmond.

Major—Latin. Y. W. C. A. (F2); Latin Club (1)(2)(3); German Club (2)(3); Secretary Junior Class (W3).

Maude, who is characterized as the vain little girl and one who blushes so easily, is a determined student. Proud, too, as she has a right to be, of her class standing. Her courteous nature is shown in close attention to chapel talks, especially those on the "Characterization of Thomas".

VINCENT DE WITT NICHOLSON, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Major—History and Political Science. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3), Treasurer (3); Ionian (1)(2)(3); Oratorical Association (2)(3), President (3); Science Club (S2)(F2); History Club (3); Debating Team (2)(3); Personal-Local Editor *Earlhamite* (F3); Assistant Editor 1909 SARGASSO.

"Tim" blew into our midst from Harrisburg immediately following the exposure of the Capital graft there. He is noted for his much speaking and finds ample outlet for this as a debater and an Aluminum agent. He and Bush ran a race to get their pictures in the SARGASSO the greatest number of times and finally, at their last count, ended up with an even dozen apiece.

DOROTHY KATHERINE QUIMBY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Major—German and French. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Phoenix (1) (F2) (W2)(3), Secretary (F2); SARGASSO Staff.

"Dot", the class infant, is a wonder. Her innocent, child-like manner completely hoodwinks the professors into thinking that she is the "real thing". Being so bright, she was able to finish a few days earlier than the rest of us last Spring. Reading love stories and jumping the cemetery hedge fence are her favorite pastimes.

OLIVER WALTHAL, Quaker.

Major—Physics—Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Ionian (1)(2)(3); Science Club (2)(3), Vice-President (F3); Vice-President Class (S2)(F3); Football "E" (2)(3); Track "E" (2); Assistant Business Manager SARGASSO.

"Twist" is a steady plunger who, although he makes no noise about it, always keeps up with the band wagon. He runs the Physics Lab with Prof. Morrison's aid and is chief dust eradicator of Lindley Hall. He has not taken much work in the Campustry Department, but now that his room mate is taking a much needed rest, we expect "Ol" to keep up the reputation of the family and blossom out this Spring.



STUART

ELLIS

THOMAS

C. REYNOLDS

CAROLYN ELIZABETH STUART, Knightstown.

Major—Latin. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Phoenix (1)(2)(F3); Latin Club (1)(2)(3), Secretary (W2).

Carolyn comes from Knightstown, a village renowned for its pretty girls. Her approach is always heralded by the cry, "Girls, I'm pret' near crazy", whenever her lessons are a source of trouble. Ever since she has been here, at the beginning of each term she always says in that decisive and emphatic way of hers, "Well, I'm not coming back, sure, next term. Dad says I can't",—but she always does.

AURETTA M. THOMAS, Fountain City.

Major—Mathematics. Y. W. C. A. (2)(3), Cabinet (3), President-elect (4); Science Club (1); Assistant Editor SARGASSO.

"Retty" is a phenomenon; she is the only girl in the class with enough nerve to major in Math. What religion she lost as Assistant Editor of this book, she is trying to regain as President of the Y. W. C. A. Despite these hindrances she is one of those sharks who go through in three years.

CORA AYERS REYNOLDS, Richmond.

Major—English. Y. W. C. A. (F2); Anglican (2)(3).

"Toad" is the mother of the brood at the Moffit house and each newcomer, whoever she may be, immediately finds herself sheltered under the motherly protecting wing. She is a conscientious student, too, and it is rumored that she even reads "Shakespeare" before going to class, a thing almost unheard of in these days.

ELLSWORTH ELLIS, Sheridan.

Major—History. Y. M. C. A. (1)(3); History Club (3), President (3); Oratorical Association (3).

"Erg" came back last Fall, a devoted follower of the "Great Commoner". He actually thought that Bryan came all the way to Richmond to shake hands with him and even got so enthusiastic that he wagered an egg sandwich on his election. All the Profs. borrow his note books at the end of each term to get an idea of what they have been trying to teach.



TRUEBLOOD

PENNINGTON

WINSLOW

WRIGHT

AMY WINSLOW, Carthage.

Major—German. Y. W. C. A. (W1)(S1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (4), Vice-President (4); Phoenix (F1)(2)(3)(4), Vice-President (W3), Secretary (W4); Assistant Business Manager *Earlhamite* (3), Business Manager (4); German Club (W3)(S3).

"Man wants but little here below but he wants that little long," is exemplified by Amy, the class giant, whom we have secured from the Class of '09 for a short time. She is an all-round college girl in scholarship, Association work and social activities. We might add that she is all "White".

LEVI T. PENNINGTON, Knightstown.

Major—Biblical. Y. M. C. A. (1)(3); Oratorical (1)(3); Second Place in National Prohibition Oratorical Contest (1); Debating Team (1)(3); Member Student Council (3); Track "E" (1); SARGASSO Staff.

Levi has a story (once in a while, a funny one) for every possible occasion, and, in spite of the fact that he gets them all from his wife's almanac, they sometimes hit the point. He turns out more work than any other person in school and at the same time provides for the material welfare of a family and the spiritual welfare of the Friends' church at Knightstown.

EDNA A. TRUEBLOOD, Indianapolis.

Major—History. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Phoenix (1)(2)(3); Associate Editor *Earlhamite* (3); History Club (3); Assistant Business Manager 1909 SARGASSO.

When it comes to smearing "A" producing salve with the Profs, Edna is there with the goods. She and "Fliss" still have, at intervals, their twin cases with Freshies and Sophs. The different coiffures she springs every day are a matter of much astonishment and speculation. She was the "book agent" and professional collector in Earlham Hall but has opened a "home office" on the Avenue this term.

ORVILLE ROSS WRIGHT, Spiceland.

Major—Biology and Physics. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4), Cabinet (3)(4); Ionian (2)(3)(4); Science Club (3).

"Rags", "Rastus" is a chap that makes his home among the bugs and other creeping things of Lindley Hall. So spontaneous is he with using his scientific words that even the Sophs wonder what he is talking about. Wright is becoming a well developed man, regardless of his mental defects, and his name, "Dabbler", is very fitting to his make-up.



LINDLEY

LEWIS

WRIGHT

W. TEBBETTS

IVA J. D. LINDLEY, Bloomingdale.

Major—Latin. Y. W. C. A. (1)(2)(3); Phoenix (1)(2)(3); Latin Club (3); Anglican (3).

What can we say about Iva? She loves solitude and very seldom intrudes her presence upon her classmates. As a Freshman and a Sophomore, she devoted herself to one dear friend, and now for lack of that one, she spends her time pining away and whispering sonnets to Spring.

PAUL LEWIS, Williamsburg.

Major—History. Y. M. C. A. (1)(2)(3)(4); Ionian (1).

“Pap” looks out for Paul and lets every one else look out for himself (except Muggs). He is fast becoming an enthusiastic student of Economics. He gave promise of becoming a football star last fall. At one time he was considered a “non-sport”, but so far as that is concerned, he encountered a horrible shipwreck last year and now exists only in a drowning condition.

ADDIE EMLIN WRIGHT, Fairmount.

Major—History. Y. W. C. A. (2)(3); Phoenix (F2)(S2)(F3); History Club (3).

Addie's most promising characteristic is her propensity to think, and when she gets on that peculiar smile of her's, we all prepare to listen for we know that “Daddy” has a thought she wishes to impart to us. She is also one of that notorious Fairmount bunch.

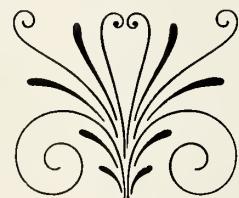
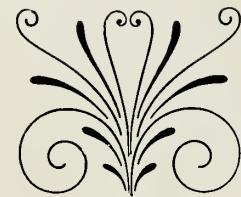
WALTER TEBBETTS, Richmond.

Major—Physics. Y. M. C. A. (3).

When we came back last fall, this tall, black-haired Californian was here waiting for us, having become acclimated during the summer term. He received such good training at Whittier in the “sporting” line, that he was able to cut out our veteran, Dan Beebe, with very little effort. Don't ever wonder what he is laughing about, for he himself never knows.

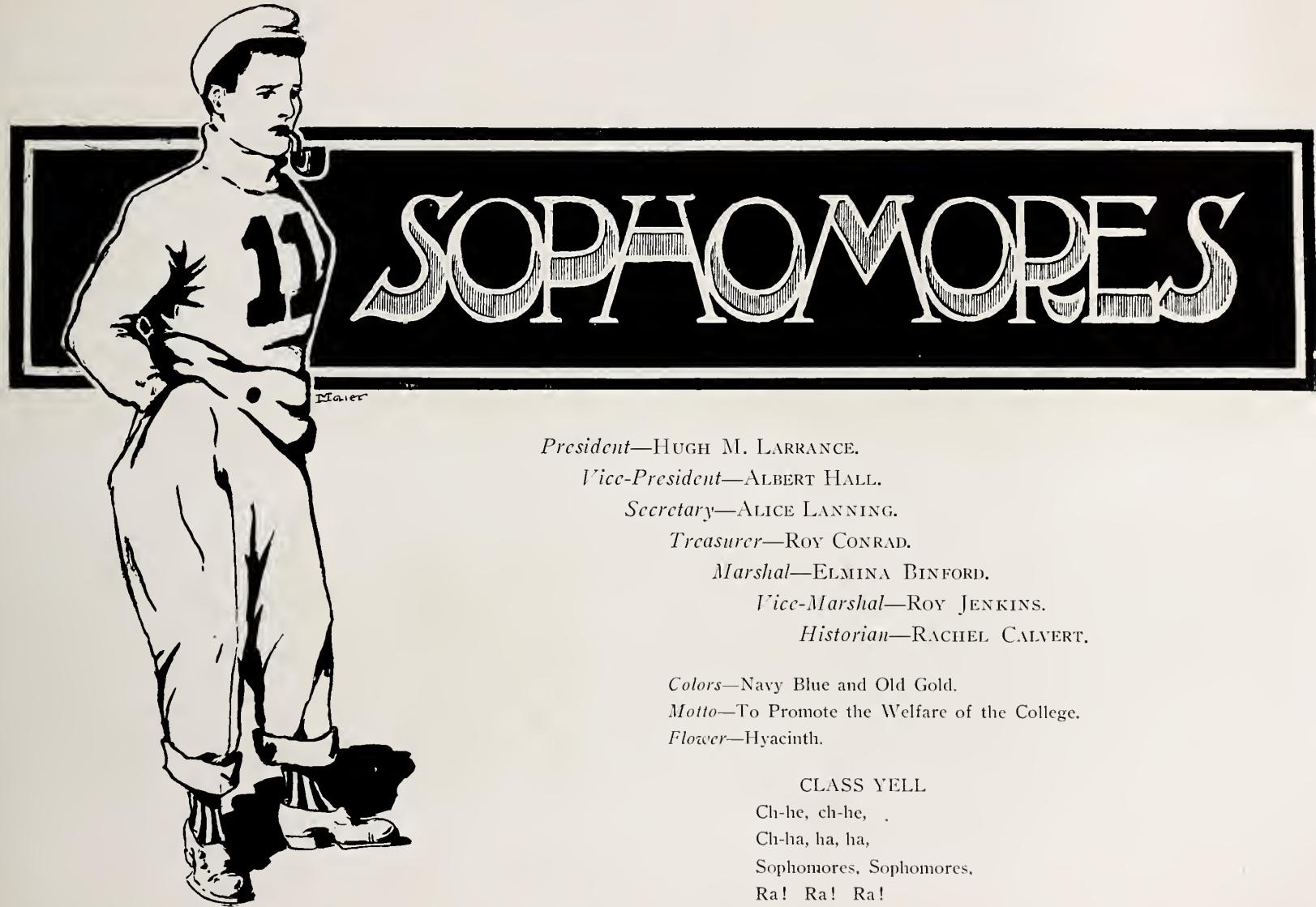


THE WELL-BEATEN PATH



A FAVORITE STROLL

CAMPUSRY LABORATORIES



President—HUGH M. LARRANCE.

Vice-President—ALBERT HALL.

Secretary—ALICE LANNING.

Treasurer—ROY CONRAD.

Marshal—ELMINA BINFORD.

Vice-Marshall—ROY JENKINS.

Historian—RACHEL CALVERT.

Colors—Navy Blue and Old Gold.

Motto—To Promote the Welfare of the College.

Flower—Hyacinth.

CLASS YELL

Ch-he, ch-he,

Ch-ha, ha, ha,

Sophomores, Sophomores,

Ra! Ra! Ra!



CLASS OF 1911

History of the Sophomore Class



How well we, the Class of 1911, remember the first few weeks in the fall of 1907. How much people thought that we must learn! How much we felt that we knew! You remember yet, do you not, Seniors, Juniors, and fellow classmen—the Freshmen, of course, would hardly acknowledge it—what a thrill of importance you felt when you signed up under the watchful care of Prexy?

And now since only pleasant things should be remembered, we kindly omit all references to the first months of recitations and quizzes. Likewise no recollection of our “calling downs” shall be recorded on this page. But oh how proud we are to recall our share in the football season! How persistently our fellows worked for the “E’s” they won! And oh how loyally the girls cheered them!

By the Winter term of our first year, the class began to study—some. Part of our numbers were troubled with College Algebra and several other little things which cast somewhat of a gloom over the whole class. As a result of our studious endeavors, we were ably represented on the debating team by the man who also won first place for the college in the State Prohibition Contest.

The following term brought us new honors from the athletic field. Our classmen figured largely in the I. C. A. L. Meet, as well as on the baseball team. Classes in Birds and Campstry occupied much of our attention and we entered enthusiastically into all the activities of Commencement time. Thus we passed our first year at Earlham and bade farewell, not sadly but hopefully, for we were to meet the next year as Sophomores.

The expectations of last spring have been more than fulfilled to the class this year. Some of our members did not return, yet others have entered and are filling their places. The year has added new responsibilities. We have spared much of our valuable time for athletics and when this book appears we find two-thirds of the busy *Earlhamite* Staff are Sophomores, doing their best work for the college paper. Besides these strenuous duties, we have tried to set a good example for the Freshmen. We have studied and bucked classes and gone to all the lecture courses. Then here’s to our Sophomore year!

We would be justly proud of our class of 1911; we would be forever loyal to our college in all its various activities; we would be forever striving toward perfection; we would, in short, be little angels—if we could. But we do love to have a good time and we look it—don’t you think?

HISTORIAN.



CORNER OF SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN COLOR SCRAP



FRESHMEN

CLASS YELL

Holy smoke!
We're no joke.
The nineteen twelves
Can care for themselves
And don't give a rap for any old soak

President—HOMER MORRIS.

Vice-President—FRED GILBERT.

Secretary—EDITH EDWARDS.

Treasurer—ALBERT HAWORTH.

Vice-Treasurer—SABINA HUTTON.

Marshal—RUSSELL WRIGHT.

Vice-Marshall—CLARENCE JONES.

Historian—HOMER FURNAS.

Colors—Green and Red.

Motto—Variety is the Spice of Life.

Flower—Four O'clock.*

* Probably the time they go to bed.



CLASS OF 1912

History of the Freshman Class



Previous to the Fall of 1908 Earlham College existed; since then she has lived. A hundred and forty-five strong, the Class of 1912 made its debut in college circles and has been much in evidence ever since. After surviving a week of Prexie's jokes, chapel talks on orientation, and the usual amount of stuffing from the upper classmen, we felt ourselves prepared for all emergencies of college life.

Our pugilistic genius was first displayed in the class color scrap. When the Sophs rushed our valiant heroes they became engulfed in a waving mass of arms and legs, which soon broke up into a score of smaller groups. When time was called every Soph was securely tied and for the rest of the day the red and green waved triumphant.

Speaking of colors, can we ever forget that work of art—our 1912 pennant which headed our ranks at the interclass oratorical contest? But it was too beautiful; the cold-hearted authorities, eying it with envy, took it to themselves and it now reposes—alas, we know not where—a relic of youthful enthusiasm. The girls

gave the second display of our pugilistic ability, when they so triumphantly ejected certain iniquitous upper classmen who became unduly interested in our class meeting in the gym.

But these frolics have only been incidents in our varied career. When the interclass basketball series began we entered the arena and one by one the other classes met us, only to go down in defeat before our champions. But the half has not yet been told. Five of our members made the varsity football team, three the basketball team, and many did excellent work on the scrub teams with good chances of the varsity next year. So it has been in the past. In baseball, according to Foxy, the Freshman and Varsity teams are equally important. However, we are gracious and allow the upper classes to look on. Our ability in track has not yet been displayed, but who doubts but that Earlham will win the meet through the successful efforts of the 1912 men? And last, but not least, is the work of our class president—our rising orator and debater, who was the star in the debate at Butler.

There are still other accomplishments for which we deserve at least honorable mention. We have learned all the college slang, yells and songs, cultivated a taste for hash and prunes, and now, that "spring-time has come", two by two, we have followed the call of the birds.

HISTORIAN.



CHAPEL VIEWS



Maier



ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION

Oratorical Association



The Oratorical Association occupies the same place in the field of Oratory and Debate that the Athletic Association does in Athletics. It elects all officers and manages all business connected with these two branches of student activity. Although Earlham has had a record to be proud of in both Oratory and Debate, yet the association is not as large in numbers as those of many other schools in the State, where the entire student body compose the membership. However, it has been doing effective work which has brought the desired returns, and a large amount of interest and enthusiasm is shown in both the local and State contests.

The association has been a member, since 1893, of the Indiana State Oratorical Association which is composed of seven of the leading colleges and universities. The officers in this association rotate among the colleges from year to year, Earlham's representative being president last year and vice-president this year.

OFFICERS, 1908-'09

STATE ASSOCIATION

President—S. PAUL JONES, De Pauw.

Vice-President—LESTER C. HAWORTH, Earlham.

Recording Secretary—C. A. FARABAUGH, Notre Dame.

Interstate Delegate—LEROY BEAM, Franklin.

Treasurer—D. C. REYNOLDS, Hanover.

Corresponding Secretary—C. M. HARGRAVE, Wabash.

Member Executive Committee—N. B. ROSE, Butler.

LOCAL ASSOCIATION

President—VINCENT D. NICHOLSON.

Vice-President—JANET FENIMORE.

Secretary—CARL ACKERMAN.

Treasurer—OLIVER WEESNER.

State Delegate—LESTER HAWORTH.



WALTER R. MILES

Representative State Oratorical Contest
1907 and 1908



MISS JANET FENIMORE



Oratory

 SINCE 1893, when Elbert Russell went to Indianapolis as Earlham's first orator in the State contest, the college has taken a great interest in oratory and has an enviable record.

In the seventeen State contests Earlham has received four firsts, five seconds, and her general average is between second and third place.

Since the last *SARGASSO* was published we have had unusual success. In 1907, Walter R. Miles, from Pacific College, Oregon, was our representative, and, although he had had a brilliant record in the West, he received only fifth place. The next year with his added experience and a new determination he went to the contest again, and brought much honor to Earlham and himself by getting a most sweeping victory.

This year, for the third time in her history, Earlham had a woman representative and Miss Janet Fenimore certainly did not lower the high standard set by Miss Wood and Miss Simmons. Her oration was, "The Social Revolution", and, although the subject

is generally unpopular, she presented it in a masterful way. At some points her eloquence received general applause, which is unusual in these contests. The rhetoric of her oration was superb and her delivery was magnificent; in fact, she was by far the best in delivery alone. Her rankings on thought, however, lowered her final rank to second place. With Notre Dame first and Wabash third the decision was eminently satisfactory to every one.

Aside from this association Earlham takes part in two other important oratorical contests. In the State Peace Contest last Spring Oliver Weesner received the honor of second place and also a substantial money prize. In the Prohibition Contest for the last two years Earlham has a remarkable record. Each year our representative won both the State and Interstate contests, Gustave Hoelscher receiving the honors in 1907, and Levi Pennington repeating the performance in 1908. Thus in the National contest, held every two years, Earlham had two men out of the six, Pennington winning second place.

Earlham's record in the State Oratorical Association is as follows:

Year	Contestants	Place	Year	Contestants	Place
1893	Elbert Russell	3	1901	Andrew Marvel	2
1894	Ray White	4	1902	Joseph Kenney	1
1895	Miss Nellie Woods	1	1903	Luther Feeger	2
1896	Miss Gertrude Simmons	2	1904	Luther Feeger	1
1897	Beran Binford	6	1905	Audrey Kramien	4
1898	Fred Van Nuys	3	1906	Laurence Smelser	4
1899	George Levering	2	1907	Walter Miles	5
1900	R. W. Kelsey	3	1908	Walter Miles	1
			1909	Miss Janet Fenimore	2



AFFIRMATIVE DEBATING TEAM
Earlham-Butler

DENMAN

PENNINGTON, Captain

MORRIS

Debate

EARLHAM'S history in debating can be divided logically into two periods,—first, when she had only one annual debate; and second, the period of the triangular league when both an affirmative and negative team were put out, debates being held with both Butler and Wabash.

In the first period Earlham had a brilliant record, winning eight out of the ten debates. Besides these Earlham had two girls teams both of them winning unanimously.

In the year 1906-7 Earlham, Wabash and Butler formed a Triangular League in which each school debates the other two, all the debates being held the same night. By thus having an affirmative and a negative team which can debate together, more efficient preparation can be made than with but one team. In the six debates in which Earlham has participated while in the league she has only two victories to her credit. However, we owe it to the teams to say that, without any question, this does not tell the whole story. In the first and third years both were really winning teams, although we admit that the two defeats of last year were deserved.

This year the question was, "Resolved that U. S. Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people", and it proved to be extremely interesting as well as evenly divided. Five of the old men were back and after several weeks of thorough preparation two extremely strong teams met Butler and Wabash on the evening of March 12th. The affirmative team, composed of Pennington, Denman and Morris, went to Butler where they put up a great debate. Morris, the only Freshman on the teams, showed up remarkably well, and too many good things cannot be said about the excellent work of Denman and Pennington. The decision was two to one

in favor of Butler, but it is only stating the general opinion of the whole audience when we say that Earlham snowed them under. Although it is never the policy of Earlham to complain of a just defeat, it is only stating the truth when we say that the decision was a rank injustice and unexplainable from a just standpoint. Morris' speech alone, if unrefuted, should win any debate, and they did not attempt to refute any of it. Denman's first speech was especially convincing, and, according to every one except two judges, Pennington in his last rebuttal put the finishing touches to a clean and complete victory.

The debate with Wabash at home was very satisfactory to every one, Wabash included, who were very gratified as well as surprised to get their one vote. The Earlham men had a very well organized debate, with excellent team work and strong argument. Their previous hard work and careful training had its effect and made them thoroughly at home in every phase of the subject. Nicholson waded into the contest with his usual characteristic display of spirit and energy and, although his first speech contained strong logical argument, it was in his stirring rebuttal that he starred. Fauquier in his quiet, forceful way gave strong constructive argument and ripped things in rebuttal. Both of Captain Haworth's speeches were hard-hitting rebuttal and his convincing manner, together with his usual tact and skill, was very effective.

Last Spring the second Intercollegiate Girls' Debate was held when Earlham overwhelmingly defeated Otterbein. The team was composed entirely of members of the 1910 class—Janet Fenimore, Marjorie Hill and Elizabeth Holaday.



NEGATIVE DEBATING TEAM

Wabash-Earham

FAUQUIER

HAWORTH, Captain

NICHOLSON

Record of Earlham Debates

Year	Opponent	Winner	Year	Opponent	Winner
1897	De Pauw	De Pauw	1906	Albion College	Albion
	Team—Bennett Gordon, Allen Hole, R. W. Barrett.			Team—William E. Lear, Oliver Frazier, Chester Haworth.	
1898	De Pauw	Earlham	1906	Western	Earlham
	Team—Bennett Gordon, Earl Widup, Royal Davis.			Team—Janet Fenimore, Della Hester, Katie Coahran.	
1899	Indiana	Earlham		TRIANGULAR LEAGUE DEBATES	
	Team—George Ford, Earl Widup, Earl Barnes.			.	
1900	Indiana	Earlham	1907	Butler	Butler
	Team—Louis Ross, Earl Barnes, Murray Kenworthy.			Team—Chester Haworth, Gustave Hoelscher, Clyde Allee.	
1901	Indiana	Earlham	1907	Wabash	Earlham
	Team—Luther Feeger, Byram Robbins, Albert Copeland.			Team—Oliver Frazier, Edgar Llewelyn, Lester Haworth.	
1902	Butler	Earlham	1908	Butler	Butler
	Team—W. A. Trueblood, Albert Copeland, Albert Small.			Team—Chester Haworth, Perley Denman, Silas Fauquier.	
1903	Butler	Earlham	1908	Wabash	Wabash
	Team—Joseph Kenney, Edmund Dickinson, Morris Dillon.			Team—Lester Haworth, Levi Pennington, Vincent Nicholson.	
1904	De Pauw	Earlham	1908	Otterbein	Earlham
	Team—Raymond Wehrley, William E. Lear, Jesse Phillips.			Team—Janet Fenimore, Marjorie Hill, Elizabeth Holaday.	
1905	Butler	Earlham	1909	Butler	Butler
	Team—Raymond Wehrley, Oliver Frazier, William E. Lear.			Team—Levi Pennington, Perley Denman, Homer Morris.	
			1909	Wabash	Earlham
				Team—Lester Haworth, Silas Fauquier, Vincent Nicholson.	



STUDENTS' PARLOR

FRATERNITIES







CLUBS & SOCIETIES



IONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Ionian Literary Society



IONIAN!—what a wealth of happy reminiscences that name brings back to the mind of the Alumnus as he ponders over his college days at Earlham. And why is this true? Why is it that but very few students, during their college career, fail to join Ionian for at least a few terms, and that many an Alumnus, when asked what training received at Earlham, outside the regular curriculum, did him the most good, invariably answers, "The Parliamentary training received in Ionian?"

Perhaps the best answer that can be given to these queries is this: "Because the society stands for so much." In its constitution we find that "The object of the society shall be the intellectual improvement of its members." With such an aim in view and as a medium of giving its members training in Parliamentary rules, Ionian Literary Society was formed on November 6, 1857, the name being suggested by Prof. Wm. B. Morgan. The society was incorporated in 1873 and in the same year it was decided to publish the *Earlhamite*.

In 1877, the demands for a new and suitable hall, expressly for the meetings of the society, were so pressing that a law, providing for the setting aside of a part of the dues and fines, was added to the constitution, with the ultimate end in view of building a hall. However, when Lindley Hall was built in 1887, a room therein was reserved for the place of Ionian's meetings, which room is still "Ionian Hall".

By 1906 the Hall Fund had grown to the sum of \$4,500. It was then that the society hearkened to the urgent call for subscriptions for the building of the new Library and consequently, the

entire amount was turned over to the trustees of the college, in return for which, that body made liberal concessions concerning the *Earlhamite* and also guaranteed a permanent hall for the exclusive possession of Ionian.

In spite of the many strifes and threatened schisms, during the fifty years of its existence, Ionian has weathered the storms and is today in a flourishing, prosperous condition.

OFFICERS

President—WILMER LINDELEY.

Librarian—OLIVER WEESEN.

Vice-President—H. E. CHAPMAN.

Marshal—LESTER HAWORTH.

Recording Secretary—JOHN W. PERKINS.

Vice-Marshal—RAYMOND KELSY.

Corresponding Secretary—HAROLD TRIMBLE. *Critic*—HOWARD WINSLOW.

Vice-Critic—PAYNE COMSTOCK.

Literary Committee—S. E. FAUQUER, LESLIE NANNEY, HOMER L. MORRIS.



IONIAN HALL—SANCTUARY OF DIGNITY



PHOENIX LITERARY SOCIETY



Phoenix

"We, the undersigned, in order to promote literary improvement and to enjoy the advantages of association and mutual aid, do hereby form ourselves into a society," are the opening words of the preamble of the constitution that was signed in 1864 by eighteen girls under the name of Phoenix Band. The first records begin in March, 1868, and the society was incorporated in the spring of 1879. At first this little band met in what is now the association room, later moving to what is now the guests' chamber, calling it Irving Hall, and many other interesting names appear on the records—Elysium, Acadia, Sanctum Sanctorum, Parizo Derniere Resort, Gogotha, Lion's Den, and the present Phoenix Hall. From the small number who were the charter members the number has gradually increased until in the Fall and Spring terms it is always expected that a hundred will join the society. Many outside interests break into the Winter term and Phoenix is kept up with difficulty.

After all, the fifty years have made very few essential changes as the same questions for debate appear, such as, "Resolved, that woman is more intellectual than man," and the decision today as well as then is always in favor of the affirmative. Then, too, there seems to have always been a few undignified student spirits and in the records may be found as now, "Certain young ladies were fined one cent for misconduct." In some ways Phoenix is probably not so conservative as in former days. Now we do not appoint committees to burn "pernicious books", and do not object to literary reports, however radical they may be. After several years of discussion and attempts, Phoenix pins have definitely been decided

upon. Everyone who has been a member six terms is eligible to have a pin.

Much has been said about the training one receives in Parliamentary drill. The vice-president of the National Federation of Woman's Clubs got a start in her knowledge of Parliamentary law in Phoenix and there are many others who have attained prominence. But the sentiments of every member were probably expressed by an Alumna when she said, "I suppose the most of us have been grateful for our experience there, in filling our places in small clubs, church organizations, etc."

OFFICERS

President—EVELYN REEVE.

Critic—AURETTA THOMAS.

Vice-President—RUTH MOORE.

Vice-Critic—EDITH BARNETT.

Recording Secretary—AMY WINSLOW.

Marshal—EDNA TRUEBLOOD.

Corresponding Secretary—LUCILE CARTER. *Vice-Marshall*—FLORENCE MAPLE.

Librarian—LILITH FARLOW.

Chairman Literary Committee—EDITH WILDMAN.



PHOENIX HALL—"THE SAME OLD CURTAINS."



WRIGHT
HAWORTH
JONES

HALL

COMSTOCK

NICHOLSON

OVERMAN
CHAPMAN

STANLEY, President

P. FURNAS

BROWN

LINDLEY

NANNEY
JONES

ELLIS

BLAND

WEESNER
FAUQUHER

THE CABINET

Y. M. C. A.

OFFICERS

President—RUPERT STANLEY.

Vice-President—ALBERT HALL.

Secretary—SILAS E. FAUQUHER.

Treasurer—VINCENT NICHOLSON.



In the year 1884 the Y. M. C. A. was organized, and ever since it has been the most important factor in the spiritual development of the men of the college. The main purpose of the organization is to keep and bring men into closer touch with God, and by so doing maintain a high moral tone about the college, as well as to send out its graduates as advocates and examples of right living.

The Association is practical. It works for the benefit of the students and encourages the best in every line of college activity in a practical way. The student is encouraged to take part in honest athletics, and to make the most of his intellectual advantages. The social life of the institution is maintained and promoted by the Christian Associations. When a Freshman puts his foot on the campus for the first time, he is received by a member of the Y. M. C. A. Reception Committee, who helps him find his bearings and get firmly established. He meets all the fellows at the Y. M. C. A. Stag Social in the Gym. Here, by means of thoroughly mas-

culine processes, stump speeches, and tubfuls of peanuts, he comes into real touch with his fellows, and becomes imbued with the true Earlham spirit. A few days later, he meets the co-eds at a joint Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. social. He is towed about by an upper classman who introduces him to a few of the “old girls”, who immediately put him at ease. Throughout the year new and original bi-weekly socials are given to bring all students into closer touch with each other.

The Y. M. C. A. holds a well attended prayer meeting every Thursday evening. Seven well organized Bible classes are held weekly throughout the college year. Mission work and study is encouraged and to this end three mission classes are maintained.

Five delegates were sent to the State Convention at South Bend, and fifty dollars pledged to the Convention Fund. Four delegates attended the International Bible Study Conference at Columbus, Ohio. One hundred dollars were pledged for missionary work.

The fact that out of 103 male students residing on the campus, there are only ten who are not members of the Y. M. C. A., testifies to the abundant practical good that the Association is doing for the members of the college.



AURETTA THOMAS HELENA SUTTON MYRTLE BOBLETT, *President* EDITH SHUGART LAURA STANLEY REMA STONE
RUTHANNA SIMS LOIS PITTS AMY WINSLOW EUNICE KELSY NELLIE CASSATT
 MARY BALDWIN MABEL TRUEBLOOD MARY MOFFETT

THE CABINET

Y. W. C. A.

OFFICERS

President—MYRTLE BOBLETT.

Vice-President—AMY WINSLOW.

Secretary—NELLIE CASSATT.



Perhaps no spot is so closely associated with the genuine heart life of Earlham (with the aspirations and purposes of men and women, who in past years have gone from her doors) as the old Association Room in Earlham Hall. Although still shared with the boys on Sunday evenings, this room, with the opening of Bundy Dormitory, has become especially the property of the Young Women's Christian Association with its membership of more than a hundred girls. Here they continue to meet each Thursday evening, endeavoring to learn from the greatest of all teachers, the worth-while things of life.

The year 1908-09 in Y. W. C. A. annals will be remembered above all as Convention year, for early in November the Earlham Association entertained the State Y. W. C. A. Convention, for which over one hundred delegates gathered from the various Indiana colleges.

Convention echoes had scarce died away when Mr. and Mrs. Davidson stopped among us and, firing us with a little of their own zeal, bore away a unanimous pledge from the Earlham girls to support one student in Central China.

Our Association Christmas tree, transplanted from the woods to one corner of the Students' Parlor, brought happiness to nearly forty little mission folk from Richmond at holiday time, and in

planning the Saturday evening socials, the Association has sought to "eat, drink and be merry" with its own.

The year has been rich in blessings. We have been increased in membership; inspired in Bible study; enthused for missions; prospered in finance. In these and in many other ways has the Earlham Y. W. C. A. broadened and deepened in its interests and work towards the all-round ideal of womanhood for which it stands.



OLD ASSOCIATION ROOM—EARLHAM HALL



ANGLICAN



ANGLICAN, MY ANGLICAN

Hark! 'tis old Earlham's battle cry,
Anglican, My Anglican.
Lift up thy standard, lift it high,
And show to all the passers-by
That English *pure* shall never die,
Anglican, My Anglican.

Thy mother-tongue now calls to thee,
Anglican, My Anglican.
To speak for her where'er thou be,
That all the world may hear and see
The noble truths brought out by thee,
Anglican, My Anglican.

Thy native land now lifts her voice,
Anglican, My Anglican.
Guard well thy phrases. Make thy choice
Of words that cultured minds rejoice
And let the lands all hear thy voice,
Anglican, My Anglican.

Anglican

OFFICERS

President—ANNA MOORE.

Secretary—EDNA HOCKETT.

Sergeant-at-Arms—CARL ACKERMAN.

Anglican is an offspring of the English Department, and like all dutiful children it has tried to be the improved image of the parent. It possesses that care-free, happy-go-lucky attitude peculiar to youth. And yet upon occasion it has the mark of age, a real and true wisdom. One instance of the latter will be noted by the college world when a newly bound dictionary of the English language makes its appearance in Prof. Wm. N. Trueblood's room.

However, as a rule, Anglican is in need of a guiding hand and during the strenuous winter days, days of faculty bob-sled rides (days usually set aside for important faculty meetings on the "Green Carpet"), days of toil and nights of oil, it finds that guide in the person of Miss Anna Moore and her two assistants, Miss Edna Hockett and Carl Ackerman.

Without doubt this child is receiving a most cultured bringing up. It will make a difference to Anglican whether its lessons are well prepared, whether its dues are paid, whether its attendance on all duties is regular, and whether it goes to sleep or keeps awake on its nights of performance.

This year it takes great pleasure in the study of "The Limbo Circle of the Shakespeare Plays." For two years it has had especial delight in original productions. It numbers about thirty actively interested friends on its roll. These friends meet on every other Monday evening in the lecture room of the Library to talk over the past, present and future life of their much loved Anglican.





HISTORY CLUB



OFFICERS

President—ELLSWORTH ELLIS.
Vice-President—ETHEL HENDERSON.
Secretary-Treasurer—HAROLD TRIMBLE.

The History Department was organized in the college year of 1888-9. The head of the department believed that an organization of students for the purpose of pursuing special lines of study and investigation, aside from the regular course, would give tone and spirit to the work.

Accordingly the "Hegel Club" was organized in the Spring of 1890, as an adjunct to the department, receiving its name from the study taken up of "Hegel's Philosophy of the State and of History". A drought ensued during the year 1902-3 and also in 1906-7 when the club suspended its pursuit of facts and data, but aside from these two periods, it has been running full blast since 1894, under the name of the "Earlham History Club".

Its meetings are held monthly this year instead of semi-monthly as heretofore, for the purpose of furnishing some special and more varied means of historical investigation than was offered in the regular college curriculum.

From year to year the club has indulged in the delights of "Modern Colonial Systems", "The Monroe Doctrine", "Comparative Study of Modern Governments", "American Statesmen", "Studies in Indiana History", "American Slavery", "The North West Territory", etc., etc. Besides this phase of the programs, the club's policy has been to import some competent speaker who has delivered an address on some historic topic.

This year the club is more nearly on a departmental basis, limiting its membership to those majoring in History or Political Science. The students and instructors are brought together in an informal way for personal acquaintance and mutual historic interests. Current historic literature and events are regularly discussed, from the failure of the last South Pole expedition to the "Causes of Wet Wayne". The club boasts of three things peculiar to herself: one that she has no formal constitution, the tie of mutual interest being a sufficient bond; another, the splendid library of over five hundred volumes which she has accumulated since 1894; and thirdly, that it holds a membership in the American Historical Association.





GERMAN CLUB



Die Beamten sind:

Präsident—JOHN W. PERKINS.

Sekretär—RUTH MOORE.

Programm-Ausschuss—PROF. CHARLES, BESSIE JONES, HAZEL HANCOCK.

German Club was organized during the winter term of 1905 and has been a most valuable auxiliary to the German Department ever since. Subjects are taken up that the student does not meet in the regular courses, and he becomes more familiar with German literature, manners and customs and better acquainted with the Teutonic life and point of view than it is possible to do in the class room.

Last year the club was rather slow in organizing. The first meeting of the year was held about the middle

of the winter term, being a joint meeting with Anglican. Mr. J. H. Miller gave a reading from the *Nibelungenlied*. At the beginning of fall term '08, the club started in with renewed vigor and with the largest membership it has ever had. The literature of the Old

and Middle High German periods has been studied. One very enjoyable feature of the meetings is the singing of German student songs, which are sung enthusiastically, if not melodiously, by all the members.

Prof. and Mrs. Charles entertained the club on the Kaiser's birthday. After the regular program, scenes from well known German plays and novels were given in pantomime. We all wish the Kaiser's birthday came once a week.

At one meeting the comedy "Eigensinn" was given with the following cast: Albert—John W. Perkins; Emma—Fannie Jones; Ausdorf—Andrew Scott; Katrina—Bessie Jones; Heinrich—Charles Trueblood; Lisbeth—Hilda Shute.

As may be inferred from this brief sketch, the meetings of the German Club are entirely informal and it aims to combine learning with pleasure and has this year succeeded admirably. Ganz natürlich, it should succeed in anything it undertakes for it contains, das heisst, das Vorzüglichste der zwei höheren Klassen, und wenn es mehr Mannhaftigkeit darin gäbe, so wäre es eine Mustergesellschaft.





LATIN CLUB



OFFICERS

President—DONNA PARKE.

Vice-President—BESSIE JONES.

Secretary and Treasurer—HARMON MAIER.

The Latin Club is now passing through its seventh year. It was organized in 1902, the same year that Prof. Chase began teaching in the Latin Department. The purpose of the organization is to give its members an opportunity to become acquainted with lines of study that could not be touched upon in the regular courses; and also to create a spirit of good fellowship among the students of the literature of Cicero, Livy and Horace. The two subjects which have received special attention are Latin plays and ancient Roman archaeology. One year was devoted to the study of plays and Plautus' "Captives" was presented in the original. The staging, costumes and music contributed toward giving a classical atmosphere and the production was very successful. When archaeology was being studied several able lecturers were secured who contributed much to the success of the study.

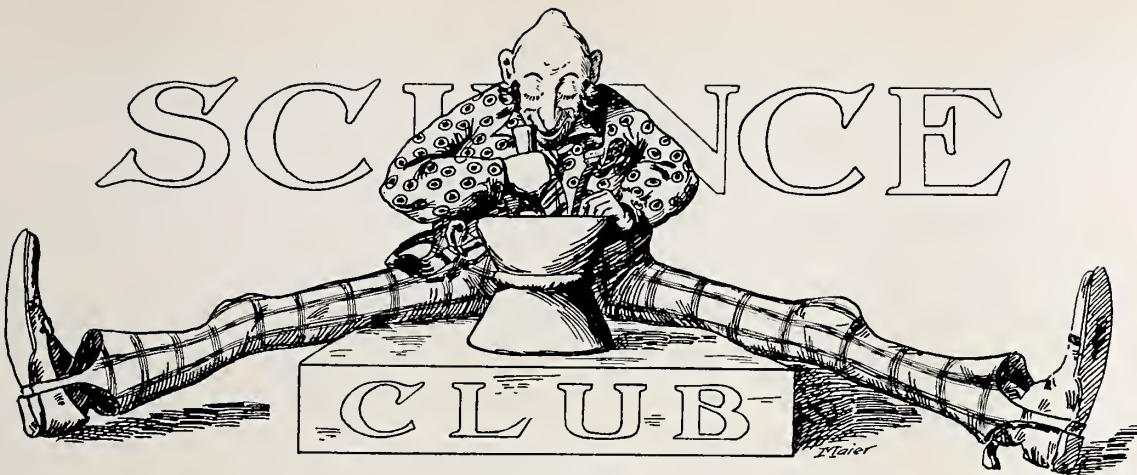
The work taken up this year during the Fall term was the study of articles appearing in classical periodical literature. These articles have had a wide range of subjects and have been very valuable in giving opinions of modern Latin scholars. The club has again undertaken the study of plays and hopes to be able to give a practical demonstration of this knowledge at some future date.

The meetings are bi-monthly and there is as little formality as possible. Prof. Chase invited the club to his home for its first meeting this year and of course a delightful evening was spent. The Latin games played were a source of much entertainment and also much chagrin since each one was forced to display his lack of knowledge. The club has recently been attempting some Latin songs and has succeeded in making a very creditable noise, although the Chronic Knocker questions the classical quality. However, the zeal of the amateurs is great, and besides, what do you expect of a dead language?





SCIENCE CLUB



OFFICERS

President—PAUL BROWN.

Vice-President—MERRILL CHAPPEL.

Secretary—EDNA WRIGHT.

Treasurer—WM. JOHNSON.



The Science Club has had a very checkered yet evolutionistic career. In 1894 the science students banded together under the name of the "Scientific Society", with Prof. Rob't L. Sackett as president. Membership was open to all who were interested in the study and discussion of new scientific subjects. Professors Dennis, Sackett and Moore were especially helpful from 1894 to 1897.

During this time the subjects for discussion pertained largely to evolution and were of a biological and philosophical nature, among which were, "The Ascent of the Body", "The Scaffolding Left in the Body", and "Evolution of Sex". Such men as Huxley, Pasteur, Dana, Bacon, Descartes, Aggassiz, Goethe, and other scientists were also topics for discussion.

In 1899, the society, after a lapse of two years, flamed into existence again for an active period of a single year when the light

went out. In 1903, "Daddy" Collins resurrected the ashes of the old society into a new "Science Club", framed up a constitution and set the machinery in motion. For a college generation of four years, the club met bi-weekly, collected regularly assessed dues and thrived under the new regime.

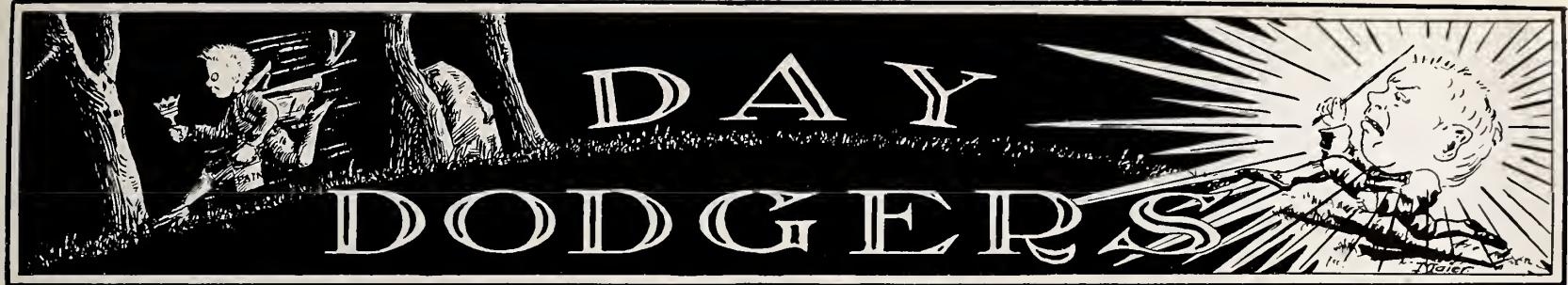
In the Fall of 1907, a new constitution replaced the old, worn out one and, with the assistance of Professors Morrison and Holmes, made a fresh start to meet the new and increasing demands made upon the club. No limit is now placed upon membership except that each new member must be unanimously elected.

The club meets every second Monday night, the programs alternating between a students' program and lectures by non-members interested in special lines of science. Discussions are always in order after any subject has been presented.

From the first organization, fifteen years ago, the club has grown from a mere meeting of science students to a club with an iron-clad constitution, enforcing the attendance of members at all regular meetings. It has ever fulfilled its useful purpose of helping science students to keep abreast of our scientific progress.



DAY STUDENTS



OFFICERS

President—CARL ACKERMAN.

Vice-President—ALICE LANNING.

Secretary—VIRGINIA GRAVES.

Treasurer—HERBERT TEBBETS.



It was not until long after the old Friends' Boarding School attained the dignity and name of a college that the Day Students were found at Earlham. Our mothers can tell us of the time when they were sent from Richmond to board in Earlham Hall, and were permitted to go over into town only twice in the term of five months. What lonesome days those were—when they could stand in front of the college and see the trees in the yard at home, and yet were not allowed so much as walk in that direction.

After a time one of the young men took the initiative, gained permission of the faculty to board with a neighboring family, and that body of students which later acquired the name of Day Dodgers was founded. When the number grew large enough, a hack was driven out each morning from the center of town to the college, returning late in the afternoon, for the accommodation of the D. D.'s. Then the street car system was instituted, and now the majority are accustomed to "walk it", some making the trip four times a day. What a change from twice in five months to two round trips daily!

The D. D.'s have gained in the past a reputation for being an

irresponsible, incorrigible bunch—but not so with all. Look over the records of the college. Not a few of the debaters, orators, athletes, aye—even a great many of the Haverford and Bryn Mawr scholars have belonged to the D. D. aggregation, and could this be possible without some law and order?

We have even gone farther this year and elected a D. D. Student Council to rule over us. We have gained the dignity of a room on the first floor of Lindley Hall in addition to our "dens" in the basement; we have taken steps as an organization, put out the first SARGASSO, and otherwise entered into the college activities.

But what is better, that unpleasant feeling of antagonism which long was prevalent between the D. D.'s and "Dorm's" has at last been almost completely overcome. The D. D.'s, wishing to show their appreciation of the good will of both the Dorm students and the faculty, and to return the expression of good feeling, staged the play of "Esmeralda" and gave it in the college chapel. Both groups are working together, as never before, for the good of their Alma Mater, though we still gloat over our advantages in the line of freedom from restraint and occasionally envy them their privileges as more active members of the college community. Yet our interests *are* the same and though we are still true to our D. D. spirit, we aim to subdue this when it comes to a question of the college itself and all help each other in the advancement of old E. C. Here's to the D. D.'s! May their virtues never grow less.



CARL WEESNER GEORGE
HOWARD WINSLOW J
HUGH LARRANCE

GEORGE FISHERING
JOSEPH JONES

LEVI PENNINGTON

NG LEVI PENNINGTON RUPERT STANLEY RALPH COPE
ONES WILMER LINDLEY, *President* HERBERT WHITE
JOHN HANCOCK
STUDENT COUNCIL

Student Council

OFFICERS

President—WILMER LINDLEY.

Vice-President—JOSEPH JONES.

Secretary—JOHN HANCOCK.



The Student Council was organized in order that the students in Bundy Dormitory might have some official means of presenting such matters as they chose, to the authorities. The ultimate and most significant aim, probably, being that of student government.

According to the constitution which was drawn up and accepted by the students, this body was to consist of eleven members, four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores, and two Freshmen.

From this it can be seen that all classes have an opportunity to have their plan or desires brought before the representatives of the entire student body. It might seem at first that the upper classmen were given undue power by the numbers that they are allowed. Then the question is raised as to whom the major part of the control should be granted. Surely the members of the classes that have been in college longest, and understand the plans and ideas of the authorities, would be the ones that the greatest amount of responsibility should be placed upon.

Instead of being totally ignored, the lower classmen have,

through this body, a far more forceful way of presenting matters either to the authorities or the student body than if they were obliged to do this individually. Also since a three-fourths majority vote of the council is necessary before a motion can be passed, the upper class representatives are not able to pass any consideration that the other classes unanimously oppose.

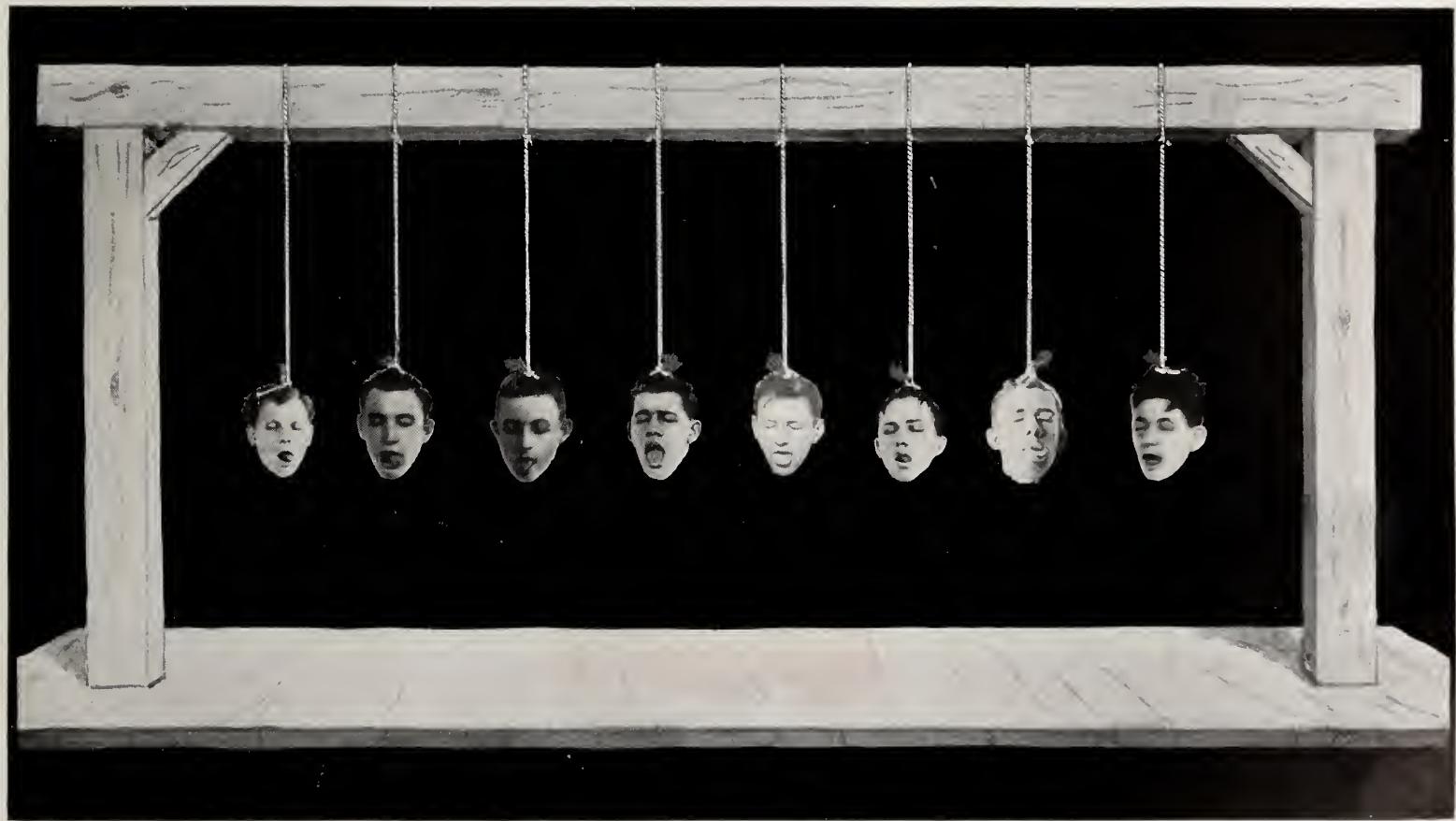
The question of student government was not taken up until this year. As in most student bodies, the hardest proposition is to get the students to uphold the authorities in their methods. This trouble is partly eliminated by the student organization, and since every student is responsible for his representative, he feels obligated to uphold the decision of the council.

At present, the only study period that has been given over to the control of the students is that in the evening from seven to ten-thirty. If the men of the Hall are able to carry this phase of the student life to successful organization and control, it will undoubtedly be a great help to the authorities and, besides that, it ought to be something that each student will feel a deep interest in both for his own and for his fellow students' welfare.

It is due to the efforts and good will of Gov. Mendenhall that this experiment has been tried and so far the results have been very satisfactory. It now depends upon the boys to make it work.



CHORUS



CONSTERNATION SOCIETY

Its only support

Other Clubs (Ex-Officio)

PREACHERS CLUB

Levi Pennington, *High Sanetimonal*.

Herbert Huffman, *Benedict Illustrator*.

Gurney Barker, *Deuouneer of Higher Criticism*.

John Heaton, *Backslider*.

MEMBERS IN GOOD STANDING

Albert Hall.

"Hungry" Kennard

Clell Hutchens.

Leslie Bond,

Rupert Stanley.

P. W. Bond.

RATS CLUB

Hazel Stiefel, *Biggest Nest*.

Edna Trueblood, *Semi-Circular Nest*.

Florence King, *Middle Sized Nest*.

Fern Hayes, *Artistic Nest*.

*Grace Winslow, *Has Been Nest*.

HONORARY MEMBERS

Hazel Hancock.

Sarah Addington.

Anne Hinson.

Edith Edwards.

Grace Stanley.

Mary Ratliff.

Elmina Binford.

Ethel Graham.

Rema Stone.

"Pet" Newsome.

Ella Wood.

* Disowned because of backsliding.

KNOCKERS CLUB

"Artie" Hotchkiss, *Chief Hammer Manipulator*.

"Dinger" Hedges, *Assistant*.

Helen Stanley, *Recorder of Slams*.

"Flop" Swaim, *Lecturer on "More Grub"*.

R. M. Goho, *Lecturer, "As it is done in Harrisburg"*.

VERBOSITY CLUB

Silas Fauquier, *President*.

Rob't L. Kelly, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Anne Hinson, *Spieler and Biggest Talker*.

Florence Coles, *Lexicographer*.

NOTE—No others fit to associate.

BOWLEGGED CLUB

John Wesley Perkins, *Bowleggedest*.

"Smique" Nanney, *Bowlegged*.

"Bush" Haworth, *Badly Bent*.

Oliver Weesner, *Silent Partner*.

Hugh Jenkins, *Personal Worker*.

NOTE—John Hancock, the only knockkneed man in school, has his application in for membership.

INDIGNATION SOCIETY

"Rupe" Stanley, *King*.

"Mike" Harrell, *Right Hand Bower*.

"Devil" Bland, *Left Hand Bower*.

"Joe" Jones, *Knave*.

"Wib" Lindley, *The Deuce*.

"Ras" Wright, *Joker*.





Sargasso Staff

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DANIEL L. BEEBE

Associate Editor

AURETTA THOMAS

Art

R. M. GOHO

Ass't Business Manager

EDNA TRUEBLOOD

Literary

PERLEY J. DENMAN

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H. P. COMSTOCK

Business Manager

LESTER C. HAWORTH

Literary

LOIS PITTS

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VINCENT D. NICHOLSON

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OLIVER WALTHAM

Literary

FLORENCE CORWIN

Art

ARTHUR HOTCHKISS.

Literary

LEVI T. PENNINGTON

Literary

LOUISE ESTES

Literary

DOROTHY QUIMBY

Literary

WALTER BLAND



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Athletic
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Athletic
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Ass't Business Manager *Personal and Local*
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DANIEL L. BEEBE JOHN C. SMYER GEORGE FISHERING

PRESS CLUB

Press Club

OFFICERS

President—PAUL J. FURNAS.

Vice-President—CARL W. ACKERMAN.

Secretary—CHARLES C. REES.

Treasurer—DANIEL L. BEEBE.



A club with the welfare of the college truly at heart is the ideal of the Earlham College Press Club, which was organized on the sixth of November, 1908, and admitted to the Indiana Intercollegiate Press Association recently by unanimous vote of the aforesaid organization.

So recently organized, the Press Club can boast of no past deeds, and by the very foundation motives of this organization, neither hopes for nor desires any selfish glory but looks for its reward in the future attainments of Earlham.

Earlham character has never been and let us hope never will be doubted by those who know her best. But that false reports through the press of the state have sometimes temporarily given her a reputation below her character, we also do not doubt. The

Press Club believes this to be due not to unfairness on the part of the newspapers but to misrepresentations printed in all sincerity by them. To give Earlham a reputation on exact par with her character, becomes therefore the first motive of the Press Club.

Believing the *Earlhamite* to be an important adjunct to the college, the Press Club offers its unqualified services to this paper. The club also wishes to offer its services to Athletics, Oratory and Debate and other college activities where the organization or its members may be of benefit.

Since the organization of the club, which was effected largely through the enterprise of Harley Cameron Hines, now news editor of the *Richmond Morning News*, the club has taken in Brock Fagan as a member.

The Press Club stands upon the eminence of Earlham's past. The Press Club stands for the pre-eminence of Earlham's future, and she is proud of the privilege of offering her services toward the attainment of that future.

PAUL J. FURNAS.



GRAND STAND—REID FIELD

ATHLETICS



EARLHAM ATHLETICS

A. Hotchkiss



COACH VAIL

Aside from those branches of athletics in which intercollegiate contests are held, gymnasium work of various kinds occupies an important place in the athletic world at Earlham. The work this year was carried on under more favorable conditions, since steam heat had been installed in place of the old gas stove and the air could be kept pure and warm. Classes were held Monday, Wednesday and Friday from three to four-thirty, Coach Vail being director. The work done consisted of marching, the U. S. Navy setting up exercises, apparatus work of various kinds, and recreative games. One thing which the old students missed was the basketball games which two years ago formed such a prominent and interesting part of the work. The floor had to be given over to the varsity squad at four-thirty, and thus only a few men received the benefit of basketball. Director Vail was ably assisted in the work by squad leaders, Winslow, P. Brown, Roberts and Cox.

All the boys in school have been divided into two divisions, the Whites and the Yellows, which compete against each other in all lines of athletics except football. In the Fall of 1907 Coach Vail, assisted by some of the most prominent athletes, inaugurated the system and it has been a unique, as well as popular, part of our athletic system ever since.

The Whites won the championship the first year by defeating the Yellows in everything but baseball and the novice track meet.

This year they have won in soccer, track classification, and cross country runs, while the Yellows have taken basketball, leaving baseball and track to be decided later this term.

Everyone in school is urged to take part in at least one of these various lines and thus everyone has the opportunity for good physical development. Another advantage of the system is the fact that all available material is gotten out under the notice of the coaches and better varsity teams can thus be developed.

Throughout the Winter term cross country runs are taken regularly every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Regular leaders are appointed and the squad varies in number from a half dozen to twenty or twenty-five. At first the work consisted in short and easy runs, but later, runs of five miles or more are taken over



THE OLD GYM



THE SKATING POND

the rolling land surrounding the college. Long distance track runners are kept in training in this way and the runs furnish good exercise for those not taking basketball or gym work.

Coach Vail has also instituted the game of soccer, or association football as it is sometimes called. This is played during the Winter term and furnishes the best of exercise as well as interesting sport for several men.

This year a concrete dam has been built across the little stream at the old railroad grade in the rear of the college grounds, and we now have an excellent and convenient skating pond. We have gotten but little benefit from it thus far however, as there was ice but once during the past year. This is the only branch of athletics here in which both sexes engage. It is open to everyone.

The regular work in Girls' Athletics is conducted in the gymnasium. The idea of the management in this is to train them, not for public contests, but for health, strength and grace of movement. The classes are held regularly twice a week during the Fall and Winter terms, and the first month of the Spring term.

The work consists largely of exercises of a vigorous nature based upon the Swedish system, including floor work and work with the heavier apparatus, calculated to give strength and absolute bodily control. This is supplemented by work in Expressive Physical

Culture, which fosters grace and rhythm in bodily movement, being given in time to piano music. Artistic drills are also given with light apparatus, such as dumb-bells.

By way of diversion, there are many interesting games played, basketball being the most popular. In this sport the classes line up against each other, but no match games are played against other schools. At the close of the Winter term an "Open Day" is held, to which all the girls of the school, the ladies of the faculty, and interested friends are invited. This day is merely an exhibition of the regular gymnasium drill, with no attempt at preparation as for a special event; hence, it gives the patrons an idea of the actual work given in this department. Miss Marshall is the instructor in this department, assisted by Miss Tomlinson, with Miss Edna Trueblood as accompanist.

The most of the Spring term is devoted to tennis, there being well-kept courts where the girls may enjoy this most wholesome out-of-door exercise.



CROSS COUNTRY BUNCH



THE FOOTBALL SQUAD



THE TEAM ("E" Men)

CAPT. HARRELL, *L. H.*

WHITE, *F.*

J. JONES, *R. H.*

BEACHLER, *R. H.*

BEEBE, *Q., L. E.*

HILL; *R. E., Q.*

LINBLEY, *L. T.*

SWAIM, *L. G.*

STANLEY, *C.*

JOHNSON, *R. T.*

DENHAM, *R. G.*

WALTHAI, *L. T.*

C. JONES, *Q.*

FRANCIS, *L. E.*

H. FURNAS, *R. E.*

BRUNER, HANCOCK, LARRANCE

Allowed to keep their "E's" by special ruling.

SCHEDULE

<i>Earlham</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
6	Antioch
0	Purdue
16	Franklin
6	Wittenberg
0	Butler
4	Rose Poly
0	DePauw
<hr/>	
32	122

Football Season of 1908



"HARRELL," Captain

Earlham's prospects at the opening of school for a successful season were very bright, but Dame Fortune deserted us and cruel Hard Luck in various forms descended upon us. Only about half the old men were back but there was plenty of excellent new material. Without handicap, Coach Vail with his untiring energy and knowledge of the game could probably have developed a winning team. The unsuccessful season of winning only two out of seven games was without doubt due chiefly to the fact that some of our best players were unable to play owing to injuries which they received early in the season. We had only four days to prepare for the first game and consequently hard practice started from the first. As a result Hancock, Larrance, Bruner and Captain Harrell, who would compare favorably with any four men in the State, received injuries which kept them out practically the entire season. Thus we were wonderfully handicapped by not having our two best ends and two most experienced halves. Owing to too many and sometimes unnecessary changes in the line-up, only three men—Stanley, center; J. Jones, half; and White, full—played every game in the same position and this accounts for our ragged team work.

However, if clean sport, grit and dogged determination count for anything, and we take that as a standard, the team was a credit and an honor to the school. The spirit of Earlham athletics is whole-

some, honest, clean, more nearly the Oxford spirit of sport for sport's sake only, and this year's football team, although always playing a hard, determined game to win, was typical of the Earlham spirit.

To take a glimpse of the season, after defeating Antioch the team went over to Purdue and held them 11 to 0 in the first half. The halves, 30 and 25 minutes, were too long that early in the season and Purdue piled up 28 points in the next half, scoring most of their touchdowns in the last ten minutes of play. In a poorly played game we defeated Franklin, but, owing to a gift of five points from their referee, Wittenberg beat us 9 to 6. Butler furnished the surprise party of the season when they walloped us to the tune of 31 to 0. The team went into the Rose Poly game with entire lack of confidence and 22 points were rolled up against them in the first half. In the second half the Quakers took a brace and put up a great fight, the score being 4 to 4, with the Quakers having the whip hand. The DePauw game was the most exciting and best played game of the season. Earlham outplayed them in the first half and several times forced the ball to within a few yards of the goal but was unable to put it over the line. The DePauw team was very glad to get its 10 points in the second half.

The contrast of this season with last year's is worth noting. Last year Earlham scored two and one-half times as many points as her opponents, whereas this year the total Earlham score was only one-fourth that of her opponents. Next year, by getting an earlier start and conciliating Dame Fortune, we hope to reach again the true Earlham standard.



BASKETBALL

THE TEAM ("E" Winners)

HOTCHKISS (Captain), *Forward.*

CONRAD, *Forward.*

REES, *Forward.*

LINDLEY, *Center.*

SWAIM, *Center.*

HANCOCK, *Guard.*

TEBBETTS, *Guard.*

CORNELL, *Guard.*

THE SCHEDULE

<i>Earlham</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	
36	Antioch	17
26	Wilmington	16
23	Cedarville	38
28	Butler	16
18	Miami	24
51	Cedarville	15
25	Wabash	51
37	Rose Poly	51
29	State Normal	9
33	Rose Poly	47
22	DePauw	29
<hr/>		
328	Totals	313



J. JONES, *Manager*
HANCOCK

H. FURNAS
CONRAD

LINDLEY
HOTCHKISS, *Captain*
WHITE
REES

SWAIM
CORNELL

DR. HOLMES, *Coach*
TEBBETTS

THE BASKETBALL SQUAD

Basket Ball Season of 1909



"ARTIE", Capt.

Last year Earlham made an enviable record in basketball and our championship team became widely known in basketball circles. By defeating Butler, DePauw and Rose Poly, we won the championship among the secondary schools of Indiana, and by defeating St. Mary's, of Dayton, Ohio, we won the championship of that State also. St. Mary's had not been beaten for two years and had played practically all the Ohio colleges, so our victory on their floor was a great feather in Earlham's cap.

The championship season of 1908 had whetted our appetites and this year's record of winning only five out of eleven games came as a disappointment to some. But the season was by no means a failure, since the success of a team is not measured only by the number of games won or lost. We had a good team that played a hard, scrappy game throughout the season, and since every man did his best nothing more could be asked or expected. Only two of last year's "veterans", Hotchkiss and Hancock, were back, and with these as a nucleus, Coaches Vail and Holmes set to work to shape up a team from the last year's scrubs and new men.

Manager Jones had arranged a good schedule with the easy and unimportant games at the first of the season. The first game was with



"HANK", Capt.-elect



"CONNY"

Antioch and the Quakers had no trouble in winning, 36-17. Tebbett's foul goal throwing was the feature of the game.

The next week the team made a trip into Ohio, playing Wilmington and Cedarville. After a hard, rough game we defeated the former, 26-16, but on the following night, with our men pretty well fatigued from the hard game of the night before, Cedarville beat us by a score of 38-23.

The next game was the first important one of the season, and we got revenge for our football defeat by beating Butler 28-16. It was a well-played game, the guarding especially being of the gilt-edged order. The following night the team, again worn out from the previous game, lost to Miami at Oxford in a close, fast game. Earlham 18, Miami 24.

Then Cedarville came to Earlham for a return game, but after the game began were not much in evidence, getting the small end of a 51-15 score.

On February 12, Earlham played Wabash and was defeated on her own floor for the first time in two years. Captain Hotchkiss was out of the game with a bad ankle, and with Tebbetts in poor condition, we had little chance against



"TWO-BITS"



"WIB"

so strong a team. However, at the close of the first half the score was 14-10, and up until the last five minutes of play we held them to within five points.

The next week the team made a trip to Terre Haute where it played State Normal and Rose Poly. The former was defeated in a whirlwind finish, 29-9, but on the following night Earlham was again beaten by Rose Poly, 47-33. Earlham won the second half but was unable to overcome the lead which Rose had secured.

In the last and best played game of the season, DePauw defeated us by the

close score of 29-22. The game was close and exciting through out, the Quakers having the lead at one time. Although we lost the majority of games, it is interesting to note that we scored 328 points to our opponents' 313.

We had an all-round, evenly-balanced team, and a brief glimpse of the individual men is interesting, first taking up the forwards. Captain Hotchkiss deserves much credit for his untiring efforts to build up a winning team. No one worked harder than this scrappy forward. He is a seasoned player, fast, a clever dodger, and frequently a sensational shot. Rees, one of the Freshmen, showed up brilliantly at times but was a bit erratic. No man on the team was any faster than he and he will be a great



"BILL"



"FLOP"

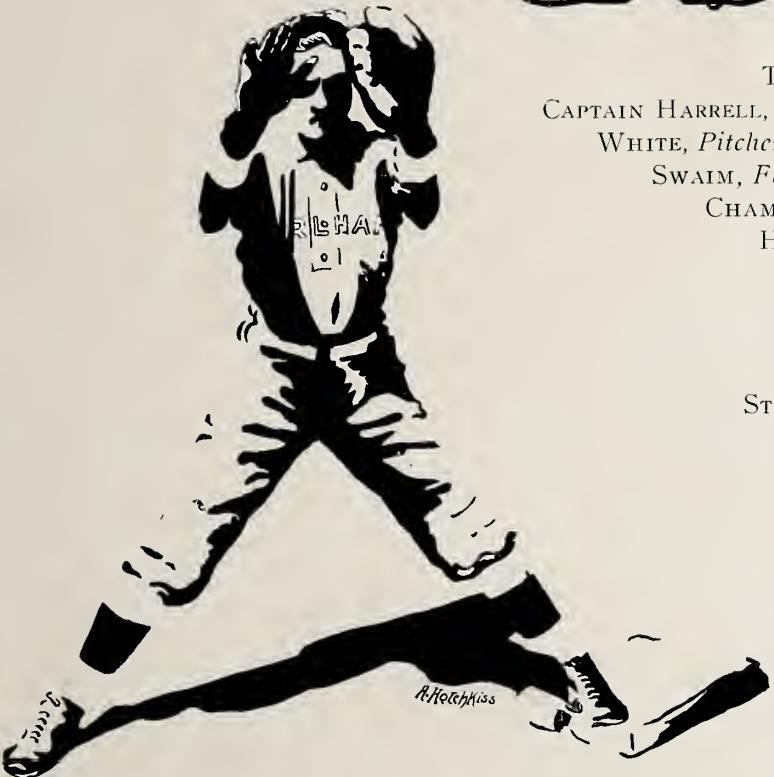
source of strength to future teams. Conrad, our star track man was an excellent shot, covered the floor well and was a wonder in jumping for held ball.

Our three big centers were all Seniors and their loss will be felt by next year's team. Swaim, our big and burly fighter, was a star in a rough game but in a fast game on a large floor was at a disadvantage. Lindley is another big man and when at his best rushed the game hard. White did not win an "E" but in the last of the season came up with a rush as a center, and did excellent work in the DePauw game.

Hancock, another veteran of last year, and captain-elect for 1909, owing to injuries received in football, could not play in the first two games, but once in the game he showed up in his usual excellent form at guard. He is steady, reliable, a stickler, and always does the right thing at the right time. Cornell played a scrappy game and is good either at forward or guard. He needs only more experience to be as good as the best and will be a valuable man in his next three years. Herbert Tebbetts is a hard-working guard and the best shot we had in foul goals. His sickness in mid-season handicapped him but he came up to his usual standard in the DePauw game.



"HEZE"



BASE-BALL

THE TEAM ("E" Winners)

CAPTAIN HARRELL, *Catcher.*

WHITE, *Pitcher.*

SWAIM, *First Base.*

CHAMBERS, *Second Base.*

HANCOCK, *Third Base.*

PUBLOW, *Short Stop.*

HILL, *Right Field.*

J. FURNAS, *Center Field.*

ELLIOTT, *Left Field.*

STANLEY, *First Base; Right Field.*

THE SCHEDULE

Earlham

1

4

Rain

0

3

Rain

Rain

7

9

Rain

24

Purdue (at Lafayette)

Franklin (at Earlham)

Miami (at Oxford)

Kentucky State (at Earlham)

Antioch (at Earlham)

DePauw (at Earlham)

Antioch (at Yellow Springs)

DePauw (at Greencastle)

Miami (at Earlham)

Cincinnati (at Earlham)

Opponents

2

3

Rain

1

2

Rain

Rain

6

3

Rain

17



JOHN HEATON, Manager HAROLD HILL PROF. E. P. TRUEBLOOD WM. ELLIOTT F. VAIL, Coach JOE FURNAS JOHN HANCOCK
RUPERT STANLEY VERNE SWAIM CLOYD CHAMBERS GLEN HARRELL, Captain HERBERT WHITE RUSSELL PUBLOW
THE BASEBALL TEAM, 1908

The Season of 1908

ALTHOUGH baseball is the oldest college game at Earlham it has but seldom been given the prominence of an inter-collegiate sport. In the past a few schedules have been arranged, but the season has always proved a failure and generally tended to weaken the track team. However, two years ago the sport was revived and several intercollegiate games were played. Considering that it was the first time for years that a varsity team had been seriously attempted the season was a decided success.

Since it had been proven that Earlham could successfully support both baseball and track teams, arrangements were made for a 1908 season and John Heaton was elected manager and "Mike" Harrell captain. All of the old players, except Glenn Barrett and F. E. Birch, were back and at the opening of the Spring term prospects looked very bright. A great deal of interest was taken and from twenty to thirty men reported regularly for practice. A good schedule of ten games was arranged but owing to bad weather only six were played.



"MIKE," Capt. '08

"HANK," Capt. '09

The first intercollegiate game was played on April 11 with Purdue, at Lafayette. Although Purdue won by a 2 to 1 score, after a twelve-inning game, the Earlham fans were jubilant. The close score against so strong a team and the excellent work of all the

players predicted the championship among secondary schools that was won later. White showed something of his ability by clearly outclassing Rice, the Purdue pitcher. The next game was played at Franklin and the team brought back the favorable score of 4 to 3. The team showed great improvement, Chambers and White starring, the latter fanning twelve men. The first game on Reid Field was played with Kentucky State, the Quakers being defeated 1 to 0. White repeated his performance of twelve strike-outs. On May 20 the second twelve-inning game of the season was played on Reid Field with Antioch, Earlham winning a fast game by a score of 3 to 2. Both teams played excellent ball and White raised his strike-out record to twenty-two. In the next game Earlham obtained undisputed title to the championship among Indiana secondary schools by defeating DePauw at Greencastle. The last game was played with Miami on Reid Field, Earlham easily winning by a score of 9 to 3.

The scores of the games are interesting, every one except the last being won by a margin of one run. The stick work of the season was poor, very few hits being made. The battery—Captain Harrell and White—was especially strong, the latter making a great record and proving himself the best college pitcher in the State. During the six games he struck out about eighty men. Eaton made the team as short-stop in the last of the season and showed up surprisingly well. With Stanley, Chambers and Hancock holding down the bags, we had an extremely fast and strong infield. Every man played good, consistent ball and since all are back this year except Chambers and Elliott, Earlham is expecting another championship season.



"HERBIE," Capt. '07



HANCOCK
J. FURNAS

ELLIOTT
STANLEY

WALTHAL CONRAD
HUTTON

E. CALVERT
WHITE, *Captain*

THISTLETHWAITE
WANN

PENNINGTON BROWN
L. NANNEY
WINSLOW

THE TRACK TEAM



TRACK

The Season of 1908

DUAL TRACK AND FIELD MEET

MIAMI UNIVERSITY

vs.

EARLHAM

Reid Field, Saturday, May 2, 1908

Earlham, 92; Miami, 17

I. C. A. L. MEET

Terre Haute, Saturday, May 16, 1908

Wabash, 56½

Earlham, 45

Rose Poly, 11

State Normal, 4

THE TEAM

100 Yard Dash—*CONRAD, ELLIOTT.
220 Yard Dash—*CONRAD, ELLIOTT.
440 Yard Run—*WHITE, *NANNEY.
880 Yard Run—*WINSLOW, *NANNEY.
Mile Run—*HUTTON, *J. FURNAS.
120 Yard Hurdle—*WHITE, CALVERT.
220 Yard Hurdle—*WHITE, CALVERT.

Running High Jump—*CONRAD, WHITE.
Running Broad Jump—*CONRAD.
Pole Vault—*HANCOCK, *CONRAD.
Discus Throw—*PENNINGTON, *WALTHAL.
Hammer Throw—*GUYER, THISTLETHWAITE.
Shot Put—PENNINGTON, THISTLETHWAITE.
Relay Team—BROWN, CALVERT, NANNEY, WINSLOW.

* "E" Winners.

Track Season of 1908



WHITE, Captain

yard dash, and second in the 220 yard dash and in the discus. Great things were expected of Conrad, the star sprinter and jumper from Darlington, but he surpassed all expectations by winning three firsts

Indoor track practice in the gym began early in the Winter term and as an inducement to get out all the material in the school, Coach Vail instituted a contest between the Whites and the Yellows. Each man's highest record was taken counting so many points toward the final score of his color. Interest in the work was thus kept up and in the Spring term at least twenty-five men began regular training and practice.

On May 2, a dual meet with Miami was held on Reid Field. The score, Earlham 92, Miami 17, tells the whole story, namely, that Miami was completely swamped and was in evidence at no stage of the meet. McCoy was the only man of the visitors to secure a first place. He scored 11 of Miami's 17 points, securing first in the 100

and two seconds. White, our star hurdler, was a close second, winning three firsts and one second. It had rained for the previous twenty-four hours and owing to the heavy track and high wind no track records were broken. In the field events Conrad raised the Earlham record in the broad jump three inches and Pennington broke the discus record.

The great showing made in this meet promised well for our success in the I. C. A. L. Meet which was held on May 16, at Terre Haute. The track was in ideal shape and this, together with warm, clear weather, gave opportunity for the best work possible. It developed into a dual meet between Wabash and Earlham, the former winning with 56 points, Earlham scoring 45. Rose Poly and State Normal came in down the line with 11 and 4 points respectively. The meet was one of the best ever held in the league, most of the runs being very close and exciting.

Conrad proved himself to be the star of the meet, winning 18 points, the highest individual score. By beating Blair, the famous Wabash sprinter, in the 100 yard dash, he proved himself to be one of the best sprinters in the State. The 220 yard dash was the most exciting of the meet, Conrad losing to Blair only a foot. In the hurdles White showed that he is still the best hurdler in the league and probably in the State. He scored 11 points, giving him second place in the Earlham individual scores, Nanney with 8 points being third.

It was in the field events that we lost the meet, since we led Wabash by 4 points on the cinders, and broke about even on the jumps. We won four firsts in the seven track events, whereas in all the weight events one lone second was all we could score.

The meet is held at Earlham this spring and with all the point winners of last year back, except Hutton who won third in the mile, we are expecting to secure the big end of the score. Several men are putting in hard, consistent practice in the weights and it is hoped that last year's record in these events will not be repeated.

Summary of the I. C. A. L. Meet

100 Yard Dash—Conrad, Earlham, first; Blair, Wabash, second; Johnson, Wabash, third. Time, :10 3-5.

120 Yard Hurdles—White, Earlham, first; Belman, Wabash, second; Smith, Rose Poly, third. Time, :16 3-5.

220 Yard Dash—Blair, Wabash, first; Conrad, Earlham, second; Deming, Wabash, third. Time, :23 3-5.

220 Yard Low Hurdles—White, Earlham, first; Belman, Wabash, second; Stantz, Normal, third. Time, :26 2-5.

Half Mile Run—Nanney, Earlham, first; Worsham, Rose Poly, second; Patton, Wabash, third. Time, 2:07 3-5.

Mile Run—Emanuel, Wabash, first; J. Furnas, Earlham, second; Hutton, Earlham, third. Time, 4:50 2-5.

440 Yard Dash—Deming, Wabash, first; Nanney, Earlham, second; White, Earlham, third. Time, :51 3-5.

Discus Throw—Brown, Wabash, first; Walthal, Earlham, second; Standau, Rose Poly, third. Distance, 110 ft. 7½ inches.

Running High Jump—Bosson, Wabash, first; Conrad, Earlham, and Fishback, Normal, tied for second. Height, 5 ft. 10 in.

Shot Put—Brown, Wabash, first; Bosson, Wabash, second; Standau, Rose Poly, third. Distance, 42 ft. 8 in.

Running Broad Jump—Conrad, Earlham, first; Bosson, Wabash, second; Standau, Rose Poly, and Jones, Wabash, tied for third. Distance, 21 ft. 4½ in.

Hammer Throw—Darst, Rose Poly, first; Watson, Wabash, second; Green, Normal, third. Distance, 115 ft.

Pole Vault—C. Hargrave, Wabash, first; Conrad, Earlham, second; Hancock, Earlham, third. Height, 10 ft. 1½ in.

Earlham Track and Field Records

100 Yard Dash—Binford, 10 2-5 seconds.

220 Yard Dash—Jones, 23 seconds.

440 Yard Dash—Grave, 52 3-5 seconds.

Half Mile Run—Coppock, 2 minutes 5 1-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Shoemaker, 4 minutes 42 seconds.

120 Yard Hurdle—White, 16 2-5 seconds.

Discus Throw—Pennington, 105 feet 3 inches.

220 Yard Hurdle—White, 26 2-5 seconds.

Running High Jump—Peacock, 5 feet 9 inches.

Running Broad Jump—Conrad, 21 feet 9 inches.

Pole Vault—Kramien, 10 feet 6 inches.

16 Pound Shot—Trester, 36 feet 10 inches.

16 Pound Hammer—Smelser, 124 feet 10½ inches.

I. C. A. L. Track and Field Records

100 Yard Dash—Blair (Wabash), 10 seconds.

220 Yard Dash—Blair (Wabash), 22 4-5 seconds.

440 Yard Dash—Deming (Wabash), 51 3-5 seconds.

Half Mile Run—Coppock (Earlham), 2 minutes 5 1-5 seconds.

Mile Run—Reed (Wabash), 4 minutes 40 2-5 seconds.

120 Yard Hurdle—White (Earlham) and Andrews (Wabash) tied, 16 2-5 seconds.

220 Yard Hurdle—White (Earlham), 26 2-5 seconds.

Running High Jump—Bosson (Wabash), 5 feet 10 inches.

Running Broad Jump—Turk (Rose Poly), 21 feet 6½ inches.

Pole Vault—Kramien (Earlham), 10 feet 6 inches.

Shot Put—Brown (Wabash), 42 feet 8 inches.

Hammer Throw—Smelser (Earlham), 124 feet 10½ inches.

Discus Throw—Brown (Wabash), 110 feet 7½ inches.

The Tennis Season of 1908



Early in the Spring of last year Earlham began preparing for the Tennis Tournaments to be held later. The four men trying for the team—Beebe, Campbell, Hollingsworth and Nicholson—were given a court for their exclusive use, and hard, consistent practice developed the excellent material into a championship team.

A dual meet with Miami was held at Earlham on May 2 and Earlham was victorious in both singles and doubles. Beebe, who had won second in the I. C. A. L. the year before, played the singles and found an easy opponent in Anthony, winning 6-2 and 6-3. By remarkably

quick net play and accurate placing he played rings around the Miami man. In doubles Campbell and Hollingsworth, both Freshmen, won the laurels from Anthony and Robinson. Campbell's strong point was his steady back play, while Hollingsworth's low chop stroke was very effective.

Beebe and Campbell were the team we sent to the I. C. A. L. Tournament at Terre Haute where they made a clean sweep against

Rose Poly, State Normal, and Hanover. Their hardest competition was furnished by Rose Poly who won the first set 6-4, but Earlham took the next two 6-4, and 6-2. Hanover had previously beaten State Normal, so it only remained for Earlham to defeat Hanover which she did easily, 6-1, 6-2, and 6-1. The work of Beebe was steady and quite spectacular at times, while Campbell played an unusually heady game. Their team work was excellent and their play smooth, steady and sure. They had developed a system which worked to perfection and which the other teams were unable to break up. On both the receive and the serve, whenever possible, they ran quickly up to the center of the receiving courts and by swift volley play were able to return nine balls out of every ten in such a way as to completely fool the opposing team.

In the singles, after five spectacular sets, Beebe lost to Uhl of Rose Poly. They broke even in the first four sets and in the last, which was a deuce set, it was nip and tuck, most of the games going deuce several times.

Encouraged by their previous success Beebe and Campbell, early in June, went to Bloomington where they represented Earlham in the Indiana Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament, to which all colleges and universities of the State are eligible. Here again they swept the boards clean by winning over I. U., Rose Poly, DePauw and Butler. After defeating Uhl and Hathaway of Rose in three straight sets, they met DePauw who had previously won over Indiana and Butler. DePauw gave them a harder fight, but their almost perfect team work and their system of swift volley work at the net was again successful and they won three straight sets. Thus it was proved that Earlham had the best tennis team of any school in the State. In this tournament Campbell got second in the singles by losing to Rose of Butler, in a close, exciting tournament of five sets.



Commencement Week of 1908

OMMENCEMENT week at Earlham is the most enjoyable occasion of the year. The various pleasures of the week are shared not by Seniors alone, who of course are in the limelight, but under-classmen, alumni, and all, forgetting everything but their common relationship to Mother Earlham, enter into the spirit of the occasion. It is then that Earlham appears at her best: the campus in its new Summer dress is a place of beauty, with its shady groves, its long stretches of beautiful green lawn, its walks and drives, lined with bushes and flowers or shaded by great arching trees; the routine of work is over and the students are free to entertain the hundreds of visitors who throng the campus and buildings; then only the brightest side of college life is presented and everyone, instilled with the joy of those perfect June days, unite in paying homage to their Alma Mater.

The commencement week of last Spring was a typical one in every way. The weather was ideal, the number of visiting Alumni unusually large, and all of the various occasions well carried out and much enjoyed.

The first events were the annual recitals of the departments of Music and Elocution. The former was given on Friday evening, June 5, and every number of the long program was very well rendered and much enjoyed. The program was

given entirely by students taking work in the music department, and consisted of both vocal and instrumental numbers. The evening ended with a song by the college chorus.

On Saturday night was the elocutionary recital and a large audience spent a delightful evening with Kipling. Several of Kipling's most interesting poems and stories were given by students of the department and to say that the audience was delighted would probably be putting it too mildly.

On the next Tuesday morning were the class day exercises and the Seniors set a precedent by giving a play of Shakespeare. Heretofore no class had attempted anything so elaborate but the class of 1908, believing that, if dramatic performances are to be the usual



form for class day activities, the standard should at least be high and the thing itself worth doing, resolved to set such a standard.

The class then, following the plan of the Ben Greet players, gave the entire *Midsummer Night's Dream* with a single stage setting—a beautiful woodland scene. Here gathered the Duke and his court; here the lovers exchanged their vows and broke them, and in the moonlit depths of this same forest glade the fairies and the inimitable Puck held their elfin revels, while Bottom and his hilarious crew of mechanicals found it a worthy stage for their mirth-provoking rehearsals. All in all no more happy selection could have been made for the first Earlham Shakespearean performance than this play.

The play from beginning to end was certainly an unqualified success. Never was an audience more enthusiastic and more unanimous in its praise. The whole cast is to be congratulated upon the excellent conception and rendering of the various parts. One seldom sees an amateur production so perfectly and in some parts so superbly given.

It is perhaps not desirable to indulge in much personal mention where the whole is so excellent. But the critic would be no critic if he failed to mention the splendid quality of the work in Mr. Doan's *Puck*. In voice, facial expression, nimbleness, and not least in the peculiar and delicious chuckle of his laugh, he was splendid, while his conception of this difficult part as a whole was unusually good.



Mr. Heath, as *Bottom*, was a close rival for popular favor and his scenes produced roar after roar of laughter. The excellent work of Miss Moore as *Helena*, Miss Carter as *Hermia*, and Miss Beeler as *Titania*, should be mentioned, together with Mr. Huff's *Lysander* and Mr. Chamber's *Demetrius*. The class of 1908 set the standard high and it will be hard for future classes to equal it. On the following page will be found the cast.

At five p. m. on Tuesday was the annual business meeting of the Alumni, and in the evening the Alumni Tea, held on the campus, furnished a very pleasant social time.

Commencement was held at ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, the address being given by Dr. Herbert L. Willitts, who spoke on "Some Educational Ideals."

CAST MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

Theseus, Duke of Athens.....	WALTER R. MILES
Lysander, in love with Hermia.....	BYRON HUFF
Demetrius, his rival.....	CLOYDE CHAMBERS
Egeus, an Athenian Noble, father of Hermia.....	SCOTT EATON
Philostrate, Master of the Revels.....	HORACE MARSHALL
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons.....	Alice Norton
Hermia, in love with Lysander.....	HELEN CARTER
Helena, in love with Demetrius.....	ETHEL MOORE

The Hard-Handed Men of Athens

Nick Bottom, the Weaver.....	A. B. HEATH
Quince, the Carpenter.....	CLOYDE CHAMBERS
Snug, the Joiner.....	EMMETT TRUEBLOOD
Flute, the Bellows-maker.....	SIDNEY B. HUTTON
Snout, the Tinker.....	GLEN THISTLETHWAITE
Starveling, the Tailor.....	FOREST ALLEN

Fairies

Oberon, King of Fairy Land.....	WILLIAM ELLIOTT
Titania, his Queen.....	JESS BEELER
Puck	EDWIN DOANE
KATIE COAHREN, EDITH DONEY, CLARA RATLIFF, FERN ALLEN, PAULINE SAINT, CASSIE JONES, GRACE HUFF and MARY LAWRENCE.	

Soldiers—INA RATLIFF, MYRA COPE, ROXIE STALKER and HELEN BAIRD.

Attendants—ANNA BAILEY, FRANCINE JENKINS, EDNA METCALFE and BEULAH KAUFFMAN.

Prompter—ANNA MARIS.



SOPHOMORE-SENIOR BANQUET

Two "red-letter events" of the year are the Sophomore-Senior banquet and the Junior-Freshman frolic. These are held on the same night, usually the next to the last Saturday of the Spring term. They are the most important class functions of the year and the interest in them is correspondingly great. It has been the custom for many years for the Sophomore class to honor the Senior class with a formal banquet. In the past this occasion has offered opportunity for an expression of the ever present rivalry between Soph-

omores and Freshmen, when the Freshmen would attempt to kidnap the Sophomore toastmaster and class president. However, with the abolition of hazing this time-honored custom perished with the others, the last affair of the kind being in 1906 when the Freshmen kidnapped Cecil Calvert, the Sophomore toastmaster. Thus last year when the class of 1910 banqueted the class of 1908 everything went off peaceably and without friction.

The banquet was held at the Westcott Hotel on the evening of May 30, Prof. and Mrs. Dennis acting as chaperons. Perley J. Denman, as president of the Sophomore class, had the general supervision and management of the banquet and all arrangements had been admirably made. The two classes were conveyed from the college to the hotel in a large automobile, several quick trips being made, and this drive was one of the pleasant features of the evening. Pleasant, at least, for all except Mr. Denman, who says that he had to push the large automobile with its load of thirty passengers up a long hill.

After an enjoyable social hour in the parlors of the hotel, followed the feast, first a sumptuous seven-course dinner, and then the feast of toasts. Lester Haworth, the toastmaster of the evening, from first to last held attention by his sly humor and apt introductions. The toast of Prof. Dennis, given in his characteristic, interesting and witty manner, was a fitting ending to an evening most enjoyable in every way and one to be long remembered by all present.

The program follows:

President of the Class—PERLEY J. DENMAN.

Toastmaster—LESTER C. HAWORTH.

Odd Numbers.....	MISS JANET FENIMORE
Silence	GLEN THISTLETHWAITE
Bores	MISS KATHERINE GREEN
Feathering	MISS PAULINE SAINT
Rooting on Farm and Campus.....	RUPERT STANLEY
Mysteries	WALTER R. MILES
Men of Affairs.....	MISS EDITH MOORE
Casing—Suit Casing	MELVILLE D. HAWKINS
Now and Then.....	PROF. DAVID W. DENNIS

JUNIOR-FRESHMAN FROLIC

On the same evening of the banquet the Juniors and Freshmen held the annual frolic at Jackson Park, a few miles west of the college. The name describes the character of these occasions. Every suggestion of formality is banished and everyone, entering into the spirit of the happy occasion, has a rollicking goo' time. Jackson Park was an ideal place for the frolic, with its swings, its pavilions, its lawns, and beautiful bits of wild woods, furnishing excellent opportunity for many quiet and secluded walks. Swings, games, "baseball", a special game engaged in by modest Junior maidens, and above all walks and talks, furnished entertainment and amusement. A full-handed refreshment committee rejoiced the hearts of the hungry people who were eager long before seven o'clock to partake of the splendid repast. The weather was fine, the crowd large, the place pleasant, the time well spent.

COMMENCEMENT DRIVE

To many, one of the most, if not *the* most, enjoyable event of commencement week is the annual commencement drive. To those readers who have never been Earlhamites this name probably conveys but little, but for all of you who can claim this distinction, especially for those who have indulged, it is luminous with meaning. As the name suggests, it consists of taking a drive, but where and who and how is the question. As to the first of these no definite answer can be given, and as to *who*, any number of names would answer, but the "how" is certain and unvarying; the buggy always contains two people and only two, one from each dormitory. Last year, shortly after the close of the commencement exercises in the afternoon, a long line of buggies could be seen swiftly moving up the main drive, each containing a youthful driver, nervous and excited, or calm and collected, depending upon whether it was his first or fourth experience. Each could be seen to stop at Earlham Hall, take on another passenger, and then leave the campus and disappear from view, not to return until ten o'clock. As to the drive after

leaving the campus, the writer will have to leave it to your memory or imagination as the case may be.

IONIAN-PHOENIX PUBLIC

It has long been the custom for the Ionian and Phoenix literary societies to unite in giving a dramatic performance of some kind during commencement week. Last Spring, on Monday evening, June 8, "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith, was presented to an overcrowded house. The play was one of the most elaborate ever attempted by the two societies, but the cast proved amply able for the task, and the whole was exceedingly well rendered. The large audience was enthusiastic in its praise, which speaks well for the continuance of such performances, and proved that, while they require much hard work and valuable time, they may be worth while after all. The cast of characters follows:

Mr. Hardcastle	LESTER HAWORTH
Mrs. Hardcastle	Alice Quimby
Miss Hardcastle	FLORENCE MAPLE
Tony Lumpkin	NORMAN WANN
Sir Charles Marlowe	PHILIP BRUNER
Mr. Marlowe	RUPERT STANLEY
Mr. Hastings	VINCENT NICHOLSON
Diggory	JAMES EATON
Dolly	MARGARET HAMPTON
Landlord	SILAS FAUQUHER

FACULTY RECEPTION

One of the important and pleasant social events of the year is the Faculty Reception to all students and Richmond alumni, given in the Winter term. This year it was given on Saturday evening, February twenty-fifth, in the second floor of the library. The general arrangement of this floor makes it an excellent place for such a reception, and decorated, as it was, with national flags, Earlham colors, and palms, it presented a very artistic appearance. Much of the formality and tediousness criticized in past receptions was absent and everyone had a thoroughly enjoyable time. In the latter part of the evening punch was served by girls of the lower classes. A

pleasant feature of the reception was the excellent music furnished throughout the evening by a Richmond orchestra.

HALLOWE'EN SOCIALS

The old Earlham custom of Hallowe'en entertainments being furnished alternately by the boys and girls is still in vogue. The autumn of 1907, it being the year for the boys to act as hosts, the girls anxiously awaited the night having no clew to the plans except an invitation to the gymnasium at an appointed hour. Here they were blindfolded and then led over a very circuitous as well as alarming route, over the campus, and through the basement to the first floor of Bundy Hall, which was elaborately decorated to suit the occasion. The firing of bombs and skyrockets, electric railings and springy paths made the trip very exciting. The evening passed quickly in the usual entertainments of such occasions and many new and original ones beside. It was the first time most of the girls had seen Bundy and the evening was especially interesting on that account. Later in the evening a sumptuous repast was served.

In the autumn of '08, the girls being hostesses, the boys went anxiously to the designated places over the campus where they were to meet the other members of their "clan". From there each clan slowly wended its way to a grove, some distance from the campus where large camp-fires had been lighted. The evening was spent in roasting apples and marshmallows, seeing the weird acting of an appropriate farce, and enjoying a picnic supper.

SATURDAY NIGHT SOCIALS

No description of the social life of Earlham would be complete without mention of the many Saturday night socials that occur about every two or three weeks. These are under the auspices of the two Christian Associations and are arranged and managed by a committee appointed for the purpose. The socials are held in the students' parlor in Earlham Hall and everyone of the college community is invited. A reception to new students is given at the beginning of each term, and then several others of a less formal nature and with a definite program follow throughout the term.

These have been very instrumental in promoting the social life of the college and creating a feeling of mutual friendship among all the students. The Earlham socials have become widely known and much copied among the Christian Associations of other colleges, and the committee of the past year is to be congratulated upon its faithful and excellent work.

DAY DODGER PLAY

Last term a decided innovation was made in the dramatic world at Earlham. It was the presentation of an elaborate and very well executed play by the Day Dodgers. They had made their arrangements and done their practicing quietly, and when "Esmeralda" was presented to a very large audience on the evening of March 19, it was a wonderful surprise to everyone. To say it was well executed does not begin to do it justice. A proper conception, as well as the playing of several of the parts, must have been difficult, and many of the scenes must have been extremely hard to present properly, but in every case the work was of a gilt-edged nature. In the writer's mind it would be almost impossible for another cast of amateurs to present the play more admirably.

Any personal mention would probably be unfair unless one took up each one of the cast, since all were equally excellent. However, Mr. Elliott is to be especially congratulated upon his clever impersonation of the dialect of a North Carolina farmer, and Mr. Beebe's imitation of a French count would be hard to beat.

A list of the cast follows:

"Old Man" Rogers, North Carolina Farmer.....	FRANK ELLIOTT
Lydia Ann Rogers, his wife.....	Alice Lanning
Esmeralda, his daughter.....	BESSIE JONES
Dave Hardy, a young North Carolina Farmer.....	HERBERT TEBBETTS
Estabrook, a man of leisure.....	JOHN SMYSER
Jack Desmond, an American artist in Paris.....	BROCK FAGAN
Nora Desmond, his sister.....	SARAH ADDINGTON
Kate Desmond, his sister.....	VIRGINIA GRAVES
Marquis De Montessin, a French adventurer.....	DANIEL BEEBE
George Drew, an American speculator.....	RAYMOND MYRICK
Butler	R. M. GOHO

EDITOR'S SANCTUM

WE TREMBLE with anxiety as to how this book will appeal to the public mind. No one recognizes its faults and failings; no one feels its sins of omission and, also, perhaps, its sins of commission, as well as we. We have only to ask that you be fair in your criticism and bear in mind that we have tried to make this book typical of Earlham as it is today—especially of the lighter, busier and brighter side of college life. It is not intended to be a masterpiece of the English literature, nor an illustrated catalogue, but we trust it may bring smiles and cherished memories to all who turn its pages and that it may ever serve as a valued and valuable Earlham Souvenir.

* * * * *

AND TO YOU, who think you have been handed a lemon, rest assured it is sweet indeed in comparison to some we have received all along the line. Those innumerable requests of "Don't put this or that in the SARGASSO as a *personal favor* to me", have one and all been treated with the same spirit of fairness. If the *personal favor* seems to have been overlooked, it is because it adds value to the SARGASSO.

FOR THE BULK of this book we acknowledge no authorship. Indeed, the authors themselves may have difficulty in recognizing their own productions, so changed have they become in the "trimming" process. In the Literary department we feel that it is but just due to give credit for all articles found therein.

* * * * *



WE ALSO DESIRE to extend our thanks and to express our appreciation to Mr. Harmon Maier, of the class of 1911, for his art work in this book. "The best is none too good for the SARGASSO," has been our motto, and since Mr. Maier ranks among the best college artists, we have taxed him heavily and he has responded in the true Earlham spirit. Thanks, again, Harmon, thou art a jewel.

WHILE THIS BOOK is the product of the JUNIOR Class, yet we have drawn upon the entire school for its production. We give thanks to all those students who wrote up the departments in which they were majoring or who otherwise helped us in many ways; to the Alumni for their many words of encouragement; to the Faculty for their aid and especially to the Faculty Committee for its kindly counsel and restraining hand.

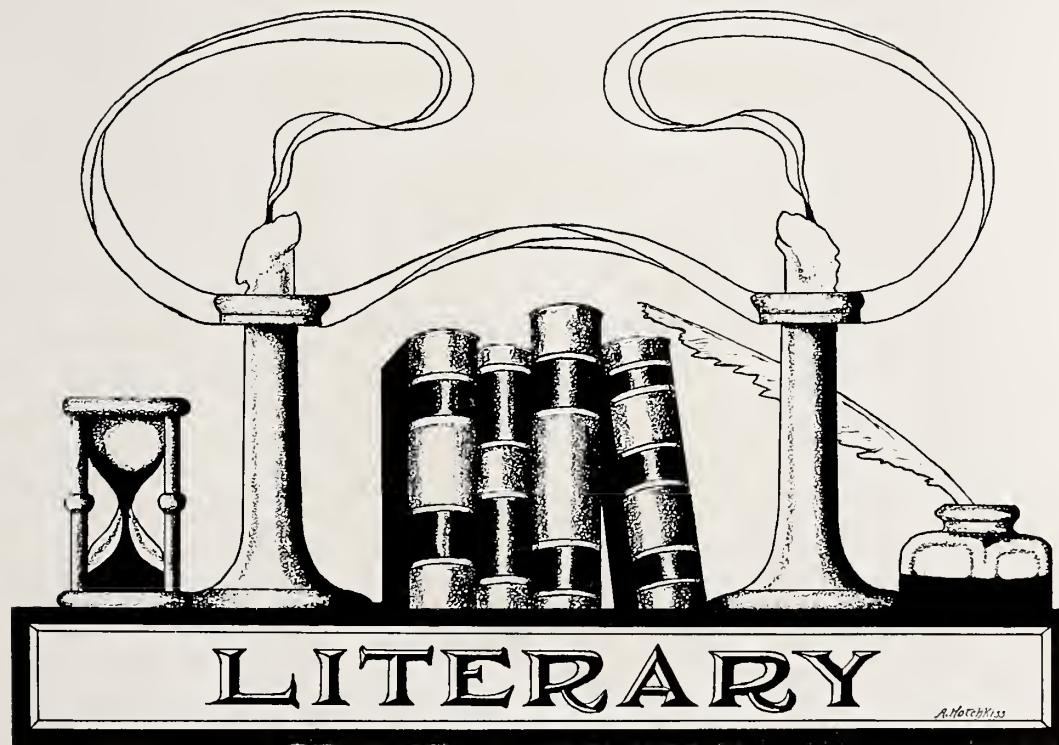
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In Memoriam
Howard Burgess
Editor in Chief, Sargasso of 1906





At Sixty

With all the rising tides of Spring
Begins my newest year.
The choirs of fields and forests sing ;
No minor do I hear,
No note of fear.

Work waiteth me on every hand,
No time for grief or doubt ;
God over me, within me and
The cheer of friends without,
All good about.

But sixty years in foul and fair,
Have often called for tears ;
Then seems the greatest need of prayer
When out of sight the fears ;
When joy appears.

Thanks, dearest friends and singing birds ;
Thank God who lets me gain
This mountain top. May deeds and words
Now calling on the plain
Not call in vain.

Truly,

D. W. DENNIS.



F a r c e

SCENE I.

Time—Winter term.

Place—Biological laboratory.

Characters—All of the Freshman class. Harry Trumble, Laura Hunter, Elma Winfield (working over the microscope).

Harry—Look here, girls—isn't that a peach! I never made a better slide than that—even on the skating pond.

Laura—Not even when Elma fell on her knees at your feet? I call *that* the peachiest slide I ever saw.

Elma—Oh, *Laura*, *forget it*!

Laura—I would if I could, but my forgetter refuses to work, on occasions. (Looks at Harry's slide.) Gee! man, that is a dandy. Look Elma.

Harry (looks at his watch)—Oh, fudge! I've got to go down to the chapel and harangue away on that Day Dodger play.

Laura—You like it, *don't you*?

Harry—What makes you think so?

Laura—Oh, boys usually like that kind of thing. They like it better than girls.

Harry—They like plays better than girls?

Laura—No, better than the girls like plays. I heard a little girl with brown eyes say, the other day, that she wouldn't like to sport—on the stage. (Looks quizzically at Elma, who blushes.)

Harry—What makes you so quiet, Miss Winfield?

Elma—I never talk unless I have something to say.

Harry—*Stung*. Well, I must go.

Laura—Well, we know it, so why don't you go? We hate awfully to lose your company, but we're glad to have you go.

Harry (shoots out of the door. Sings)—

“Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you
Though it breaks my heart to go”—

Laura—Hear that? He's singing to you.

Elma—Laura, stop your fooling and get to work.

Laura—Squelched again! Well, here goes. I'm going to use his slide to draw my pictures from. (Looks through microscope.) Elma, you just ought to see what I see! It's a sacred revelation. I'm going to draw a picture of it for you on the board. One molecule's like this—with arms stretched out; the other like this—and then they just run together and look like this; and—let me look again—Yes, this one's name is “Harry” and this one “Elma”—

HARRY

HARRY

C

o ELMA

o ELMA

Elma (jumping up)—Laura Hunter, I'll pull every hair out of your head if you don't behave yourself. (Erases the blackboard. A scramble in which they jostle against the skeleton.)

Elma—Oh, horrors! that wretched skeleton! I wish we had some way of hiding it.

Laura (addressing skeleton)—Poor old Polly, are you getting cold?

Elma—What'd you say? Let's dress her up.

Laura—I'll go you! Let's do it right away, before Harry gets back. Then we'll introduce him.

Elma—Here's my apron.

Laura—Let's put mine on first. It has sleeves—more like a dress.

Elma—That's better, now mine will be a regular apron.

Laura—We'll have to find something for its head.

Elma—Here's a towel. (Makes a turban around its head.)

Laura—Isn't this jolly! Polly, you're not such a bad-looking old girl, when you're dressed up.



"ISN'T THIS JOLLY"

Elma—What'll we do with her, now that she *is* dressed up?

Laura—We'll make her talk to Harry when he comes.

Elma—How'll we manage it?

Laura—I'll tell you. I'll get behind Polly and talk for her.

Elma—Good shot. Laura, you're a *brick*.

Laura (aside)—She'll think I *am* a brick, or feel like throwing one at me by the time I'm through.

Elma—You get back there, now, and I'll get busy before he comes. (Sits down to work. Frequent groans from behind Polly.)

Laura—Gee! I'm not getting my lesson very fast.

Elma—I am. (Studies.)

(Pause.)

Laura—I'm ready for the show to begin.

Elma (quietly)—It has already, I guess. (Studies.)

Laura—Elma, don't you suppose Harry's through that

"spooney" part with "Esmeralda" yet?

Elma—I suppose so. (Studies.)

Laura—Don't you think it's about time he were?

Elma—Yes, I think it's about time he were (absent-mindedly).

Laura—In other words, you'd like for him to quit flirting with that girl in the play.

Elma—Laura, shut up! I don't mean any such thing. Here he comes.

(Enter Harry.)

Harry—Holy smoke! What have you girls been up to now!

Elma—Mr. Trumble, we have a visitor, whom I want you to meet. Mr. Trumble, meet Miss Polly. Miss Polly, Mr. Trumble.

Harry (with a low bow)—Miss Polly, it is with the most excruciatingly delicious infinity of extreme delight that I have the pleasure of meeting so well-dressed a lady.

Miss Polly—Mr. Trumble, my heart fairly leaps from its cavity with ecstasy at your approach. (Gesture of hand on chest.)

Harry—Pray, now, owing to the exigencies of the circumstances I shall be compelled to interrogate you as to your purpose in thus insinuating your avoirdupois into this royal palace.

Miss Polly—I am come, my most inquisitive potentate, for your express company in your perambulations to, at and from the debate next Friday night.

Harry—Sweet Polly, it is with the most extensive writhings of sorrow that I shall be forced to decline your proposition because of that peculiar malady you have, known as backbone and stiff neck, and a far more terrible one—openness of countenance.

Elma (laughing)—Mr. Trumble, can't you think of some more words to use?

Miss Polly—Mr. Trumble, I shall wither away because of your neglect.

Harry—Miss Polly, I would that our friendly relations might be preserved.

Miss Polly—Yes, they shall be; I'll pickle my bones in briny

tears. But give me one promise. Take the girl whose apron I wear, if you can find her.

Harry—I'll promise; who is she?

Miss Polly—Find her.

Elma (aside)—The dickens! What won't she say!

Harry—Miss Winfield, may I take the one that belongs inside that apron to the debate next Friday night?

Elma—How do I know?

Harry—I thought you must live around somewhere in the vicinity of her.

Elma—You'd better ask Laura.

Harry—Miss Hunter,—where is she? Miss Hunter—did she go into the store room? No? Well, I can't find her. But *you* ought to tell me.

Elma—Why? How do I know who'll go with you and who won't?

Harry—But you can tell me about the owner of this apron (pointing to the sleeved one).

Elma (laughing)—No, I can't.

Harry—But, Miss Winfield—

Elma—No, that apron is not mine. I've got to go or I'll be late for supper.

(Exit *Elma*.)

Harry—Well, what do you know about that! Was that a lemon? She threw it straighter than I ever knew a girl to throw. Whatever she aimed at, she hit me in the head. Girls are the most consummate enigmas on the face of the earth.

(Curtain.)

SCENE II.

Time—Same night, about 9:30.

Place—Esther Singleton's room.

Characters—Esther Singleton, Lois Harte and Elma Winfield.

(Lois sitting with back to door, in kimona—hair done up in little knot.)

Elma (rushing in at the door, grabs knot on Lois Harte's head)—Whose little old round knot is this?

Lois (looking up at *Elma*, sweetly)—What will you have?

Elma (astonished)—A rat hole. (Vanishes.)

(Enter Esther, dragging *Elma*.)

Elma (protesting)—I've disgraced myself forever. I don't want to go in.

Esther—Here, Lois, this is the culprit. *Elma*, this is Lois.

Elma (kneeling—melodramatic air)—Oh, Miss Lois, I know I'm not worthy, but could you find it in your heart to turn away a suppliant that has tried so hard to get what little hair you had left?

Lois—No, my child, you may have all that I lost, if you want it. (Hands over switches, rats, etc.)

(Laughter.)

Elma—Thank you, Lois, but this is really not what I came for, I came for a piece of advice. Do you have that in as great a quantity?

Lois—Yes, every time. What is the trouble?

Elma—Oh, nothing, only I've made about forty-'leven gooses of myself.

Esther—That's nothing unusual, but tell us about it.

Elma—It isn't, Hunh?

(Grabs *Esther* and squeezes her.)

Esther—Mercy! I don't want to be squeezed to death!

Elma—I should think you'd rather die that way than any other. The pleasure would depend on the kind of surroundings you had, I admit.

Lois—Well, tell us your trouble.

Esther—Yes, do. Sit down.

Elma—Well, what would you think if a man asked you if he could take the girl that belongs inside of your apron to the debate?

Lois—I'd think he wanted to take me.

Elma—But what if he didn't know if it was your apron or Eve's?

Lois—I might think he was fooling.

Elma—That's just what I think—at least I feel like a fool.

Esther—Who talked to you this way?

Elma—Oh, Harry.

Esther—How did he happen to?

Elma—Oh, when he was out of the lab. Laura and I dressed the skeleton up in our aprons. Laura got behind and when he came, I introduced him to "Miss Polly" and Laura answered for her. They jawed back and forth till finally she made him promise to take the girl to the debate, that belonged inside her apron.

Esther—The debate that belonged inside her apron?

Elma—Oh, well, you know what I mean. I could have wrung Laura's neck. Soon as he began to try to find out whom the apron belonged to, she skinned out and left me. I wouldn't tell him a thing. You don't catch me saying that apron belongs to me, after Laura said what she did. But I wish I knew if he was in earnest and which girl he wanted, if he was.

Lois—How did you leave him.

Elma—In the lurch.

Esther—Why, the poor man won't know what to think of you.

Elma—Well, I don't know what to think of *him*. I wish he'd been *explicit*.

Esther—He'll think you've turned him down, sure.

Elma—But I didn't mean to.

Esther—Oh, you didn't? Well, I'll tell you, let's get Walter Jenkins to use some of his detective skill on the case.

Elma—Will he do it?

Esther—*Sure*.

Elma—Well, if you'll find out what he meant, I'll be your old maid auntie for the next fifty years.

Lois—Maybe.

(Curtain.)

SCENE III.

Time—Next day, morning.

Place—Campus, crossing of Library and Bundy walks.

Characters—Walter Jenkins and Harry Trumble.

Walter—Friday night is the debate. You going to sport?

Harry—Not that anybody knows of. Got turned down yesterday.

Walter—You don't seem to take it very seriously.

Harry—What's the use? A fellow can jolly if a girl can.

Walter—Did she jolly you?

Harry—I should smile! I asked her if the girl that belonged inside her apron wouldn't go with me, and she gave me the slip.

Walter—Who was it?

Harry—Elma Winfield.

Walter—She wouldn't turn you down. She likes you too well.

Harry—I rather flattered myself that she did, too, but I doubt it now. I felt like a ten-cent cat with its head in a can.

Walter—What are you going to do? Let her go?

Harry—I'll have some fun with her yet.

Walter—She thought you were fooling. She wouldn't turn you down for anything.

Harry—Well, if she *thought* I was fooling, I'm going to fool some more.

Walter—You are going to see her and have it out?

Harry—Not on your life! I'm afraid she'll bite if she's cornered.

Walter—Write to her, then?

Harry—I'll do *something*. Don't you worry.

Walter—I'll not. You're game, old fellow.

Harry—I've always kept even thus far.

(Separate.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE IV.

Time—Same day, afternoon.

Place—The laboratory.

Characters—Harry Trumble, Elma Winfield and Laura Hunter.

(Harry seated by table, writing earnestly. Reads, smiles, slips note into envelope, addresses and seals it.)

Harry—*There*. If that doesn't limber things up a little, I'll decide she's sure gone back on me. She has walked through these halls with her head in the clouds all day and wouldn't speak to a fellow. I think she'll deign to bow her queenly head a little when she has read this. (Goes to Polly—looks at aprons.) Why—hello—there are two aprons on the thing—why one of them is Laura's. Was that what she meant? Here's Elma's name on this one. Ha—ha—ha—I suppose they didn't know which I meant. Who cares! This is heaps of fun. I'll pin it to Elma's. There they come. (Hides behind Polly.)

(Enter Elma and Laura.)

Elma—If we just knew which one it was he meant, if he meant it at all.

Laura—Nonsense, Elma, he meant *you*, of course.

Elma—He didn't either. But hereafter I hope he'll be more *explicit*. He hasn't spoken to me today. Looks straight ahead or talks to someone when I pass. It makes me tired. Here—I want my apron. Let's tear up this thing, so our folly won't stare us in the face every time we turn around. What's this? Addressed to *me*. (Opens it, looks it over and laughs.) Of all things. Listen here:

"Miss Winfield: 'Bout this apron new,
You know that I was right,
And it was you I was a-talkin' to
'Bout next Friday night.

"Tell me, will you go, or no,
With this laddie bright,—
Who thus craves your company
On next Friday night?

"Yours for a magnaglorious time,

"Harry Trumble.

"P.S. —Don't be so bloomin' serious.

"H. T."

(Laugh.)

Laura—I told you so, I told you so.

Elma—Who's been serious? *He*'s looked like a mad dog all day. I'll match him.

Laura—Yes, I expect you to be the head of the match some day.

Elma—Laura Hunter, I'm going to be still if you can't take me for what I mean.

Laura—Whe—w! There must be lots of phosphorus from the way you sputter.

Elma—Stop your nonsense, now, and tell me what I'm to say.

Laura—Why—you know what you want to say. *Say it*.

Elma—I know, but I've got to get ahead of him somehow, and you'll have to help me word it.

Laura—Delighted. (Takes the note and looks it over again.) Is this *explicit* enough for you?



"IS THIS EXPLICIT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

Elma—Well, you needn't tease me about that. You know a girl likes for a man to be explicit, at least so she can understand him. Come on, let's go to my room.

Laura—Oh, you'll be a mate for him, all right.

(Exeunt.)

Harry (steps out)—Explicit enough, I guess. Ha, ha! I'll try and be *explicit* with her hereafter. She doesn't need to be explicit with me, though, for I know her answer. (Sits down laughing.)

Elma (outside)—Wait a minute, I forgot my pen. (Rushes back into lab. Harry dodges behind Polly. He moves Polly's hand and shakes her.) *Mercy!* *Laura, come here!* (Enter *Laura*.) *Polly moved. What do you s'pose made her?* (They peep round each side of *Polly*.)

Elma—Harry Trumble! You scared the life out of me. (*Laura* convulsed with laughter.)

Harry—You don't look very dead. Your eyes flash about as much fire as ever.

Laura—That's just phosphorescence, Harry, not dangerous.

Harry—I thought it was.

Elma—How long have you been there, Harry Trumble?

Harry—I fear, *Elma Winfield*, that I will be unable to be as explicit as you may desire, but I should judge, about the last half hour.

Elma—Then you heard—

Harry—I did, and my ears are not quite as long as a mule's, either. You'd better hurry up with that letter. And please be *explicitly explicit* in your words.

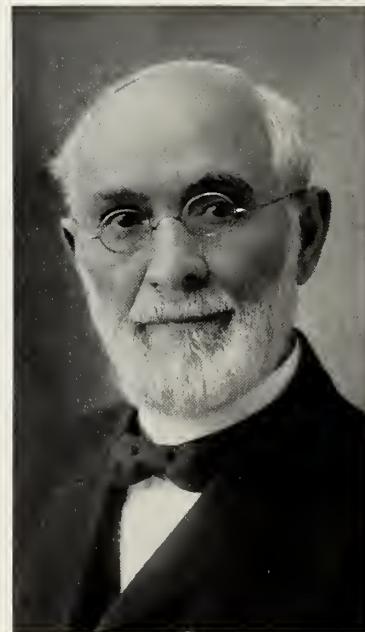
(*Elma* looks at him scornfully. His eyes twinkle with mischief. *Laura* stands one side, convulsed with laughter.)

(Curtain.)

END.

ANNA TOMLINSON.

Allen Jay



ALLEN JAY

Few who turn these pages will fail to realize the increased value which the SARGASSO has for each of us in bringing before us once more the well-known, kindly face of Allen Jay. His warm hand-clasp, cheery greeting and earnest, loving words of encouragement and counsel on many occasions will echo long in our hearts.

For more than a quarter of a century he has been actively connected with Earlham in various capacities. He has plead her cause in every section of our own country and, crossing the sea, enlisted loyal friends for her on English shores; his hands and heart and brain have been the most powerful agency in rearing four of the five buildings that stand

upon our campus; in fact, to him in large measure do we owe our Alma Mater of today. For all these things and for the constant inspiration of his life among us would we bring him heartfelt tribute from all who love old Earlham.

Commencement this year will be a gala time for old Earlham, as Alumni will be here in great numbers to help celebrate her fiftieth anniversary. Specially strong speakers have been secured, and preparations are being made to welcome all her visitors.

The Passing of the Girls' Grove



"RIPPLED OVER FOSSILED STONES"

It was a warm, sunny May morning. A blue-bird warbled joyously in a thorn bush, for his mate sat on a wee, round nest in the top of a hollow post near the flood-gate listening.

Clear Creek murmured quietly—yet here and there rippled over fossilized stones in irresistible gurglings.

The Great Elm, so stately and so handsome, had long loved the Little Stream. Many seasons he had spread his great arms protectingly over her. He knew her and loved her in all her

moods: in the summer days, when she glided along languidly ever murmuring sweetly but always going on; in the autumn, when she moved in an aimless fashion, even melancholy at times, knowing that very soon Old Winter would

cage her up and shut her from the sunshine. But in spring, then was when the Great Elm loved her most. It was then she was full of vim and sparkle, full of vigor and joyous life. It was then, too, that the dainty blood-root and the shy anemone nodded to her lovingly as she passed. It was then young men and maids tarried on her banks. And it was then she loved the Great Silent Elm.

But how could the Great Elm know this! Could not the Little Stream see in her travels other Elms as tall and straight and powerful as he? A long, yearning sigh swept over him. Perhaps if he had been something other than a tree she had



"OLD WINTER WOULD CAGE HER UP"



"SHE WENT QUIETLY ON HER WAY"

cared. Had he been a gay, young cardinal, he might have won her by his beauty. Or if he had had a voice like the sincere brown thresher, maybe he could have lured her with sweet music. But as



"STATELY IN THEIR QUIETNESS AND BEAUTY"

it was, always she rippled happily on, yesterday was forgotten, tomorrow not thought of, and today full of joy.

But today, this May morning, there was a shadow that dulled her sparkle. It was the shadow of the Great Elm and so she went quietly on her way, fearing lest she trouble her stately lover by her giddiness and glee.

Bye and bye some of the World's people came along. They approached the Great Elm, patted his strong, straight body and looked him over with admiring eyes.

The Little Stream grew quieter and ever more quiet until she seemed to almost stop. The trees on the hill were stately in their

quietness and beauty. The blue-bird on the thorn bush was still too, and the mate in the hollow post listened.

The World's people set to work with axe, with saw and wedge. The Great Elm trembled with indignation, then as the work progressed, he knew that it would be with him as it had been with all his neighbor trees. He whispered a long farewell to the Little Stream, then drew himself up in his proud and silent stateliness to await the inevitable. At last it came and with a sickening crash his huge magnificence lay prone upon earth, his head reaching across the Little Stream. With many gentle and loving touches she caressed him until they took him away.



"HIS HEAD REACHING ACROSS THE LITTLE STREAM"

A little, blue, feathered body lay crushed on the ground under a broken thorn bush and the mate in the hollow post grieved with the stream.

RUTH A. HARVEY, '09.

A Modern Miles Standish

MILES STANDISH leaned back in his chair, put his feet on the table, and puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. After a moment or two, "Yes, you bet! She's a peach."

"What are you raving about?" inquired his friend. "Huh? Oh, was I talking out loud? Excuse me. As I was saying——"

"She is a peach," cut in Alden. "Who is it now? Dorothy, Bertha, or——"

"I'm ashamed of you, Jack, really, that you should insinuate in that dark manner. But really," and Standish assumed a more serious air, "I'm desperately in love."

John Alden looked at his friend quizzically. "Poor, deluded fool," he muttered. On the level, Miles, if you ever do get married, I'll do something wonderful for you. Make you a present of a canary with a gold tooth and marcelled tail-feathers, or something equally as sensible. But seriously, old boy, you ought to cut this business out, making love to every girl you see. They'll put you down as a practiced "fusser", and before you know it, you'll be down and out."

"Making love to every girl I see, snorted Standish, contemptuously. "Are you crazy? Why, I never proposed to a girl in my life nor even tried to. Just because I like all the girls, you think I want to marry the whole bunch. I can jolly along and stuff like that, but love-making,—well, I'm not that kind. If I had your tongue, maybe sometime I'd say something to a girl, but gad, I never have the nerve. I'd be sure to get balled up. Probably ask her to be my husband and tell her I know she's unworthy, but maybe she could live up to me. Anyway, I know I'd make a terrible mess of it."

"Nice connected train of thought," murmured Alden, "but I want to know who this happy girl is."

"Why, Priscilla Mullens, of course."

"What? Not Priscilla of Madison Avenue?"

"That's the one. She was at the Van Dyke's dinner last night. Talk about stunning! George!"

"But, Standish, this is utter nonsense. You don't love that girl, and you know it. Now don't go and make an idiot of yourself before her. She won't take it."

"But I tell you I'm crazy about her. Can't you see——"

"No, I can't. This is nothing but one of your many cases that you get every Spring and you're trying to convince me and also yourself that you're in love." Alden spoke earnestly and determinedly. "Another thing, Priscilla Mullens has too many real admirers to bother with a fickle fellow like you."

"Well, if you're through, I'll go. This display of sympathy is too much for my tender heart. But you'd better come out of it, old man, and join us at Gray Lake this summer. Priscilla's going, so of course, I am," and Miles, whistling cheerfully, left the room.

After he had gone, Alden went over the whole situation carefully in his mind. "Funny business," he muttered. Miles, who has had forty such experiences, is going to get the only girl I really ever cared for. Well, I haven't gone very far yet, and I won't go any farther. Miles can have the first go. And that's the end of it." But as he made this resolve, his heart seemed to fall to his very shoes, and he gave a long, deep sigh.

* * * * *

That evening at the club, Miss Priscilla Mullens was entertaining six of her gentleman acquaintances on the porch. Miles Standish, in the music room, was playing bridge with a group of married ladies, who petted, reproved and advised him according to their whims, and who liked him because he took petting, reproofing, and advice with admirable grace.

"Do you know, Mrs. Green," Standish was saying, "every time I hear your daughter sing, I like it better. She certainly has re-

markable talent." And to himself, "Deuce of a mess. Priscilla with all those fellows and I in bad every time.—Yes, indeed, Mrs. Gallop, Washington is delightful."

One of Priscilla's admirers of the evening was John Alden, and after the others had gone home, he, with Standish, took Priscilla home in the latter's new "Thomas".

"Gee, what a drive," exclaimed Standish, when they had reached their apartments, "peach of a night, bully roads, and the dearest girl on earth, with nobody to butt in."

"Wasn't I butting in?"

"Lord, no; if you hadn't been there, I might have done something desperate."

* * * * *

Hot weather came. Alden still cherished his secret; his loyalty to Standish would never let him speak. In July, Standish joined Priscilla at the quiet, unfashionable Gray Lake, and for the first time in his life, seemed really serious. Alden kept manfully to himself, and gave his friend free way. For four weeks he stayed in the hot city, living at the club and working with a constancy unfamiliar to himself. Then came the telegram from Aaron Standish, former guardian of his nephew, Miles.

* * * * *

Miles Standish and Priscilla were sitting on the piazza of the Hotel Eagle one hot evening when a carriage drove up, and Alden's familiar form was seen.

"Jack, old boy," exclaimed his chum delightedly, on top of a little cry of surprise from the girl.

But after the first greetings were over, and the three were settled down in a remote corner of the porch, Standish noticed an unaccustomed nervousness in his friend's manner.

"Gee, I wonder what's up," he thought to himself, and for the first time in his life, he wished Priscilla were not present. Afterwards, he could have kicked himself for his lack of cordiality when she started to go.

When she had left, there was a short silence, then Standish broke out:

"Well, what is it? I can tell by your actions something has gone wrong. I can stand it; go on."

"Well, it's just this. Your uncle has failed and he telegraphed to me because you neglected, he said, to give him your address. He wants you to come to Bay City immediately if you can. Your interests will be good if you get there quick enough, and, although it isn't a bad smash, he will have to hustle a little."

Standish sat silent a moment. "All right," he said, composedly. "I can leave on the 11:10 and get there at five tomorrow evening. I haven't treated uncle quite square, lately."

John Alden was as much surprised as any one that he didn't go back to New York the next day, and he was ashamed to own his own weakness, but—Gray Lake and Priscilla offered too much enticement for his masculine nature to resist. And, as if Fate had intended it, he simply stepped into Standish's place.

All day long he was with Priscilla. There was rowing, driving, fishing in the day time, dancing and beach frolics at night. Yet all this time Alden did not give one hint of love-making, not a trace of it did Priscilla see in the enthusiastic, good-looking young chap always near her. She liked him because he could do things beside tell her about her eyes, and because he was frank and clean and honest. She liked him because he was sincere and thoughtful, because he could talk, and talk well.

And meanwhile, Alden was by no means indifferent to the glorious creature with whom he rowed and danced and talked. He loved her beauty, her daintiness, her poise. He admired her earnestness, and gloried in her purity.

In the midst of this delightful companionship, Alden received a lengthy and carefully expounded telegram from Miles Standish.

"Well, if he isn't the biggest ass!" exploded Alden, after reading it. "He's a dear old friend, but this little act would take more nerve than I've got. Well, all right, old fellow, I'll do it"—then,

as a sudden thought struck him, his throat tightened, and his heart sickened within him. "Why, I can't do that. Why—why—hell, I can't lose Priscilla."

Then came the hardest conflict of Alden's life. To do what his chum had asked him, would mean the utter ruination of his own hopes and plans. Standish had said, "I'm going to Europe, old boy; sail the 6th of September. I am still hoping for Priscilla. I have never said anything to her, but I want you to plead my case. Tell how much I love her—you are clever at that sort of thing—and wire me the answer. Your reward is best man in June."

If he did this, and Priscilla accepted, all was lost. On the other hand, if he did not, he would prove himself cowardly and disloyal, and although he was a lover, he was still a man. He was not the fellow to meditate hours over what he knew he ought to do, nor to hold back and delay when he saw his course. He adored Priscilla, but so did Standish. He wanted to be happy, but chose that his friend be happier. And that very evening he had his opportunity.

They were out rowing after the hot dance and Priscilla was asking when Miles would be back.

"Do you miss him, Priscilla?"

"Y—yes, you are a very good substitute, though."

"Miles would like to be here, Priscilla," went on Alden, unheeding her remark, "he wants to say something that I have to say for him. He is a dandy old boy, and my best friend. He has told me, Priscilla, that he loves you best of all, and he wants to ask the old, old question. Do you think enough of him to—to—" his heart failed him for a second, but only for a second, and he went on, "to marry him?"

Priscilla was perfectly still for a moment. One hand was idly splashing in the glistening water; her hair was sparkling in the shimmer of the moon.

As Alden watched her, his whole soul cried out against Fortune that had placed him in such a position.

"But John," Priscilla was speaking, "I don't love Miles enough

for that. I am fond of him, he's a dear, but I couldn't marry him."

"He's the best fellow going, and he appreciates you, Priscilla. He knows what you are, that you are the loveliest creature on God's earth—"

"Do you believe that?"

"With all my heart."

"Then—then—why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

* * * * *

John Alden was trying to soothe his conscience. "I couldn't help it. She asked me why I didn't and I did. She doesn't love him, anyway. I am insanely happy, but Lord Harry, poor old Stand. I'll not wire for a while. He won't know how soon the chance came, and maybe he'll get sick of the suspense. I think he's really in earnest this time, though."

After three weeks of Paradise at Gray Lake, Hotel Eagle closed and the small colony went back to gay old New York.

* * * * *

"Lettah, suh."

"Thanks, George," and Alden took the envelope.

He saw the postmark was from Paris and his heart sank.

"By George, I'm afraid to open it. Wonder if the old chap's getting impatient. Oh, well, here goes."

PARIS, September 25.

Dear Old Pal:

Can you in any possible way release me of my engagement with Priscilla Mullens? I have found I don't love her after all, it's Adele Chaillé, a little girl here. I am sorry I put you to so much trouble. Will write later when I have more time.

Yours gratefully,

MILES STANDISH.

"Thank the Lord, only a case, after all," breathed Alden softly and went to find Priscilla.

SARAH ADDINGTON, '12.

Earham Walks and Drives



AROUND THE HEART



THE EARHAM DRIVE



MEETING OF THE WAYS

Can you close your eyes and see once more the paths that cross and wind at Earlham? Can you, in fancy, join again the merry throng who morning after morning pace the campus' length and back again before their books are sought, or make it ring with laughter and gay voices for the half hour after dinner? Did you ever *plan* to study 'neath the trees or on the old iron seat, or come from town some winter night, led up the walk from gate to dorm by a hundred lights that shone from Earlham Hall in cheery welcome? Perhaps you've caught a view from out your window on a moonlight night and seen the stately sycamore stand boldly out against the sky while pure snow crystals whitened all the ground

Pleasant Spots Here and There



GLEN MILLER DRIVE



A BEAUTY SPOT—THE GLEN

below and clinging fast to branch and twig turned all to fairyland. What walks we found in spring, —along the wagon-track down by the hedge, where violets grow, the Railroad Cut, the River Road, the Glen! You know them all. And you have wandered, too, perhaps, down in the Grove and heard the supper bell, but lingered even then to see the sun go down behind the hill and Clear Creek hushed to rest with low bird calls.

All these we loved at Earlham. Even more. Her very spirit imbued us with the loveliness and truth of Nature's teachings. Her very air breathed into us the joy of life and whispered that *our* lives should be more fair.



CEDAR SPRINGS

“The Box”

BERNICE, I guess this is cooked enough, but I wish you'd try it, too," suggested jolly Judith to her fun-loving room-mate as they bent over the fragrant chafing-dish.

"Why, Judy, my dear, don't be so particular. Tom would like your fudge if it were as hard as a rock or as mushy as—"

"Oh, for pity's sake, it almost boiled over. We'll have to be more quiet about this, too, or the whole hall will be down. Lucy Sharon is sure to smell it. And I won't take much more from that girl. She's forever and eternally trying to tease someone."

"Oh, she's studying for once. But we'd better beat this, don't you think?" called Bernice from the window. "Turn off the light and bring the vanilla, and I'll begin."

Never was fudge beaten harder; never was it richer or creamier. The nuts had been added and the girls were giving the candy a few last loving pats with their spoons, when a strong, manly figure stepped out from behind Parry Hall. It glanced about searchingly and approached the shadows of the girls' dormitory. Without waiting for the usual signal, the interested party from above called down, "Is that you?"

"Yes," came the cautious reply.

"But what are you doing with a lantern on a night like this?"

"Tell you later. If you have anything, send it down."

"Yes, in a minute. In just one minute. I'll have to put it in the box and fix a rope. Will you wait?"

Well—yes, the man decided under the circumstances to wait. It was not very cold, but he couldn't help wondering what it was, that took so long. Finally a little bundle appeared at the end of

a queer contraption, which he didn't take time to examine. He separated the box from its moorings with difficulty, much to the delight of his giggling observers. "Good-night," called the girls. "Good-night," the deep voice answered quietly.

"Well, Judith!" teased her room-mate. "Well, Judith! I would!—let down a box of fudge for a fellow, who doesn't even thank you."

"Oh, he will tomorrow, of course. But I confess I scarcely see why he's so cautious—as if there could possibly be any danger in giving a fellow a box of

fudge. I almost wish I hadn't written on the box, for I'm not at all sure I like him." With this avowal concerning the Bundy lad, one girl slept soundly. But alas! for the other who dreamed of many things.

When Judith smilingly met her friend on the walk the next morning, he passed her with a stony glare. In the post-office,



"AS THE SUN SETS ACROSS THE CEMETERY"

as she afterward confided to Bernice, "he almost ran into me and didn't speak!"

By dinner-time, her ladyship's wrath was nursed to high tide. She forgot to serve the butter. She didn't send for bread. She *detested* the pudding and she didn't care. No, she did *not* care! She didn't stop talking when Supt. rang the bell, for she had scarcely spoken during the meal. She heard a class meeting called, and then to her horror the following announcement made: "There is a package in the office, bearing the inscription, 'This is the same box you gave me, Ned—do you remember?' The night watchman wishes his apologies offered and his respects paid to the girl, who accepts his treat."

The bell rang and dinner was over. The chattering, wondering Earlhamites crowded out of the dining room. For an instant two pairs of eyes met. Be it to the fellow's everlasting shame, he smiled the *tiniest, meanest* little smile that ever was. But the fair co-ed bore a hurt, red flush on either cheek and carried her dainty head quite high, when she answered the summons to the lady principal's room.

* * * * *

Two Seniors were strolling along Clear Creek at sunset. "And now we shall never scrap again, shall we, Judy? Not even over 'the same box you gave me'!"

"No, of course not," assented the girl, "for you know yourself that I have the best right to it."

"But just think what a deuce of a time Gov. gave me."

"Yes, but if you only knew how long that dear lady principal talked when she once got started."

"Judith, Judith, little girl," he whispered, "let's keep the box together. Won't you, dear?"

RACHEL CALVERT, '11.

Character Sketch



HOW, ladies and gentlemen, it will be absolutely and wholly necessary for you to learn this for yourselves. I can't do that for you, and I wouldn't if I could." Thus the kindly, if somewhat brusque, old man so often prefaced his lectures. And how we loved him and his wise, quaint sayings. Some there were, to be sure, who dreaded his quick, witty cross-questionings, and the flash of his fine dark eyes under their shaggy brows. Sometimes, when he had muddled a student completely in regard to the identity of a common forest tree, he would chuckle to himself with such genuine mirth that we all forgave him, when he said, "H'm, yes. Well, now, I see we're not getting a-hold of this as we should. Why, I believe I could scare you into saying almost anything." Pretension he placed first among all things to be abhorred. Few people ever bluffed twice in his classes; for there he would sit on the arm of his chair, fine head thrown back, lips pursed between thumb and forefinger, calmly waiting for someone to finish telling what he didn't know. And then he would usually administer his rebuke quietly and simply, although sometimes all the vehemence of his grand old soul would burst forth in words which we can never forget. In a few well-put sentences, he would picture all the grief of a mother's heart, all the disappointment in a father's life, over a child of deceit and worthlessness. Abrupt but not unkind, brusque but never harsh, he taught, by his own strong, admirable life, such lessons as few are given the opportunity to learn.

The Senior Class this year intends to follow the precedent set last year and will present a Shakespearian play for their Class Day exercises. The Class of '09 will stage "As You Like It", on the campus and it will be given Monday night, June 14. The Centennial Celebration will occur on Tuesday, June 15.



Single Room



Room of Suife



Earlham Dressing Shop



"ΔPΓ" Feast to Miss Fenimore



Gov. and his Better Half



Hall Feast



Room of Suife



Barber Shop



Room of Suife



REMNANT COUNTER

Maier

The President's Dream

MR. JOHN WESLEY PERKINS went to bed in a troubled state of mind the night he was elected President of Ionian. By the end of the Winter term a Senior has watched the struggles of eleven Presidents of the society and he knows that the coveted position brings with it the severest test that may fall to the lot of an Earlham man. Our friend with the Methodist name had witnessed heart rending scenes in Ionian Hall. He distinctly remembered having seen men, whom he thought most competent, fail utterly when met by the wiles that haunt the order of Miscellaneous Business. A cold sweat broke over him as he recalled a peculiarly distressing scene.

A suave Senior with a well fed, well groomed appearance; one apparently designed to direct his fellow men; one, it might be supposed, sufficiently equipped to disarm the Devil in a wit combat; this man had aspired to the position of Ionian President. Ionian, nothing loth, had offered him the chair for the evening that he might convince the few doubtfuls of his fitness. As he took his place he beamed upon his gathered friends much as a premier might deign to smile as he glanced at the statesmen gathered before him. While the roll was being called the smile remained; it remained while the Secretary was depositing of the routine business; then it faded. The repetition of the phrase, the chair begs the society's pardon, became a monotony. Here and there a tender hearted individual knew that some cuticle was being most painfully removed; but he knew, too, that the machinery of the society could not be stopped till it ran down of its self. There were tears in the eyes and voice of the erstwhile confident one as he adjourned the society.

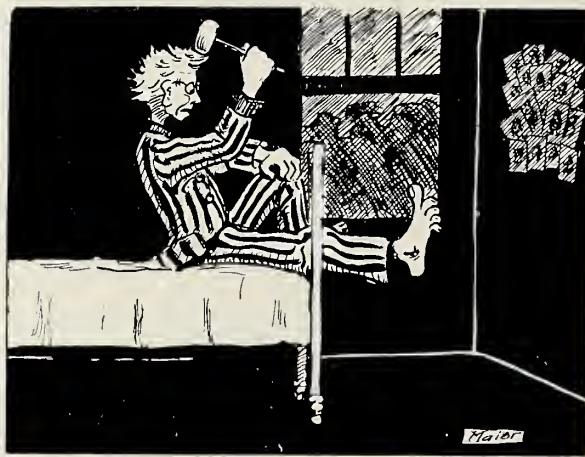
John Wesley Perkins remembered this and he knew that he did not resemble in the slightest degree a statesman, nor was he fat and suave. In fact, he was red headed, thin. He remembered a friend's remark: "John, when you stand up be careful that you don't fall back over the chair." Yes, John knew he did not inspire

respect by his appearance. Why had they elected him to the office anyway? He hadn't solicited it.

He shivered and pulled the bed clothes closer. The turbulent March rain and weather without seemed to reflect his depression.

Again he remembered,—more hazily perhaps, for he was weary,—of a righteous one, who also had aspired. This man, stern of manner, dictatorial, critical, found himself President of Ionian. Flint met steel, the pseudo dictator fell, the veneer of virtue was removed with a not too careful hand. There on the wall were their photos, characters great and small, of Ionian; they seemed to watch him and to speculate on his chances as President. The wind howled in derision at the cowering form; rain changed to sleet. John Wesley Perkins slept,—dreamt.

He assumed an upright posture and leaned forward carefully. He had not fallen backward over the chair; so far so good. He reached forward and tapped on the foot of the bed: "Will the so-



"WILL THE SOCIETY PLEASE COME TO ORDER"

ciety please come to order." His red hair was much awry; the pajamas did not add to the dignity of the moment, but the blue eyes had turned to steel. As he glanced about, every picture became quiet.

John Wesley Perkins was never one to shirk an unpleasant duty, quite to the contrary he usually rushed at the dragon at once and overcame it if possible. So now he did not hesitate: "We will omit all preceding orders of business and come at once to Miscellaneous Business," he said. There was a breathless silence, no one objected; surprised at the strange procedure, the society had allowed it to pass. John Wesley Perkins arose again: "We are now under the head of Miscellaneous Business." The moment had come; the time when the tests are applied. If an Ionian President can live through this order of business his success is assured. Perkins waited. The storm was gaining in fury and at intervals fierce gusts swept through the room. A picture rattled. Perkins listened attentively: "Mr. President, I move that the Marshal be instructed to serve soft drinks to the members of Ionian throughout the Spring Term meetings." Perkins smacked his lips and half unconsciously muttered, "I second the motion." Without hesitation he put the question. An unusually strong gust struck the pictures and a loud vote of "Aye" resulted. "It is so ordered," cried the President; then to the Marshal, "A near beer, if you please."

One man in the rear of the room, a stickler for form, seemed to be objecting strenuously to this: "It is contrary to the constitution," he screamed. "Article 4, Section 9 defines the Marshal's duties and nothing of the kind is included." It was clear to the President that a masterly stroke was needed. This man was an ex-critic of the society and he still clung to the habit then acquired. He must be gotten rid of. With red hair bristling and pajama-clothed limbs shaking with cold and excitement he turned to the Marshal: "The gentleman appeals from my decision, will the Marshal please put

him out?" The night grew wilder, an eddying gust entered the room, seized the wobbling picture and whisked it out of the window. The pajamas assumed new dignity; their owner had triumphed.



"WILL THE MARSHAL PLEASE PUT HIM OUT"

The President had a keen sense of the fitness of things and he knew that a prolonged meeting could only detract from his achievement. The wind howled about the little room in its last, supremest effort. The President arose once more; he was nearly swept from the bed, but grasping the foot piece and rapping it vigorously he cried in resonant tones, "I declare the society adjourned." There was a loud clatter; the pictures were swept *en masse* under the bed.

The storm had spent itself and the sun was ushering in a genuine Spring day. Perkins, the autocrat, gave one last glance about the room; all had gone. "A very obliging Marshal," he remarked, and with a happy smile he slipped in under the warm blankets.

DANIEL LABAN BEEBE, '10.



The Halls of Fame

As Related by the "Census Tooker"

 HERE is a guy called the Census Tooker, who lives in the midst of the Sargasso sea. He has lived there so long that he can tell most every weed about the place and give its family history 'way back. He is very obliging and will tell all he knows to the ones who know where to find him. We looked for him a long time and finally found that if one shuts his left eye just at noon and looks at the sun for ten minutes with the right one and then suddenly sticks his head down to the bottom of the Frog Hole in the middle of the heart the Census Tooker may be interviewed.

We found him tired out and cross. He said that he had been collecting some dope from the students at Earlham and didn't want to be bothered until he had counted the votes. As that proved to be just what we wanted, we volunteered to help him out with his job if he would give us the results.

The FAVORITE PROF. was Daddy Dennis, he had 51 votes, just winning out from William N., who followed with 50.

The HANDSOMEST PROF. will ever remain an unsettled point. Russell and Charles each got 57 votes. It has been decided that a composite picture will be made from these two and sent to the National Beauty Contest.

Chase was an easy winner as the MOST EGOTISTICAL PROF. He had 81 votes; Holmes followed with 33, and Vail brought up the rear with 2.

The NEATEST PROF. is settled upon Coffin. His dainty manner made him an easy favorite, with 120 votes. Hole's precision won him 38.

The BIGGEST FLUNKY, was captured by Prof. Ed. with

42 votes. He had a very close escape, Morrison pushed him hard, getting 40. Hadley followed with 35. As there was a great deal of rivalry for this honor it is expected that the election will be contested by the two last named.

McNown had easy sailing in the contest for BALDEST PROF. He has been training consistently for this position during the last few years and won out easily with 157 votes. His closest competitor was Coffin with 19; Fagan followed with 1.

The SPORTIEST PROF. was won by Holmes, with 103. Chase and Miss Keyes followed with 53 and 1, respectively.

It is reported that it piqued Chase a little to lose out as Sportiest Prof. This may account for the effort he made to win the contest for the BIGGEST KNOCKER. He took it easily from Hadley and Grave with 85 votes; they followed with 33 and 20.

Not satisfied with being the Biggest Flunky, Prof. Ed. walked off with a victory as the EASIEST MARK with 99 votes. Morrison followed him as before but this time with only 28. William N. received honorable mention here with 12.

Holmes, not satisfied with his big majority in the Sportiest Prof., won out also as BIGGEST BLUFFER. His vote of 125 quite swamped Mendenhall with his paltry 10.

William N. and Daddy Dennis again had a run in the MOST VALUABLE PROF. This time the result was reversed and Wm. N. won out 83 to 49. Russell figured some here with 20. Miss Hanson was thought at first to be a formidable opponent, but the results showed her with a total of 4.

Dennis gained his second victory when he was found to be the WITTIEST PROF. He is an Irishman and claims to be a direct

descendant of Pat. He received 120 votes, Holmes 25, Kelly 12. It is thought that Kelly's friends stuffed the ballot box.

Miss Keyes proved to be a winner as STRICTEST PROF. She made 47 votes. By actual count this tallied with the number in her German and French sections. Miss Moore followed with 34 and Hole with 28. It is notable here that Prof. Ed. got one vote. It is thought it was cast by a member of the Bible Reading class.

Morrison here covered up his former defeats by a remarkable spurt and won out as MOST PECULIAR PROF. He had 35, Grave 34, McNown 29, Lindley 27.

It has been thought best to draw a curtain before the contest for the PROF. WHO HAS MISSED HIS CALLING. There were only two contestants and one of these won out quite handily.

Dennis won his third victory as BEST CHAPEL SPEAKER. He led with 50, Hadley followed with 43. Some of the forecasters were sadly fooled on this contest. Many thought McNown would win out at a walk or at least at a slow run. The fact is that he only got 12 votes.

The Census Tooker smiled up at us. "You have a dandy bunch of Profs.," he said. "They never get sore, no matter how much you joke 'em."

We then passed to the men's contest.

The first event, THE BEST ALL AROUND ATHLETE was won by White with 120 votes. Hancock got 44 and Worl 1. Stout says that the reason Worl didn't win out is that he has been declared a professional and therefore cannot compete.

Maier is the HARDEST WORKER, as his work on the SARGASSO shows. He won easily with 64 votes. Morris Jones took second with 13, and Perkins and Clendennin tied third with 10 votes apiece.

The MOST GOOD FOR NOTHING was a hard race from start to the finish. Kennard and Beachler had it nip and tuck. Both men have been working hard for the contest and both felt that the

other had the best chance to win. Kennard won on the last lap with 33, beating Beachler by one vote. Ferguson jogged around the track and came in third with 17.

Crump was awarded the prize as BIGGEST SISSY. He got 115 votes to Worley's 21. Worley lost some of his support for this position when he began to sport. He still claims that he should be considered and it is thought that he may petition for the position of Heavenly Twin. Overman came in for his share of the glory in this deal. His record in football won him one loyal supporter.

The BEST ALL AROUND MAN was hard to pick. Lindley and Stanley fought it out, the former winning 38 to 35. J. Jones, Pennington and White tied for third with 21 votes apiece.

The MEEKEST MAN was Meek. He had a handicap over Roberts and won from him 57 to 29.

Stout proved to be the BIGGEST SPORT. He had 26 supporters. Sanders followed with 17, and J. Furnas and Cope with 16 and 15.

Nanney was the BIGGEST GOAT. He also had a handicap, but his natural tendencies helped him out to such an extent that he won with 96 votes. Beachler followed with 19 and Worley with 10.

Hancock is the HANDSOMEST MAN. He beat H. Furnas 16, "Perty" Worl followed with 15, Mosbaugh with 14 and Nicholson with 4. It may be seen that Nicholson is very versatile.

For the position of UGLIEST MAN there were forty-seven contestants; this accounts for the small plurality. P. Bond won with 16, "Perty" Worl followed with 15, Mosbaugh with 14 and Nicholson with 4. It may be seen that Nicholson is very versatile.

The MOST POPULAR MAN was taken by Hancock; it would seem that in this case beauty and popularity go hand in hand. This is not the case, for Bland, the second best, didn't cut much figure in the beauty contest. Hank's vote was 63, Bland's 18, Lindley's 12 and Stanley's 10.

Smooth tongued Lester Haworth led as the BEST POLITICIAN. His vote was 37. After him came Bland with 26, Nichol-

son with 25, and Comstock with 23. These men are all of the Junior class, which accounts for the interesting class meetings, etc.

For the BEST DRESSED MAN there were 36 contestants. Cope captured the honor with 46 votes; Worl came next with 26; then Hancock with 23 and Meek with 2. By mistake Meek allowed one button in his vest to remain removed for thirty minutes. It is thought that this will account for his poor showing.

BEST LADIES' MAN, captured by Fagan with 34, Worl next with 26, then Sanders with 17. Worl doesn't claim to be a Ladies' Man; we account for his success by the fact that he has kept in touch with the biggest flirt for two years. Sanders is a good all around man in this department and would have given the other two more trouble had he not sprained his ankle.

Beebe led in the contest for the BEST LITERARY MAN, getting 82 votes. Huffman came next with 33, then Fauquher with 11. Meek brought up the rear with 1. Here Meek was unfortunate again; he was heard to say "Ain't it so" in a slang sense the other day before the election. The news spread like wild fire and swung the votes to Beebe, who has carefully avoided all such expressions.

The line-up of MOST EGOTISTICAL MAN was a very formidable one. Hedges, however, won quite easily with 43. Comstock was a good second with 32, P. Furnas third with 12, and Goho, Fisher and Fauquher tied for fourth with 10 each.

The BIGGEST LIAR has finally been settled upon Heaton; he got 50 votes, and they give him a clear title to that honor. Goho came second with 35, and Pennington third with 20. According to the dope sheet Pennington had the thing cinched up to the last moment, then he admitted he was the biggest liar in the neighborhood and it gave him such a record for veracity that he lost the contest.

In the BIGGEST BLUFFER contest there were 52 contestants. This reflects great honor on Goho, who was able to pull 50 votes. Beebe came second with 36 and Nicholson third with 12. The race wasn't exciting, because the first two were conceded the victory even before the contest was started.

Comstock won out as the BUSIEST MAN by an overwhelming majority, 119 votes to P. Furnas' 17. Kennard was a close third with 2 votes. Kennard had expected to make a better showing and was bitterly disappointed. He was heard to remark that he didn't care if he never did another lick of work in his life.

Hedges is the DIRTIES POLITICIAN. He beat Comstock 54 to 21. Harrell came next with 19. Hedges has tried consistently to win the place and is to be congratulated upon his success.

In the GIRLS' CONTEST there was much bitter rivalry and hair pulling. The Census Tooker wiped a tear from his eye as he recounted how a candidate for the Prettiest Girl "sassed" her rival.

The HARDEST WORKER is Miss Meseka with 19 votes. She was followed by Miss Parke with 16 and Miss Sutton with two. Miss Sutton gained her reputation by the hard work that she puts in just before her turn to recite.

Of the BIGGEST SCHEMERS Miss Anderson was far in the lead with 67 votes. Miss E. Trueblood had 11 and Miss Quimby 9. There were 36 contestants but these three led, the first two because of their ability in planning a home away from the dorm and the last because she has had a great many chances to develop ability.

Earlham's PRETTIES GIRL is Miss Maple. She had 31 votes, Miss Quimby had 27 and Miss Fanny Jones 21. Some have suggested that a composition picture be made of the two handsome Profs. and the three pretty girls in order that a true type of Earlham beauty may be had.

Miss Maple again wins as the BIGGEST FLIRT with 45 votes. Misses Addington and King come second and third with 38 and 33. Miss Addington having been at the college but one year deserves credit. Miss Maple has had seven years to make her record and Miss King two.

Our BRIGHTEST GIRL is Hilda Shute with 53. Miss Amy Winslow 19 and Miss Parke 17.

Ann Hinson leads the field as the BIGGEST TALKER with 111, Miss Hockett 24, Miss Graham 16, and Mrs. Gov. 2. Spieler

didn't want any trouble in this event so she prepared for it some time ago.

Miss Stone is the most EGOTISTICAL GIRL; she had 45. Miss Maple comes next with 16 and then Miss Davidson with 15. Miss Stone was in this class in the last SARGASSO. Miss Davidson has only had since Christmas to make her record.

Miss Davidson has put in her time to good advantage, for she is also the best SALVE SPREADER. She leads all with 35 votes; Miss Edna Trueblood comes next with 21, then Miss Shute with 18.

Our most POPULAR GIRL is Miss Quimby with a vote of 32. Miss Trueblood comes second with 26, then Miss Amy Winslow with 20.

Miss Trueblood wins the BEST DRESSED contest with 72 votes; Miss Hazel Hancock comes second with 34.

The BIGGEST BABY is Olive Wright. She made a good record for she had strong opposition in Miss Utterback. It is noteworthy that Crump intrudes here with one vote. He foresaw that the girls were going to have it all their own way and started opposition.

When the Census Tooker handed the ballots of the mixed contest to us he appeared to be very grave. "Friends, this matter lieth very close to my heart," he said. "You must know that I have been much concerned about the college of late. It hath been rumored that it is losing ground as a match factory, and that the boys do not sport as they did when all lived together as one large family. I shall expect better of them in the future. Let us count the ballots."

The FUNNIEST CASE was a fight from the start to the finish. Perkins had been planning to capture this for some time, but he erred when he divided his forces. Had he devoted himself entirely to one case he would have won out with ease. As it was the best he could do was tie for first. The result was Perkins and Miss Utterback 54, Bland and Miss Hinson 54, Perkins and Miss Moore 8.

The BEST APPEARING CASE cases are said to have worked

a fraud upon the public. They got wise to the fact that when people are seen together a great deal every one gets to consider them suited to each other, and there is only one step from that to a good appearance. With this end in view several couples have kept together throughout almost every day of the last two terms. Chapman and Miss Jones played their cards the best and won from White and Miss Winslow 45 to 36. Fisher and Miss Addington were severely handicapped because of the fact that the cars run in a very irregular fashion out to Glen View. Although Fish could only get third with a vote of 32, he has not lost heart and is planning for the next SARGASSO. He has bought a wheel in order that he may be independent of the street car company. Here is another instance of Perkins' poor management. He should have concentrated his strength upon one contest. Instead of that he entered this one and only got 12 votes.

The winners in the WORST CASE is a surprise to every one. The dopists hadn't figured on Dinger and Miss Moss. Still they got it by a vote of 41. White and Miss Winslow came next with 35; Chapman and Miss Jones and Hill and Miss Anderson tied for third with 31. Perkins and his friend again broke in with 9 votes.

The FAVORITE EXPRESSION was determined to be Hec Ach Dang was a close second and Oh Mercy third.

SHALL WE CUT OUT SLANG was decided in the negative by a large majority. It is seen by this that the school is not deteriorating but rather advancing. A good, juicy slang phrase is the indicator of a sound and progressive mind. There were 108 of the progressive ones to 78 conservatives.

HASH and PRUNES were long considered the only real competitors in this race. This proved to be true, but for a time there was consternation in their camps, because a dark horse threatened to beat up on them. This dark horse was Richmond Export. It got a little late start, however, and couldn't make it up in the short time offered. Hash won from its companion by a good majority, and is now the favorite food.

College Songs and Yells

Colors—CREAM AND YELLOW

Flower—DAISY

EARLHAM, HAIL!

Sing of loyalty the rarest,
Victories hard-fought and won,
Sing of strongest men and maidens fairest,
Sing of pride in work well done.
Memories that linger softly,
Hopes that dawn the glad years gaze
We have sung them long,—
They have been our song,
When we sang our "Hail to Earlham Days!"

CHORUS

Earlham, Hail!
Earlham, Hail!
Never shall thy glory fail,
We will sing it all our days—
Earlham, Hail!
Stately hall
Ivied wall,—
Fling thy banners over all!
Alma Mater! Hear us call!
Earlham, Hail!

When the years have drifted past us,
If the world seems still and cold,
Still we dream of days we spent together.
Still the tales of college days are told;
Still we sing to Alma Mater,
Softly now our voices raise,
We will sing it long—
Sing our Earlham song,
As we sang in dear old Earlham days.

—M. HILL, '10.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ri! Ro! Rem!
E-A-R-L-H-A-M!
Thee! Thou! Rah!

Rack-te-yack! Te-yack! Te-yack!
Rack-te-yack! Te-yack! Te-yack!
Hulla-baloo! Hull-a-baloo!
How do you do! How do you do!
Earlham!!

Rah! Rah! Quaker!
E. C. Taker!
Quaker! Taker! Quaker! Taker!
Whoo-rah! Whoo-rah!
Quaker! Taker! Rah! Rah!

Niggah! Niggah! Hoe potatah!
Half-past Alligatah!
Sis-boom-bully-niggah!
Chick-a-wa-dah!
Earlham! Earlham!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Chick-a-che-lunk!
Che-lunk! Che-lunk!
Earlham-go-runk, go-runk, go-runk!
Never-go-flunk, go-flunk, go-flunk!
Ah-h-h! Sh-h-h-h! Boom! Coo-Coo-o-o-o-o!

ALMA MATER

Guarded well by elms and maples,
'Shrined in every heart,
Our beloved Alma Mater,
Earlham, fair, thou art.

CHORUS

Alma Mater, we, thy children
Tribute bring to thee,
Hail to thee, our dear old Earlham!
Hail, all hail, E. C.!

Voices gay of youth and maiden
Echo round thy walls,
Memories tender cling like ivy
To thy chambered halls.

—P. D. C.

Io Triumphe! Io Triumphe!
Haben! Swaben! Rebecca-la-Moor!
Hoop-te! Hoop-te! Shell-de-Veer!
De-boom-de-rah! De-ida-aw!
Hoonekey! Henekey! whack-a-whack-a-hob-dob!
Ball-de-Borah! Boll-de-Barah!
Con-slam-a-dah! Hob-Dob-Rah!
Earlham!!!

Facts for the Faculty

We've thrown away our hammer, we're determined not to knock,
 But we trust a few unvarnished facts will not your feelings shock.
 The faculty have told us of our faults the whole year through,
 And a bit of reciprocity is surely but their due.
 So with the kindest feelings—that is what they always say—
 We'd like to utter just a few plain statements, if we may.



But let a student but confuse the wren and yellow-hammer
 And Uncle David's face grows firm, the student 'gins to stammer,
 And learns that though Prof. Dennis seems to have such calm demeanor,
 No Prof. in Earlham College or the world can be sterner.

Prof. William N. is doubtless an authority and poet
 (Though there are those who've read his rhymes who do not claim to know it).
 We're glad he still is with us, hope he'll be a long time yet,
 But how, we all are asking, did he happen to vote wet?

There's Prexy Kelly with his Mephistophelean features,
 Now 'mong the higher critics and now 'mong the Quaker preachers,
 Why does he preach on love as though to be severe he couldn't,
 And hardly reach his office till he's gone and "canned" a student?

And "Daddy" Dennis with his calm and genial demeanor,
 You'd think no man in all the world was calmer and serener.



Why doesn't our Professor Hole explain to all his classes



How to distinguish geodes from plain petrified molasses?

Why does Professor Cleveland Chase go onward in his blindness?
 Why can't he trade his hammer for some "milk of human kindness"?

Our sage Professor Russell is our well-beloved pastor,
 And we're sure if he should leave us it would be a great disaster;
 But why is he so stingy? The reason we all seek!
 Why won't he write a "Parson" story for us every week?

Then there's the other Trueblood, the redoubtable E. P.,
 Who some of this year's Seniors have declared is quite E. Z.;
 His skill in elocution may be perfectly all right,
 But when his turn in chapel comes, why don't the man recite?



Why doesn't Harlow Lindley, librarian and married,
 Tell of the "ponies" which the boys in old Pompeii carried?



Professor Charles' dignity is known afar
and near,
And all the co-ed students say he is a
perfect dear;
But wouldn't he be nearer to the common
man and woman
If he were less an angel and a little bit
more human?

In physics work there's Morrison, the
head of the department,
With kindness in his heart that fills each
cardiac apartment;
We do not think he talks too much, we
would not have him stop,
But whereso'er you meet him, he is al-
ways talking "shop".



But when a student finds himself locked out and
ill at ease,
He wishes Mendenhall had not departed with the
keys.

J. Herschel Coffin, Ph. D., has titles and some hair,
And he can teach psychology just any time and where;
His voice is like a nightingale's or skylark's in the spring;
But there's the faculty quartet—why won't he make
them sing?

Doc Holmes' memory system has made his name
renowned—
Like Byron he has leaped to fame all at a single
bound.
He is not spending all his time in reading ancient
tones—
He soon will have a home for her, and she will have
her Holmes.

With "2 + 2" and "P D Q" our William Orville
works,
Although his tasks are arduous, he never, never
shirks;



The music of the college is in charge of Miss
Francisco,
As crisp as a "Uneeda", but as sweet as a "Na-
bisco".
Most things she does are gentle, and she does
them like a star,
But in the chapel service she sure does hurt that
Starr.

We will not speak of Hadley, though he's not
laid on the shelf;
We will not speak of Kenworthy, he does that
for himself.

We will not even mention Miss Marshall nor Miss Kirk,
Nor Mary A. Jay Ballard and her bloomin' Spanish work.
We will not mention Grave nor Hirsch, each is
too Grave a question;

We will not mention either—Hirsch! don't even
make suggestion!

We shall not name Miss Edwards nor Miss
Hecker, for you know

They both are clinging to the names they got
some time ago.

If we mentioned Keyes or Hanson, 'twould be
with bated breath,

Even to write their names down here scares us
almost to death.

We will not mention "Foxy" Vail, nor that
sweet smile he's wearing;

We will not mention "Foxy", for you see, we
have quit swearing.





EARLHAM DAILIES

Earlham Chronicles

(Read before Ionian Literary Society just after the national election.)

TN THE beginning there was no Earlham College and this campus was without form and was void of people. Darkness was on the face of man. But the good old Quakers said let there be a college and there was a college. And when they saw that the college was good, they said we will divide the light from the darkness so that the two will not be together. And it came to pass that the boys were placed on the east side of Earlham Hall and the girls on the west; or in other words, the sheep to the right and the goats to the left. And it was further decreed that they should eat no meat only when the sheep were on one side of the table and the goats on the other. The only vestigial remaining of that decree is now to be seen in chapel. In those days there were Freshmen, and when one of them found out about the decree he murmured unto the ruler saying, "Does a man light a candle and put it under a half bushel or does he set it on a candlestick where it will give light unto all within?" Then answered the father in Israel to him saying, "Should a Freshman utter vain knowledge and fill his belly with the east wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?" Then turned the Freshman away sorrowing saying, "I was at ease, but now he has broken me asunder. It is as if he had taken me by the neck and shaken me to pieces. He has made desolate all my company. Verily I say unto you, when a few years are come then I shall go the whence I will not return."

Now in those days students were wont to work their way through school, and it came to pass that on a certain day it was appointed unto a certain boy to split rails. And after that he had splitted many rails asunder, he did seat himself upon a log, a-weary of his toil. Then there happened that way the ruler and thus spake

he unto the boy: "Is not this thine hour to work and shouldst not thou be plying thy task with diligence to the end that thou mayest obtain knowledge?" And in fear and trembling the boy answered and said unto him, "I am almost persuaded that it is not right to split rails, because thou didst read this morning, after that we had broken our fast, that whatsoever God had joined together let no man cut asunder." Nevertheless, the rails were split.

And it came to pass that after teacher had risen up against student and student against teacher, and after the college had waxed strong and mighty, it became evident that there must needs be another building. And twenty-one years before the beginning of the reign of Taft it was decreed that there should be a Lindley Hall. It was to be so many cubits in length and so many cubits in breadth and so many cubits in depth, and it was so. It was further ordered that the building should contain an ark and in that ark should be gathered together a pair of all the fowls of the air and of all the beasts of the field and of all the "creepy" things. And the Noah of this ark is a Hole. And if any one gets to grease the spinning wheel or water the elephant, except through the Hole, the same is a thief and a robber and is cast into outer darkness. It is the duty of the Hole to furnish a means of escape to the wonderful flood of oratory which is daily poured out on the floor above, thus at no time in the history of the ark has anything been washed away from its given place in the ark, not even the dust.

And it again came to pass, after many years, that there was a meeting of that society which doth call itself The Ionian, and in that meeting there did arise a heated discussion as to whether there should be purchased some chandeliers for the lights, and after a time there did arise a Sophomore saying, "Verily, verily I say unto you,

if we had one of the things there is not a one in the society who could play it."

Now it happened before the end of the reign of Roosevelt that there did spring up among our midst politicians, but before they came, came the devil. The devil said, let there be a Democratic Club and there was a Democratic Club. And it did wax strong and mighty and did spill much literature. Our posterity will rise up and call that club blessed, for its wonderful influence in carrying the nation for William Howard Taft. And it also came to pass that after this club had been born there was also born a Republican Club, and they did scatter much paper over the face of the earth and some of it fell in thorny places and some in good soil, but most of it fell into the waste basket. This club is now a part of history and will long be remembered as a very important factor in bringing about the election of Thomas R. Marshall. As debaters they had no equals. Gone but not forgotten.

After the election a certain man was heard saying the following over to himself:

The politician is my shepherd, I shall not want. He putteth me outside the firewater. He maketh me to lie down in the gutter. He stealeth my gold. He leadeth me into the saloon for my vote's sake. Yea, though I walk through the mud and the rain to vote for him, I have only his salve to comfort me after the election. He prepareth my ballot for me in the presence of my better judgment. He anointeth my head with standard oil. My cup of beer runneth over. Surely the wool hath been pulled over mine eyes all the days of my life and Watson will be a private citizen forever and ever.

And now that the election is over, the college is still on the same side of the road. The sun has not failed to shed his light. The moon is the same color, and everything is the same except that the so-called moon man has been transformed into the sun and the "favorite son", and William J. Bryan has his potatoes almost dug; and President Kelly has again assumed his duties.

L. C. HAWORTH, '10.

A Soliloquy before the Finals

(With apologies to Shakespeare)

To cram, or not to cram,—that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
The fears and torments of uncertain chance,
Or to take arms against the lot of finals,
And by much cramming conquer? To dig, to cram,—
No more; and by the cramming think we end
The fears, the chances, and the thousand risks
That we may flunk,—it is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To dig,—to cram;—
To cram; then maybe flunk!—aye, there's the rub;
For after those wild, desperate days of cramming,
If then we find that we have flatly flunked,
Think how we'll feel: there's the respect
That makes us doubt the efficiency of cramming;
For who would wish to sit up late to work,
To rise up early in the morn to grind,
To attempt the three months' work in one short week,
To worry all his friends, make grey his hair,
Fill up his brain with endless, countless facts,
When he might rest and run no greater risk
In those his finals? Who would thus desire,
To grunt and sweat over his weighty tomes,
With the firm dread that something in th' exam—
Some little point that he just couldn't coax
To lodge in his poor brain,—will catch him sure,
And make him bound to flunk as much as if
He'd never tried to cram, no, not at all?
And thus our almost certain fate to flunk
Does make us doubt if cramming can avail;
And thus our native love to make good grades
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of fear;
And finals we would like to pull an A in,
With this regard cannot be studied for,
And make us sure to flunk.

VIRGINIA GRAVES, '11.



Abridged Earlham College Vernacular

ACH! DANG!—(exclamation). An expression of pleased admiration.

“Ach! Dang! office slates.”—“Dinger” Hedges.

BALLED UP—(Adj.) State of being when Daddy Hole stops the flow of questions. Expressively describes an entanglement of any kind, particularly a mental one. Love entanglements excepted.

“I’ve got this Geology all balled up.”—Artie Hotchkiss.

BLUFF—(verb). A fine art. Most necessary to a successful life. Consists in making one believe you have what you haven’t. Makes an empty space seem full.

“You can’t bluff me.”—Prof. Keyes.

BUCK—(verb). To throw off a burden. To go “sporting” instead of to classes. To approach 12.

“Let’s buck surveying and go fishing.”—Roberts.

BUM—(adj.) Applied to hash, weather, sporting rules. Opposite of nice.

“These new rules are bum.”—Amy Winslow.

BEANER—(noun). One who is the candy kid. One who is as ready for emergencies as a general store.

“Raymond and Purty are beaners.”—Widows on the Avenue.

BUTT IN—(verb). To intrude upon the conversation, business or pleasure of others without an invitation, and usually where you are not wanted.

“Here’s where I butt in.”—Sanders.

BUZZ—(verb). To revolve about an interesting object, as a bee about a flower. Word used by pseudo-Earlhamites. (See **Sport**).

“Miss B—, may I buzz you after chapel?”—“Flop” Swaim.

BROMIDE—(noun). Such expressions as: Finley, is the mail out? Prunes for supper. Don’t read mail in chapel. Come into the Greeks. (See **Sulphide**).

BUG HOUSE—(See **East Haven**).

CAN—(verb). To ship. To export. Earlhamites are canned when they are found to be indigestible by the college.

“Wish I could can somebody.”—Prexy.

CHEESE IT—(verb). A polite order to desist. (See **cut it out**).

“Cheese that noise.”—Sue Ware.

CUT IT OUT—(verb) To ask to refrain from. Somewhat forceable when used in connection with such obnoxious vegetables as asparagus.

“Why don’t they cut out this tough weed stuff?”—“Muggs” Furnas.

DARN—(inter.) Word used by Quaker maidens after they have tried to walk off with a section of the Lindley Hall floor attached to their shoe.

“Darn! There’s another yard of lumber.”—“Retty” Thomas.

DEVIL—(Proper noun.) The word **proper** is used because it also means suitable. To call him for breakfast is to raise the “devil.”

“Devil” Bland is a lady’s man.”—Everybody.

DUB—(noun). An insignificant individual. One who laughs at Prexy’s jokes.

“I wouldn’t be such a dub.”—Beachler

DUFFER—(noun). The reverse of a “beaner.”

DAD BEAN IT—(interj.) An expression of disgust. It is derived from the phrase: “Dad, be an idiot.” Used often when the check from home fails to come.

“Dad bean it! Dad knows I’m broke.”—Habbe.

DADDY—(adj.) A term of endearment. Derived from Collins; used now in connection with Dennis, Hole and Heath.

“I want to take birds under **Daddy Dennis**.”—Freshmen.

DATE—(noun). Fruit from a tree that grows in the desert. It marks, also an oasis in a humdrum life.

“Gee! I’ve got a date for the entire lecture course.”—Louise Estes.

DATE BOOK—(noun). A reminder of the Oases of the future.

“What shall I do? I’ve lost my date book.”—“Dot” Quimby.

DOPE—(noun). Hot air exhaled by “Foxy” Vail and his assistants, the Richmond papers. Sometimes confused with goo.

“According to dope, we have De Pauw skinned a city block.”—Vail.

ERG—(proper noun). Derived from the Greek, meaning to work. Applied to Ellis, who allows his studies to interfere with his college education.

EXAM—(noun). An invention of his Satanic Majesty, assisted by the faculty.

“Exams will be the death of me yet.”—Lois Pitts.

FLIMFLAM—(verb). To cheat one out of his eye-teeth. An instance of this is found at the Sunday supper.

“Well, if this isn’t getting flimflammed.”—“Hungry” Kennard.

FLUNK—(noun and verb). A knock-out blow. It marks the end of a long struggle. Too many bucks make a flunk.

“I got a nice flunk in College Algebra.”—“Bush” Haworth.

FUSS—(verb). See Buzz. Not in good form at Earlham.

GET WISE—(verb). To discover that you have butted in. Sound advice.

“I’m just getting wise to the situation.”—Walter Tebbetts.

GET A WIGGLE ON—(verb). A hint to move on. The still small voice that whispers to the sports who miss their car. See, Pull your freight.

“Get a wiggle on the next time you go to town.”—Miss Hanson.

GOLLY—(interj.) Synonymous with darn. Some times used by co-eds while killing red ants.

“Golly, I squelched three at once that time.”—Miss Tomlinson.

GOO—(noun). Any liquid that is either thick or mysterious. Not to be confused with dope.

“Pass the goo.”—Dowlar.

GOV.—(proper noun). He who serves tea to the boys in Bundy Dorm. This year is the first time an Earlham Gov. has ever been married. “We are Gov.’s little children.”—Student Council.

GRIND—(See *Erg.*)

HEC.—(Abbreviation for Hector.) Used by students in the classics. “Hec, this is wrong, and I am in a position to know.”—Nicholson.

HIKE—(verb). To stag it to town. Antonym of Sport. “I took a hike to town last night.”—

HOT AIR—(noun). Defined by Prexy as that which issues from a Furnas. It is also defined as a high-sounding line of talk to no purpose. Often resorted to for lack of argument or knowledge. “Denman is a regular hot air spouter.”—Morris.

HOT HAND—(noun). A lemon with a flat surface which is handed to friend and foe alike. Main feature of the Stag get acquainted social. (See calendar).

“Let’s play hot hand. You’re it.”—Pennington.

HOW-DO-YOU-DO—An expression used when greeting a friend on the campus or at the dining table. If the former, the hat is lifted with the off hand and a moderately low bow is made. If the friend is a familiar one, you may smile.

“How do you do, Miss Keyes,” (smile).—Prof. Grave.

JOSH—(verb). To show your wit at a friends expense.

“I love to josh Hazel.”—F. Gilbert.

JOLLY—(verb). Feminine form of josh, and with a milder meaning. To make her think she has an option on you. To rub in a joke. To embarrass one by remembering too much.

“We jolly Edna Jones just once in a while.”—D. D. girls.

KID—(verb.) See jolly.

KICK—(verb). To make a protest for something you know you will not get.

“What’s the use to kick for Sunday afternoon walks?”—Edna Wright.

KNOCK—(verb). To tell the unvarnished facts about a person or thing. To help your friends by telling them their faults; to speak your sentiments regardless of consequences; to always find fault with everything about you.

“I’m not knocking, I’m stating facts.”—Prof. Chase.

LEMON—(noun). Originally a sour taste in the mouth; now anything handed to the cat on a dark night as a peace offering. (See hot-hand). Something given you which doesn’t take well.

“I’ve had a lemon handed to me in the garden of love.”—Cope.

MATH.—(noun). A child of the devil. Synonym for Hades, sulphur, infernal regions.

“Math gives me the nightmare.”—Walthal.

MUD SLINGER—(noun). One who lives in a glass house and is afraid of stones.

OTHER ARRANGEMENTS—(noun). An expression of endearment handed out in the form of a lemon by the gentler sex.

“Mr. H—:

“I’m sorry I can not go to the Lecture with you, but I have other arrangements.”
“Very sincerely, Miss Barnett.”

PETER OUT—(verb). To cease by degrees. When a fellow goes over to Earlham Hall to send in a call for a co-ed and loses his nerve, he is said to have petered out.

“Roy Jenkins petered out last night.”—Larrance.

PREXY—(adj.) The high-sounding title of the chief high mogul of any organization. See page 27.

PRUNES—(noun). A black fruit with a superabundance of seed, somewhat resembling a plum. Extinct here. (The lexicographer probably was asleep.)—Ed. note.

PULL YOUR FREIGHT—Good advice to the Sargasso Staff. A ticket to Canada is solicited. To avoid excess baggage, carry only a tooth brush.

“I’m going to pull my freight about May 15th.”—Beebe.

ROUGH HOUSE—(verb). To cause a room to look like the tail end of a cyclone. To dishevel. Also used as a noun.

“They had a rough house in our room last night.”—Fisherling.

ROUGH NECK—(noun). One whose neck has been wrinkled by much rubbering.

RUB—(noun). A cure-all. Consists of a pitcher of water, a stiff hair brush and a white space. Growing extinct; probably accounts for the number of rough necks.

“Get down on your knees, Freshie, or we'll rub you.”—Sotto voice.

SCRAP—(noun). A small piece. This is what is left of the class scrap. Friendly altercations.

“‘Devil’ and his roommate got into a scrap over Bryan.”—Neighbors.

SKIDDOO—Extinct. See twenty-three.

SPIEL—(verb). To emit hot air.

“I've the biggest talker contest cinched.”—“Spieler” Hinson.

SPIELER—(noun). A megaphone for the “Devil.”

SPOON—(verb). Something that is mostly related to past memories or vacations at home. Considered not good form at Earlham. Few really find any occasion to use this word. To use terms of endearment separated by punctuation marks not intended for the chaperon's notice. (This verb is transitive if used from the standpoint of one, and is intransitive when used from the standpoint of two persons of opposite sexes).

“I wish Commencement Drives would come oftener.”—Maier.

STACK—(verb). See rough house. To rearrange a neighbor's furniture. To enter by the transom and exit by the door.

“Who stacked my room?”—Miss Kirk.

STUNG—(verb). The saddest words of tongue or pen. A result of a well directed lemon. The lemon in this case is the essence of the fruit.

“I used to be good with the girls so fair.

But I got stung again—that's me.”—Dutch Comstock.

STUNT—(noun). When used with **some**, the phrase means a noteworthy achievement.

“It is some stunt to edit this dictionary.”—The Lexicographer.

SWELL HEAD—(noun). A bump, usually of solid matter, between and above the shoulders. If the bump is not solid, in the form of a block, it is apt to go to the other extreme and resemble a bladder. The official “rub” was used as a cure for this.

“Don't get the swell head.”—Seniors.

SUPE—Formerly the receptacle for old shoes.

SUPELETS—(noun). A peculiar growth. Now extinct.

“Oh, those Supelets are the trial of our lives.”—Dorm girls.

SULPHIDE—(noun). Such expressions as: Will you go with me to hear Madame Nordica?; Let's take a buggy ride this afternoon; I'll take quail, if you please. Antonym of Bromide.

TWENTY-THREE—(verb). A demand to exit. Originated from the third chapter of Genesis: “Therefore the Lord God sent them forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from which they were taken.”

“Twenty-three for you.”—Prexy's canning factory.

TROT—(verb). Formerly known as a pony. To trot is to ride on the back of a servant. This is the line of least resistance unless the trot be noticed by others; then it's ——.

“I'm going to trot out my German lesson.”—Denman.

TIM—(proper noun). Contraction for Timothy, meaning, hay seed. A long, thin growth with the least worth in the head.

“Tim, (Nicholson) bring your anatomy inside the room.”—Bush.

“WELL, I SHOULD KISS A BLIND PIG!”—(interj.) A famous expression of our editor. As yet unanswered.

WHOLE CHEESE—(noun). A full moon. If one thinks he is the whole cheese, he is apt to be a little green or else inclined to be lunar.

“I'm the whole cheese in Ionian.”—Ol. Weesner.

Space Forbids Our Mentioning

The call-down Rema Stone received for walking on Monday evening.

* * * * *

The “set-to's” in Prof. Hirsch's Sociology class and Tim's characteristic “Sic 'em, Sic 'em”.

* * * * *

Miss Shugart's political intrigues.

* * * * *

The number of square acres, the co-ed's new hats would cover.

* * * * *

Those pet “polecats” Mr. Stanton is raising under Earlham Hall. Odors speak louder than words.

* * * * *

“Foxy” Vail's fashion plates.

* * * * *

The “Widows' Roost” on the Avenue; its bewitching occupants; the regular visitors; the good times; the late hours; and the much studying done there.



CASES AND NEAR CASES

An Earlham Tragedy

The dinner hour was over
The bell for class had rung
And weary students hurried
Through lessons scarce begun.

All at once a noise like thunder
Rent the air on every side;
"Oh, oh, oh, what can it be?"
The nervous girls all cried.

And soon brave boys from Bundy Hall
In hurrying numbers came
To rescue from the ruins
The lad we need not name.

Poor Parry Hall was shattered,
Two windows broken out,
A test-tube blown to smithereens,
The lad nowhere about.

Oh, the fright and consternation there
Were awful to behold;
The destruction too was quite enough
To make one's blood run cold.

The news flew east, the news flew west
And even to the town;
Reporters flocked and tried their best
To sift the matter down.

But not a fragment could they find,
Although so well intent,
For he had gone and left no sign
Of where or how he went.

The mystery *no* one could solve,
No matter how he tried,
For he had gone so swiftly
His path was undiscovered.

It seemed that he was gone for good
Or blown to atoms small
And only left for memory's sake
A dent upon the wall.

But after all was still again,
The curious gone away,
They straightened up the shattered lab
And wiped each trace away.

There is a rumor round about
That he's been seen since then
And that his ghost comes creeping round
Among the haunts of men.

But as for that we can not say,
We only know he went,
And now we're wondering every day
Which one will next be sent.

Other Arrangements

"I'm sorry—but other arrangements,"
How tired I get of that phrase;
Out of the year it greets my ear,
On all the sporting days.

It comes on a late afternoon,
When Spring makes the "fancies" roam,
And the campus is all in bloom,
And the birds are flying home.

A lecture brings the same result,
"Other arrangements," is the echo I get,
Till to me, by gosh, it surely seems,
The E. C. girls are the worst I've met.

They go in bunches, twos and threes,
And "knock" at the total lack of a bean,
But when I do get up steam and ask
For a date, the answer by heart I know.

The girls prove fakes, "home life" a bore,
I will major now to get a B. E.,
It's never been on the curriculum before,
But "Bachelor's Experience" looks good to me.

But at last I dreamed and to me it seemed,
My time had come to die,
And with the angels bright, I took my flight
To the pearly gates on high.

St. Peter stood in a thoughtful mood,
And said as I drew near;
"Your papers please, what ails your knees?"
Then grinning from ear to ear,

"Oh, you're one of those Earlham boys
Who keep all ten commandments;
Your Rep. is good, but I'm sorry
For you, I have other arrangements."



As Time goes by.

Maier

Calendar of Our Times

AS TIME GOES BY," we can scarcely stop and review the events of the year. In the following compendium it has been impossible to secure all the news and the data and facts owing to the increased complexity of our college mechanism.

You will find no description of those lovely and inspiring tea parties which Gov. and Miss Hanson have given in our honor; no tab is kept on the girls' "Entre Nous," which usually turns into a harangue by some one, with bitter memories of blighted hopes; we haven't space enough to chronicle their many discussions on the proper way to hold a lady, etc., for, just like a woman, they are all "subject to change without notice"; the midnight carousals of the Bundyites have carefully been overlooked, as well as the chicken roasts, and "spooning" parties; we have guardedly refrained from telling all we know about the Noon-time Dances, Shows, Card Parties, Merry Widow Waltzes, Smokers, and even the "Sporting" ring in the Day Dodgers' room; "silence is golden", also, as applied to the midnight use of the fire escapes on Earlham Hall, which have become as well worn as a muskrat slide; likewise we have smothered the scandal in present-day politics; besides this, the lady members of the faculty have all been gently handled with long, white, silk gloves, that their feelings may remain unruffled. In fact, all yellowism has either been cut out entirely or surrounded by a mellow cast, so that too much may not be told for we want our successors to enjoy the same privileges that we have enjoyed.



Monday, September 28.—College opens.

New students are immersed in the joys of matriculation.

A certain curious substance falls from the skies, which, on analysis by Dr. Holmes, shows traces of H_2O .

Football practice begins.

With the first streaks of dawn, the Freshmen appear with their mammas. Mrs. Crump leaves on the midnight express, after seeing her son Cliffie safe in slumberland. Cliffie wears his hair cut pompadour.

Tuesday, September 29.—Everybody and Maurice Jones arrive. Mr. Crump goes to Prexy's office to borrow some tacks and a hammer.

Football practice continues. Nobody killed yet.

Wednesday, September 30.—President Kelly gives his annual chapel address, "to the largest body of students ever assembled in Earlham chapel". The address is as striking and original as usual. But when he drops our old friend "prestidigitator" and sprung "orientation", Joe Jones swoons. Freshmen try to look wise and fail.

Recitations alleged to have begun, but nobody can prove it.

Girls hold their "Who's Who?" party. Usual sticks present—candy and otherwise.

First football scrimmage. "Hank" and Larrance knocked out.

Thursday, October 1.—Stag party in the gym. Boys have "hot-hand".



EARLHAM MATRICULATION

Sept. 28, '08



Mr. Crump 'phones his mother, "I'm all right, mamma. Every one is *so* nice—but I wish you were here."



Friday, October 2.—Freshmen gradually becoming civilized, and recovering from the idea that they must be more than two hours early for breakfast.

Two more football men knocked out.

The little red ant awakens and gets busy.

P. W. Bond leaves college for Yearly Meeting, but decides to take a walk. He and she do not go into the park, but just to the gate. It is not nice to leave college for Yearly Meeting, and then cut Yearly Meeting and go into the park. She says so. But it's all right to go just to the gate. She says so.

Gurney Barker is seen walking with a girl. He could not help it.

(Neither could she.)

Morrison broken in two in football practice. Coach Vail orders him to hold down both ends for the scrubs, but later he was just tied together again.

Reception to the new students. Pennington uses Prexy's almanac. Prexy sore. Jenkins speaks b-r-i-e-f-l-y for the Freshmen.

Saturday, October 3.—Earlham college report given at Yearly Meeting. One of the professors there.

Earlham defeats Antioch at Reid Field, 6 to 0. More than one professor there.

Monday, October 5.—Real work begins in one or two classes.

P. W. Bond spends the day singing "Blest be the Tie that Binds."

Tables are assigned. Pennington gets Supe's table, and has fits—57 varieties.

Chorus organized, and student body correspondingly disorganized.

Yesterday was Yearly Meeting. Already the smiles are warmer and the greetings readier.

Two girls out to watch football practice.
Clifford feeling blue today.



Tuesday, October 6.—Dan Beebe gets another hat. Nothing special, just the regular growth.

Silas Fauquher in a talk with a Freshman is choked. Seven eight-syllable words all trying to get out at once. Swallows a dictionary and gets immediate relief.

Dr. Coffin and his trained dog entertain a large audience.

Large Hole in chapel.

First call evening—"Say, girls, how do they say good-night at Earlham?" (He was from Missouri. He was shown, and also showed.)



Prof. Chase steps into Prof. Hole's shoes and rattles around. "What size, what jehochabus big size does Prof. Hole wear, anyway?"

Wednesday, October 7.—Barn dancing suppressed among the girls? "What doeth this lady of quiet demeanor?"

"Hungry" Kennard smiles—tables all called down by Supe.

Thursday, October 8.—The little red ant hears Florence Maple say, "How thankful I am that I am both beautiful and clever!"

New members in Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.

Rupe Stanley elected president of the Junior class; Mary Binford, secretary; and the Right Honorable Harold D. W. "Dimp" Trimble, marshal.

Earlham in fine shape for Purdue. Hank and Larrance will be in the game.

Friday, October 9.—Literary societies meet. Election of officers. Congratulations.

Clifford feels better. His mamma comes to see her dear boy.

Saturday, October 10.—Earlham all shot to pieces at Purdue. Score, 40 to 0. Hank and Larrance not in the game.

Monday, October 12.—John Wesley Perkins almost forgets and looks at a girl.

Freshmen becoming degenerate. One of them retires before 1:30 a. m., with only ten out of twelve of his problems done.

P. W. Bond spends the day singing, "The Last Rose of Summer."

Tuesday, October 13.—Gaily clad figures pursue the ball over the tennis court. Truly "Summer sits in the lap of Fall."

Supe Ware becomes assistant governess. Panic in Earlham Hall. We prefer supe in its place.

Wednesday, October 14.—Politics warming up. Wib Lindley president of the Republican club, Mike Harrell of Bryan club.



Thursday, October 15.—Freshmen snipe hunt. Clifford holds the sack.

Beware of rice pudding and its after effects.

Friday, October 16.—Two Freshmen late for breakfast.

Prof. Hirsch gets a hair cut. The little red ant hears Miss Stone saying, "I am so modest, I am positively proud of it."

Goho looks over available "sporting" material for the lecture.

Saturday, October 17.—Earlham defeats Franklin 16 to 0. The little red ant hears Supe Ware saying, "I wish I were the czar."

R. M. Goho narrows down his choice to two girls—it's agony to be on the fence.



Monday, October 19.—SARGASSO staff elected.

The little red ant hears Prexy saying, "I wish I could 'can' somebody."

Racheal M. Goho finally makes his choice and Oh, Joy! she accepts.

Tuesday, October 20.—Business manager gets first order for a SARGASSO.

First number of the lecture course. Mr. Goho takes his "heart's desire". He has such a good time that he makes a date with her for the entire lecture course which ends April 26.

Wednesday, October 21.—The little red ant hears Artie Hotchkiss say, "Earlham is the best place on earth." Then the little red ant wakes up.

Thursday, October 22.—Tim Nicholson takes a bottle of water to the history class. Water evaporates before he can drink it. Dry class!

Friday, October 23.—First house cleaning in Bundy Dorm. Orville Wright empties his waste basket.

Saturday, October 24.—Earlham, 6; Wittenberg, 9; or Earlham, 6; Wittenberg, 5. Take your choice.

Taft arrives. Bryan Club, with fingers crossed, yell for him.

Sunday, October 25.—Football squad makes a tackle on an extra plate of bananas. White makes a brilliant play, and Hill succeeds in downing a glass for a loss.

Monday, October 26.—Prof. Holmes gives an excellent chapel talk on memory and the association of ideas. He is to be congratulated on his excellent memory. For further information, consult "Loisette's Memory System", in the Library.

Boys work hard on skating pond. John Wesley Perkins and Prof. Hole are among the most active workers. John Wesley says



he is going to make a hit this winter. Prof. Hole says he has, already.



Tuesday, October 27.—Football men receive a letter from "Happy" Wann. Miss Quimby says "Happy" is all right, if he is baldheaded.

Prof. Mendenhall borrows a silk plug hat, and he and his wife call on Prof. and Mrs. Hole.

Prof. Chase cuts chapel.

Wednesday, October 28.—John Wesley Perkins and "Hungry" Kennard are overheard fighting over a girl. "Hungry" is in the act of devouring John Wesley, when Si Fauquier comes along, and drops one of his big words on the Freshman. "Hungry" is terribly mutilated. Small hopes of recovery. John Wesley severely stunned by the shock.

Miss Keyes and Miss Trimble go to Republican speaking in town. In the excitement they get so enthusiastic and hilarious that a cop calls them down for disturbing the peace.

Prof. Mendenhall returns Comstock's hat. He and wife then visit Prof. Lindley and wife.

Thursday, October 29.—Supe Ware says he is going to send Prof. Grave along to keep Miss Keyes and Miss Trimble sober. He ought to be able to make a young lady Grave if anyone can.

Clifford says his father is going to give him \$50 if he does not "sport" till Christmas.

Earlham sure to win Saturday. Hank certain that he will play.

Miss Raiford hands John Heaton his'n at dinner. It was not pleasant, but the doctor said take it. John took it.

Senatorial question chosen for the annual gab-fest with Butler and Wabash.

Friday, October 30.—Inquisitive Freshman: "How did Prof. McNown lose his hair?" Wise Senior: "His wife had a hand in it, I understand."

Miss Kirk and Mrs. Ware get a call-down for indulging in a

pillow-fight before the study hour is over. Miss Keyes referees the fight. (Cartoon cut out. It was a peach.)

Saturday, October 31.—Massacre of the Innocents. Butler, 31; Earlham, 0. Hank not able to play.

Prof. Ed. says three things beat Earlham. First, overconfidence; second, discouragement; third, Butler.

Monday, November 2.—Empty places at chapel. Going home to vote.

Mr. Meek and Plato fail to agree. Plato resuscitated after philosophy class by Prexy Kelly and Dr. Coffin. Promises to avoid clashing with Meek in the future.

Crump says Taft is so fat he can't think.

Bryan unanimously elected by the Bryan Club.

Tuesday, November 3.—Monday's decision of Bryan Club reversed. Mike Harrell and William Jennings Bryan go down in defeat.

The little red ant hears Hutchens say, "I wish I were pretty, and married."

Wednesday, November 4.—Great gloom in Bryan Club.

Prexy Kelly busy figuring out Watson's defeat. Prexy stumped for him—poor Jim!

Thursday, November 5.—Prexy speaks on the blessings of "punk-tuality", with the accent on the "punk".

Y. W. C. A. Convention begins.

Big Macy arrives. Joy fills the football camp. Foxy Vail as cheerful as a funeral.



Meek and Beebe clash in the preliminary to the philosophy bout. Beebe fared better than Plato.

Cliffie Crump is next to Morris, in the Freshman oratorical contest. This surprises Cliffie. He thought Morris would be next to him. Crump says there is no use for Pennington to compete with Morris, for Morris beat him (Cliffie).



Friday, November 6.—Paul Furnas strains his back in a football yell.

Saturday, November 7.—Large hat arrives at Y. W. C. A. convention, with a Butler girl. Prexy Weesner cries because he does not get to see it.

Football at Terre Haute. Score, Rose Poly, 26; Earlham, 4. Hank, Larrance and Captain Mike still out of the game. Prof. E. P. wakes up right in the middle of a scrimmage. "The game is won!" he cries.

The little red ant hears P. W. Bond say, "I wish I were a millionaire—I'd get married."

Monday, November 9.—Prof. Chase is jubilant. Prof. Dennis has to substitute for him in chapel. A chip o' the old block arrives. Butterscotch pie for dinner—first this year.



Mary Binford—"Why so pensive, Clifford?" Mr. Crump—"Oh, I'll cheer up. Already, since you have smiled upon me, I feel better."

Prof. Lindley says his wife is doing all the heavy work.



Nov. 10

Riot in the gym. Freshmen have a high old time. Some of the Sophomores have a hot time. Girls do some artistic hair-pulling. Golden locks and some of other shades scattered all over the gym.

Howard Winslow, Senior, and member of the students' council, does his famous barrel stunt in Bundy Dorm.

Red Stanley visits Earlham.



Nov. 11



Nov. 11

Wednesday, November 11.—Senior girls called on the carpet for stacking Miss Kirk's room.

The little red ant hears Miss Hanson bet Miss Bickford that her card will be the fullest at the Thanksgiving faculty hop.

Goho takes his daily constitutional and thinks over Russell's chapel talk.

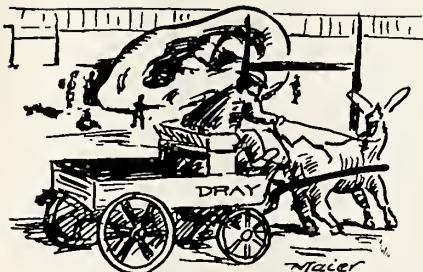
Mike and Hank still on crutches.

Tuesday, November 10.—Prof. Russell speaks in chapel on the subject, "Nicotine and the Golden Rule." The offensive odor of tobacco is so realistically presented that Prof. Hirsch has to hold his nose. Rev. John Heaton looks guilty, and Goho says he is going to think it over.

Cliffie Crump says he is expecting his best girl Saturday.

Faculty banquet at Prof. Ed's. Prof. Chase and Prof. Chase Jr. are toasted, and Prof. Holmes roasted.

Nov. 11,



Big practice football game. "Flop" Swaim loses part of one ear. After a dray has carried the severed portion off the field, the game is resumed.

Paul Furnas uncorks seven dollars' worth of enthusiasm in Lindley Hall. Kid Brother Nanney uncorks thirty cents' worth of H₂S in Bundy Dorm.

Thursday, November 12.—The following item appears in the 10:53 edition of the *Quaker City Bazzoo* this evening:

"Demosthenes Surpassed.

"Daniel Webster Made to Look Like a Novice.
"Miss Fenimore, the Woman of the Hour and the Year, at the
Oratorical Contest Tonight.

"Earlham, Ind (Special to the *Bazzoo*)—Lindley Hall was the scene this evening of the greatest oratorical event that has ever happened in the world's history since Crump and Morris fought out their great forensic battle in the year 1. In the presence of a vast throng that crowded several seats of the amphitheater, the mighty orators representing four of Earlham's classes, fought for the highest forensic honors of the fall term. Miss Fenimore won.

"It was a magnificent program. Thurman Overman had a severe cold and could not sing.

"Then Albert Hayworth, with characteristic dignity and force, proved that John Paul Jones licked the stuffin' out of the Serapsis, and England in general. He did this (that is, Mr. Hayworth did) with such success that the Sophomores gave him a reception in the strangers' parlor—no, it was in the students' parlor, the strangers' parlor was occupied, and they could hardly get into it.



"Following this great naval battle of the Revolution, Oliver Weesner proved that war should cease. But it did not. The contest went right on. But Weesner proved that it should have ended, and most of those present agreed with him.

"Then Pennington told of the horrors of the monster that annually—but he failed to convince the judges.

"After this, Miss Fenimore described the horrors of the present social order, till everybody was scared. But she turned the picture and showed the beauties of the co-operative commonwealth, and then there was nothing to it. The judges just had to return her the winner, and she was selected to represent Earlham in the annual struggle to take place at the capital February 12.

"But the judges did not decide it till Freshman Morris did his stunt; and he did it well, too, and every member of the faculty said he was a comer. And some insisted that he had already arrived. And if he does not represent Earlham before he leaves college, it will be because he gets canned before there is any real need of it."

Friday, November 13.—Prof. Hadley invents the good word "ventilization", and Barker gives us "anna-hilate". "The Wholly Sepulchre" and "The Papul Thrown" are also added to Cliffie Crump's "Grate Pacifier".

Saturday, November 14.—Football game between Earlham and DePauw. Earlham, 0; DePauw, 10.

Coach Vail says the football season has been a nightmare to him.

Tonight's *Quaker City Bazzoo* says:

"Successful Season Closed.
"Earlham's Victorious Football Warriors Broke Training Today, After a Strenuous and Victorious Season of Bloody Battles on the Gridiron.



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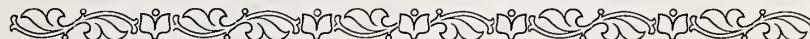
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"Earlham, Ind. (Special to the *Buzzo*)—The football game this afternoon between Earlham and DePauw marks the close of one of the greatest seasons that Earlham has ever seen in football. Not only has the team closed a victorious season, but there has not been a single man killed outright, and not more than seven of the varsity men have been crippled for life. Of the seven games played, Earlham won all but five, and some of these were lost by a score as low as 30 or 40 to 0."

Monday, November 16.—Miss Bobblett says she thinks football is just the sweetest game!—but she still remembers the basketball season last year.

First soccer game of the season. Nobody killed.

A. Lemon Ade, the modern Aesop, arrives. He collects a bunch of Bundy Dormers and says, "One day Leroy Jones was feeling humble—" and the crowd jumps on him.

Seniors get communication from teachers' bureau. Miss Hinson says she is looking for a communication from a matrimonial bureau.

Letter received by Prexy Kelly from Santa Claus. Santa promises Prexy a nice new ax for Christmas.

Tuesday, November 17.—Prexy says we must act like Earlham students except when visitors are present—then we must behave ourselves.

A. Lemon Ade goes to Earlham Hall. He tells a company of girls that Edna Hockett was in deep and serious thought. They cast him out.

Dan Beebe says in philosophy class, "Trying to appease the gods keeps you on the jump all the time, for the gods do not agree, and when you appease one of them you make some of the others hot at you."

Prof. Dennis leaves for the east.

Miss Bird—"O dear!" Mr. Harrell—"Pardon me, but to whom were you speaking?" Miss Bird—"I was addressing Mr. Crump."

Talk of electing Dan Beebe to chair of English "as she is spoke".

Several of the students receive invitations to take tea at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Hole.

Thursday, November 19.—Lindley and Chapman studying a book on etiquette, left for Artie Hotchkiss by Byron Huff.

Junior debate. Six contestants, and only half a dozen chosen to represent the class in the interclass.

Santa Claus says he is going to give Miss Kirk a parlor lamp and a copy of Pope's "Essay on Man" for Christmas.

Friday, November 20.—Miss Tomlinson says if she is not married before she is 20, she thinks she will go as a missionary.

Chapman and Bland cut their classes to study the book on etiquette.

"Little" Jenkins says, "The small college is better than the large one, because in the small college little men can make the team."

Cliffie Crump is getting sober. He says Mr. Meek looks like a Hindu priest. This is the first intimation he has ever given of his hostility to the Hindus.

Saturday, November 21.—Cliffie's father arrives.

Miss Stone—"Oh! we just had the loveliest time—we killed a snake."

Miss Kirk—"I saw you on the street today, and you would not speak to me, Mr. Crump." Cliffie—"I guess father was playing a joke on me."

Members of the geology class took (and spilled) tea at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Hole. Chapman put sugar in his buillon. Bland forgot and put one of the napkins into his pocket. Artie Hotchkiss was studying his etiquette book when something was brought on that was a stranger of his'n. Mrs. Hole saw him, and said he was the most studious student she had ever seen. Lindley says he kept his eye on the indicator, and made only one mistake in the use of the spoons aside from the one he dropped on the floor.

A. Lemon Ade tells the girls that one day he saw John Wesley Perkins with a girl, and now none of the girls will speak to Mr. Ade. They say he has gone a step too far in his falsehoods.

Santa Claus says he is going to bring Si Fauquier a copy of "The Polysyllabic Encyclopædic Compendium of the Mediæval Theoretical Conception of Anti-Transubstantiableness."

Sunday, November 22.—Supt. Ware tries to send girls to bed. He is not boasting of his success. (Cartoon cut out.)



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Monday, November 23.—Chapel clock gone. Prexy forced to resort to surreptitious punches and digs to make the Profs. stop in time for the ten o'clock classes.

Tuesday, November 24.—The gallant chemistry youths entertain the girls of the department. Great success. Prof. Holmes is universally voted an ideal chaperon. The banquet extends far into the accustomed beauty sleep. Goho even misses his train to Harrisburg, and vows to spend his carfare in sporting. Such extravagance!

Wednesday, November 25.—General departure of suit-cased individuals for "the old home town". A few weary and woe-begone beings left to carry the burdens of the college till their return. All troubles forgotten by evening in the pleasures of the *Virginia reel* and other old timers in the art of entertaining. Roy Jenkins initiated into the vagaries of the reel, and pursues them with such vigor that all the others edge fearfully out of his path. All the other sirs are in a like state of red-faced and short-breathed wiltedness except the Hon. Goho, who with airy grace and peaceful mien of the dance.

Thursday, November 26.—Breakfast at 7:30. Every ghost in the hall is alive with indignation at the desecration. And the dinner—ah! no words can tell the tale! Those browned and fragrant turkeys—where are those turkeys now? After the repast, each a every diner vows abstinence from food for a week at least, but by supper time all are able to amble out to the gym and partake of the hand-out, and later to immerse themselves in the stickiness of taffy pulling. Then 10 o'clock by the office, and with three cheers for the day—Thanksgiving is over.

Friday, November 27.—General resting up. Not used to such frivolity.

Cold turkey today.

Saturday, November 28.—Turkey giblets for breakfast.

Sunday, November 29.—Turkey "Supe".
He was afraid to serve turkey today.



Monday, November 30.—Wheels of industry again in motion. Recitations a grand success. Dr. Coffin, of California, addresses us in chapel and enforces on us the necessity of preserving the cemetery—not only for its traditions but for its possibilities. Miss Sutton draws out Clifford as her fate, after sleeping on a piece of wedding cake. She is now pursuing him relentlessly. Look out, Cliffie! Sic 'em, Helena!

Hon. Harold Dee W. Dimp Trimble finds a turkey pulley bone in his hash.

Tuesday, December 1.—Leslie Nanney advertises for a biological rat.

Wednesday, December 2.—Nanney gets his rat.

Prof. Charles startles his mild and phlegmatic German class by asserting that college like an unlicked cub.

a young man comes into college like an unlicked cub.
Miss Keyes refuses to read her place card at a dinner because she says it isn't true. Card is afterwards found to read, "Doesn't Like Boys' Kisses."

Cope leads 18 of his associates out to East Haven.

Thursday, December 3 (3 a. m.)—Mr. Cope and his associates coming up the west serpentine. It was no use, they found the way back.

Fiercely contested basketball game between the yellows and whites. Yellows win—Rah! Yell! Rah! Low! Rah! Rah! Yellow! Hancock elected captain of Earlham athletics.

1866

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Emmons

Friday, December 4.—Big snow storm. Cliffie telegraphs his mother, "I have forgotten my rubbers. What shall I do?"



Saturday, December 5.—Cliffie has the croup.

Rink opened in a blaze of glory, composed principally of falling stars (Positively the only appearance of this joke). Freshmen trail wearily back to dinner, but forget their woes in recounting the falls of others. There is a new board in the Coliseum floor where one innocent lassie met her fate after being urged to go, by

an interested table, with the assurance, "It won't hurt you to fall, there are springs under the floor."

Monday, December 7.—The little red ant dreams that he sees Oliver Weesner in a terrible row. The little red ant awakes with a terrible headache.

Santa Claus says that he is going to bring Dr. Coffin the brain of a Senior for a Christmas present, with a microscope with which to see it.

Prof. Hirsch—"If I owed you \$1,000, there would be a different relation between us." Keplar—"Yes, I'd get an A."

"Pap" Lewis and Gurney Barker have a set-to on the walk. Gurney calls "Pap" a **!!*!*

Tuesday, December 8.—Hamilton, Rhodes scholar, lectures on "Student Life at Oxford."

Prof. Mendenhall (illustrating point in astronomy by holding up a hat)—"Now this is the world—" Ullom—"Has it any inhabitants?"

Prof. Lindley loses a tooth.

Santa Claus says that for Christmas he is going to give Maurice Jones "The Devil".

Wednesday, December 9.—P. W. Bond, "Honest Man" Bond, and Pennington mistaken by Miss Estes for drunken men.

This is the day it rains. And the next day it snows

Cliffie Crump says, "Miss Kirk is a nice gi'l, but she won't stand teasing."

St. Nicholas says that he has a very nice present for Artie Hotchkiss, whose surname is Thor. St. N. says Artie is to have a nice new hammer for Christmas.

Thursday, December 10.—Keplar reads thesis in economics class. Prof. Hirsch groggy, but gamely stays the limit.

S. Claus says that Prof. Dennis is to get a de luxe edition of the book "How to Grow Old, if it Ever Becomes Necessary." This is to be a Christmas present from the late Mr. John H. Methuselah, who probably knew more about the way to grow old slowly and gracefully than any living man.

Friday, December 11.—Miss McFadden says, "Willard Roberts is a nice little boy, but he won't talk."

Prof. Morrison "frozen out" in chapel, and not allowed to speak. Great applause.

"Muggs" Furnas makes his debut on the stage, supporting the brilliant young star, Miss Louise Estes.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner entertain two guests.

Saturday, December 12.—Miss Trueblood and Miss Hinson get their pictures taken. Posed one hour each. They were in a hurry.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gardner find the arm of their Morris chair broken.

Monday, December 14.—Amy Winslow and Herbert White say they are not going to Price's any more. They are saving their money to buy Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gardner a Morris chair for a Christmas present.





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A cordial invitation is extended to all students to visit our factory. With large parties better attention can be had by notifying us in advance.

Tuesday, December 15—Resurrection Day.—College male quartet appeared, after being dead two full years. Great rejoicing among the friends of the family.

Morrison is to receive a copy of "The Cartilage System, or How to Grow Tall", according to the latest from S. Claus.

Wednesday, December 16.—Clear Day.

9:30 a. m.—Filmy, white cloud appears on the horizon. Prexy Kelly says it's going to rain. Telephones to Prexy Jr. for umbrella.

10:00 a. m.—Face appears under the filmy, white cloud. Prexy is aghast. Thinks it is a sun-dog. Predicts a wind-storm, with falling temperature.

10:15 a. m.—A coat, pants and two big suit cases appear under the face surmounted by the filmy, white cloud. The worst has come, and Bilious Learibus, alias William E. Lear, Jr., has arrived on his annual autobiographical tour, with typewritten records and testimonials. Faculty in panic. Council of war is held. Students are corralled in the chapel, and Chase bars the doors. Prexy stretches himself on the table and feigns death. Profs. Charles and Russell hide in the aquarium. Doc Holmes takes laudanum.

10:20 a. m.—Bilious Albino Learibus enters Lindley Hall, and reconnoiters.

10:20 to 11:00 a. m.—Bilious Albino Learibus corners John Wesley Perkins, E. P. Trueblood and Prexy Jr. and the umbrella in the Day Dodgers' room, and begins the story of his life, accompanied by stereopticon views.

11:21 a. m.—John Wesley Perkins jumps through the window and starts toward Ohio.

11:22 a. m.—E. P. rolls under the table in a trance.

11:25 a. m.—Umbrella turns wrong side out. Prexy Jr. disappears in a cloud of asterisks.

11:30 a. m.—Bilious Albino Learibus, Jr., '06, spends two hours in library, overhauls 198 volumes of ancient, mediæval and modern history, collecting additional data for autobiography for B. A. L., Jr., '06. Pays particular attention to Solomon, Caesar, Martin Luther and Theodore Roosevelt.

12:30 p. m.—Bilious Albino Learibus, Jr., '06, appears in the dining room. Silence is dispensed with. Such minor details as crossing the Rubicon and the German Revolution not omitted.

2:00 p. m.—Bilious Albino Africanus Learibus appears in the *Sun-Telegram* office and tells the story of his life.

4:00 p. m.—Enters office of *Evening Item* on same business.

6:00 p. m.—Bilious Albino Africanus Learibus, Jr., '06, storms *Palladium* doors on same business with appendix. Shows suit case full of scalp medals and diplomas.

8:00 p. m.—Bilious Albino Africanus Learibus, Jr., '06, gives a dinner at the Hotel Westcott. Among the guests are W. Dudley Foulke, Prexy Kelly, Senator Beveridge, President-elect Taft, Edward VII, and the pope. Tells the story of his life, illustrated with stereopticon views and brightened with personal letters from Moses, Rameses II, Jack Johnson, and others.

12 midnight—Bilious Albino Learibus, Jr., '06, leaves Richmond for a Woman's night meeting at Cooper Union, New York City.

Thursday, December 17.—Exams begin.

Friday, December 18.—Exams are still on.

Saturday, December 19.—Exams still on. Everybody busy.

Monday, December 21.—Still in the throes of distress.

Tuesday, December 22.—First lap finishes.

Everybody starts for the old home town and the loved ones there.

XMAS VACATION.

Monday, January 4.—Faculty conference in preparation for tomorrow. Time spent in telling what Christmas presents were received. In addition to those announced in advance, Prof. Lindley received his Christmas present earlier in the year and got nothing new; that was Prof. Hole's case, too; Prof. Hadley was expecting something that he has not got as yet—he hopes it is merely delayed; Prof. Charles got a new supply of dignity to be used in the Senior-Faculty baseball game next spring; Prof. Kenworthy got something by Thucydides, but it's all Greek to him.

Tuesday, January 5.—Second lap commences in the mad race for knowledge. Christmas presents the topic of discussion, as yesterday, among the Faculty. It develops that the following were among the presents received during the holidays: White and Winslow, a pair of barber shears, with compliments of Prexy; Carolyn Stuart, a mirror; Miss Fenimore, a red flag; John Wesley



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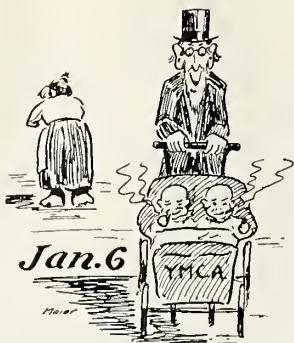
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Jan. 6



Perkins, a book of college yells, in 763 languages and dialects.

Wednesday, January 6.—Prexy poses as a prophet and predicts the future of Earlham debaters and athletes.

The city Y. M. C. A. is rejoicing in the acquisition of Mr. Denham and Mr. Gard. Bundy is consumed with grief.

Mr. Meek says that a young crow is the only simon-pure philosopher on earth—the only one that ever yet discovered the first caws.

Thursday, January 7.—Mr. Ronthaler trots wrathfully up and down the chapel platform for an hour, insisting that we be optimists. Ah, there was a time when we might have been!

First injury in basketball. Overman sprains his ankle.

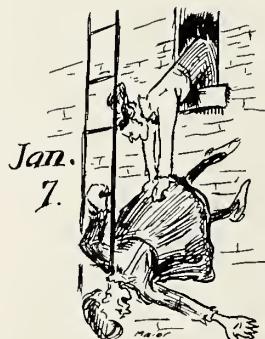
Second floor East Side Earlham Hall hastily signs up for Gym.—its object being to acquire facility in connecting itself with the new fire escape. It is generally believed that Mr. Ware was the architect.

Friday, January 8.—The little red ant hears Artie praise the Earlham grub. Observe the effect of a New Year's resolution.

First grand social event of the season is pulled off in the Coliseum. In Bundy the market is flooded with second-hand Lecture Course tickets, selling far below par.

Saturday, January 9.—Opening reception given in Students' Parlor. The Faculty was conspicuous by its absence.

Fire chiefs, Bland and Stanley, try the new fire hose in Bundy. "Dutch" Comstock holds the nozzle; "Devil" and Rupe turn on the steam. Pressure so strong that hose gets away and before the fire chiefs could find their presence of mind, they get soaked to the hide and all first floor is flooded. The nozzle gets an upward bent; in the effort to capture it a well directed stream takes Sanders'



Jan.
7.



Jan. 9.

ing to be a fire." (See *can*—dictionary.)

Sunday, January 10.—Bundy firemen call in loaned property in expectation of sudden departure.

Monday, January 11.—Election of Junior class officers. Business is transacted with the usual alacrity.

Innovation in Earlham Hall. Honor System is adopted during study hours.

Gov. Mendenhall says he doesn't mind his wife's jumping up in her excitement at a basketball game if she would only be careful as to where she comes down.

The "can" barrel is eyed suspiciously.

Tuesday, January 12.—Fear of "cans" subsides. Gov. says "I came very near getting mad."

Wednesday, January 13.—Maurice Jones tells a joke. "Supe" calls his table down for laughing at it.

Paul Lewis—"I wish the girls would come back to Earlham." Rupert Stanley—"Ain't it so!"

Edna Hall uses Pompeian Massage Cream to remove wrinkles from her patent leather pumps.



Jan. 11.

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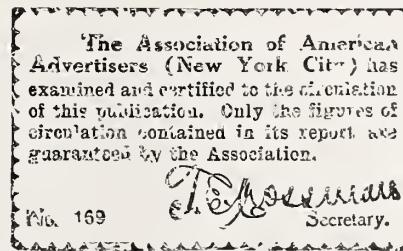
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Thursday, January 14.—Dr. Holmes wears a red tie. Who would have dreamed of such a thing!"

Prof. Grave (seeking information)—"What month is luckiest to marry in?" Prof. Lindley—"No one can tell another that; I had to find out for myself."



Bob-sleds depart merrily on their snowy journeys. Miss Keyes, waving her hands frantically, even pathetically, "I've lost my key! My room is locked! I want to go bobbin'! I can't get my muff! There's no transom to crawl through! There's no fire escape to climb up! I want my muff!"

Friday, January 15.—Basketball with Antioch. Brace up, Antioch! Maybe the rest of your schedule won't be so hard. Earlham, 36; Antioch, 17.

Waxing wroth at the unholy singing that penetrates into the sanctuary of his Latin class, Prof. Chase departs to the basement and is just forcibly shaking reparation from Karl Keppler when a fresh burst proves the steam pipe the guilty songster.

Saturday, January 16.—Prof. McNown loses a hair this morning. Goes out in the wind this afternoon and contracts a severe cold in the other two from lack of protection.

Monday, January 18.—Excitement among the Freshmen. Don't on any account disturb them. They're—oh, awful and appalling task—they are electing their *Earlhamite* Staff!! Oh, ye gods! what if some fatal mistake were made and they put in someone as Exchange editor whose genius would lie in depicting our victories in the Athletic department!

Tuesday, January 19.—The little red ant hears report



Jan. 24.

of "Supe's" resignation. He immediately thereupon calls together his emaciated family and a grand jubilee is held to celebrate the prospect of having something to eat once more.

Prof. McNown loses another hair today.

Wednesday, January 20.—Prof. Russell, Gov., etc., "Foxy", and Mr. Pennington go to a cheap vaudeville performance in the Coliseum, known as "The College Singing Girls". All try to get home without detection but fail. Bush Haworth and Si Fauquier occupy the bald-head row. Goho and Denman nearly faint when one of the sweet singers—or otherwise—tries to flirt with them.

Thursday, January 21.—"Foxy" looks haggard. Didn't sleep well after last night's debauch. Denman had the nightmare, he says.

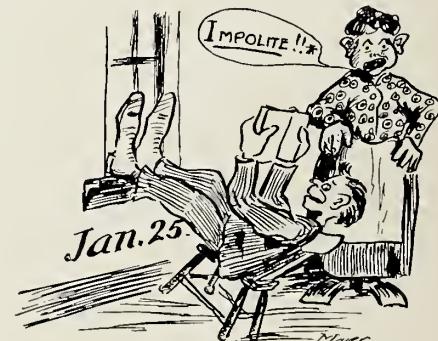
Prof. Holmes indulges in a green tie, but brightens up the effect with a scarf pin of crimson hue. Does he want to be a dark splotch on the campus, depressing the minds of his fellow students? Nay, nay, Pauline.

Friday, January 22.—We hate to take the money—but if you insist. So we leave Wilmington 10 points to the good. Earlham, 26; Wilmington, 16.

Saturday, January 23.—The annual hair-splitting, ear-raising game between the Never Sweats and the All Stars takes place in the Gym. Talented bands furnish music (?). The Social Committee furnishes peanuts, and amidst unparalleled enthusiasm the Never Sweats bear glory upon their brawny chests to their loyal compatriots. Capt. Perkins gets all the wind knocked out of him at one stage of the game, but the Red Cross quickly supplies him with the necessary article.

At Cedarville, O. Earlham, 23; Cedarville, 38. Um-m!

Monday, January 25.—Miss Moore discourses on "culchah". Has some strange ideas and cuts right and left. Thinks that boys ought not to wear sweaters to dinner; that they ought to keep



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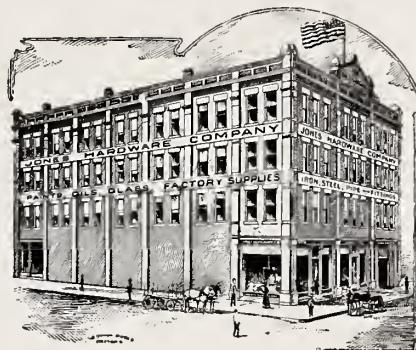
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their hair combed, their clothes brushed, and their shoes shined; holds that they should assist the ladies to find chairs, and should not put their feet on tables or window sills in the class room. General unrest evident on the north side of chapel. Meek says he has a notion to comb his hair once, just to see how it would seem. Even the little red ant sneaks out guiltily, giving his shoes a rub.

Tuesday, January 26.—Miss Hamacher, explaining (mental) telepathy, "You all take hold of hands and then someone leaves the room—" Mr. Haworth, interrupting, "Probably the chaperon."

Wednesday, January 27.—Prof. Holmes sallies forth in a marvelous tie this bright morning. It's a startling plaid of green, scarlet and brown tendencies.

10:45 p. m.—Miss Quimby, trying to persuade Miss Sutton to vacate the bed on which she has fallen asleep, "Wake up, Helena, the lights are out." Miss Sutton, sulkily, "I hope they're happy."

Thursday, January 28.—At one of his stereopticon lectures, Prof. Hole (to Prof. Coffin): "Will you please turn down the light?" Prof. Coffin, absent-mindedly, steps over to where Prexy's bald head is shining and gives his ear a twist.

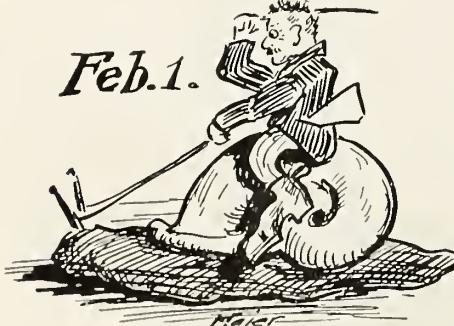
Miss Pike addresses the Y. W. C. A. Very interesting talk.

Friday, January 29.—Elmina Binford chaperons Miss Keyes and Prof. Graves at a special table. Edna Hall says she looks like a mosquito.

Walthal (to Hamilton)—"What do you know about throwing the discus?" Hamilton—"Not a thing." Walthal—"Well, I must have been coaching you."

Prof. McNown's last hair comes out. "Too late for Herpicide!"

Earlham defeats Butler at the Coliseum in one of the best games of the season. The playing of both teams was characterized by good guarding. Earlham, 28; Butler, 16.



Saturday, January 30.—At Oxford, O. Earlham, 18; Miami, 24.

Monday, February 1.—John Heaton in an excited discussion on mutton, address Miss Simms as "Miss Lamb".

Rumor afloat that John Wesley Perkins has eloped. Victim unknown.

Finley Newlin, all out of breath, rushes a Special Delivery letter over to Earlham Hall in an hour and forty-five minutes after the regular mail.

Tuesday, February 2.—Announced at breakfast that there is skating on the pond! Quite a few recover sufficiently from the shock to go down and try it.

New chapel rule. Indignation fills the school. Prexy evidently doesn't believe in the maxim, "Better late than never."

Edna Wright watches a muskrat for half a day under the delusion that it is a groundhog.

Bundy Special.—Nothing heard from John Wesley. Feared that he may have met with some hard substance. Reward is offered for information.



Wednesday, February 3.—Prof. Grave, "without any reference to any person in particular," gives a talk that sounds like barb-wire fence, broken rocks and thunder aent the abominable manner in which the Earlham athletics administration is conducted. At the close of the chapel talk, Prof. Grave and "Foxy" Vail sing their famous duet, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Bundy Special.—Perkins still at large. Information received from Indianapolis police force that a man answering his description is doing a "Merry Widow Waltz" at the Empire. Committee goes down to investigate.

A dog visits Miss Keyes' class. She asks Homer Furnas to take the dog out. Dog refuses to follow Mr. Furnas but readily follows Mr. Lamb. Mr. Furnas, "That must be a sheep-killing dog." C. Jones—"Why?" Then they get him a can opener.



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Thursday, February 4.—Prof. Hadley (illustrating the law of infinity on the board)—“Now in this direction the line may be extended on, on, up to Heaven, and in the other it can be extended down, down, to—Prexy’s office.”

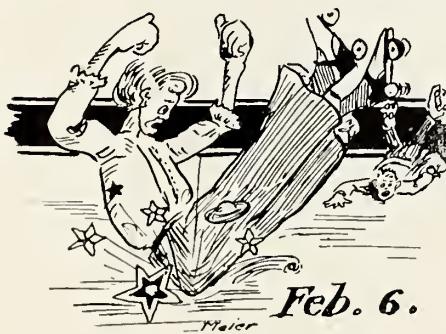
Skating—least said the better.

Bundy Special—10:45 Bulletin.—Investigation Committee, upon hearing continued uncanny noises within, breaks in John Wesley’s door. Finds John in bed with a nightmare.

Prof. Holmes in a new tie—indescribable!

Friday, February 5.—Basketball: Earlham, 51; Cedarville, 15. Intercolor track meet. Whites win.

10:30 p. m.—Guest in room below the Little Binfords, “Wish those rats would stop running around up there.”



P. S.—Still raining.

Tuesday, February 9.—Prof. Chase absent-minded again. Came to his classes leaving his brains at home, but nobody noticed it.

Embassy goes to see “The Devil”, hoping to get shocked. They get the shock, but discover after returning that they saw another play.

Earlham songs are sung in chapel.

“Dinger” Hedges has been bragging about New Castle and “Flopper” Swaim says: “Last night I dreamed that Dinger died and went to the other country. A guide was appointed to show him the sights and Dinger was much impressed. At last he said,

‘Well, this is remarkable. I must admit that Heaven is better than New Castle.’ But his guide replied, ‘My friend, this isn’t Heaven.’ ”

Wednesday, February 10.—Miss Fenimore rehearses her oration before the student body.

Prof. Coffin sports a pompadour hair cut.

Prof. Holmes indulges in a dark green tie and a diamond.

Thursday, February 11.—Mosbaugh wants a rope to tie Prof. Wm. N. down to earth in the Philosophy class.

Chemistry Prof.—“You see, the science of chemistry depends upon certain affinities—” Miss Sutton (interrupting)—“Pardon me. I trust the conversation can proceed without drifting into scandal.”

Miss Keyes walks over Main Street bridge and being unacquainted with its playful ways, is highly alarmed when it sways up and down. She is relating her agitation to her table, when one of the boys kindly remarks, “Oh, Prof. Morrison told us in Physics that a pig passing over a bridge shook it more than a railroad train.”

Friday, February 12.—The 10:63 edition of the *Quaker City Bazaar* contains the following:

“Great Earlham Orator.

“Miss Fenimore Takes State Oratorical Audience by Storm.

“Masterly Defense of Socialism Carried Immense

Crowd Off Its Feet.

“Got Second—Deserved First.

“Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 12 (Special to the *Bazaar*).—One of the most masterful orations ever delivered in a State oratorical contest was that of Earlham’s representative this year—and the orator was a woman. Seven of Indiana’s leading educational institutions were represented by their best, and the contest as a whole was of high character. But though Earlham was not given first place by the judges, there is no question in the mind of any, but that in the essence of true oratory, Miss Fenimore was in a class by herself, and not only out of reach but out of sight of any of the other contestants.



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CHICAGO, ILL.

"D. F. Robinson, of Butler, was the first speaker, and he gave a very American presentation of the subject, 'The Diplomacy of Democracy'. Miss Harriet W. Elliott, of Hanover, gave a fine presentation of the work of Maud Ballington Booth, her subject being, 'In the Shadow of Prison Walls'.

"DePauw's representative, Francis V. Westhaver, spoke on 'The New Reform of Freedom', a study of the Child Labor problem, which was also the subject of the oration of Ignatius F. McNamee, of Notre Dame, who was awarded first place by the judges, mainly on the strength of his thought. Howard C. Whitcomb, of Franklin, had for his subject 'The Role of Our Country', and Walter H. Lynn, of Wabash, spoke on the subject, 'Democracy and the Individual.'

"But to the audience there was nothing to the contest but Miss Fenimore. It was not a matter of sympathy—in the main they did not at first recognize the problem that she was presenting, and they did not believe in the method she proposed to remedy the evils of the present condition. Her subject, 'The Social Revolution', was not one to win favor for itself. She had to win favor for it. And she did. She made the audience see the evil as she saw it, and feel it as she felt it. And in the power of reasoning, illustration and logic she certainly went farther than any other orator toward bringing conviction upon her hearers. And when she closed with her masterful, optimistic and stirring appeal, the whole audience turned socialist, and she was given an ovation such as has not been received by any orator in the State contest for many years, if ever.

"But the judges on thought had marked her oration too low for her to win first place, though it need hardly be said that the judges on delivery did not place anyone above her."

Mrs. E. P. Trueblood receives a telegram from her husband at 10:40, as follows:

"Indianapolis, Ind., 2-12-1909.
"Mrs. E. P. Trueblood,
"Richmond, Ind.
"!!!!**--??!!?!!**?—*!*!*!??*!!
"E. P. Trueblood."

Mrs. Trueblood says she understands the message perfectly. She is

heating water, getting the ice-pack ready, making mustard plasters, digging out the fever thermometer, making ready the operating room, getting a nurse on the way to the Trueblood home, and summoning the best physicians in town. She says she knows that Prof. Ed. will be in an awful shape when he gets home.

11:59 p. m.—Special car from Indianapolis has just arrived. Following are some of the comments on the contest:

Miss Fenimore—Declines to be interviewed.

Prof. Ed. _____ !!

Pennington—if I were not a preacher, I'd certainly tell you about it.

"Twist" Walthal—I tell you, it was crooked.

Basketball. Earlham is defeated on her home floor for the first time in two years. Wabash, 51; Earlham, 25. The game was hard fought and was close up until the last five minutes of play. Then Wabash ran away.

Saturday, February 13.—Social in honor of Miss Fenimore.

Monday, February 15.—Dudley Cox breaks him arm while embracing some of the Gym. apparatus too enthusiastically.

Boys try to master the "Entre Nous" edict of taking their soup from the side of their spoons. "Mike" says it's worse than training. "Hungry" Kennard fills both pockets with crackers to keep him alive till morning. "Foxy" Vail says, "I never did believe in this new-fangled eating fad. I want full sway with all my facilities."

The Junior girls entertain for Miss Fenimore.

The little red ant comes back. Drink him down! Drink him down!

Tuesday, February 16.—Little red ant makes his reappearance on Earlham pudding. Involuntarily takes a bite and swears he's made a mistake.

"Waiting for some one, Miss Furnas?" Miss Furnas, who has been haunting office for several minutes, "Yes, for my little cousin." Whereupon Philip Bruner appears.



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A case of mistaken identity. Mr. Kerr and rash dog simultaneously enter class room, and Prof. Ed. in excitement brutally tells wrong cur to get out.

Wednesday, February 17.—President Kelly entertains Juniors at a buffet luncheon.

“Madame Butterfly” at Gennett. Miss Newell chaperons Earlham crowd to “Peanut”.



Feb. 19.

Basketball—Earlham, 37; Rose Poly, 51.

Saturday, February 20.—Artie Hotchkiss says President Kelly looks like Mephistopheles.

The red ant dreams that he sees Dan Beebe and Miss Maple out walking.

Monday, February 22.—Artie Hotchkiss, impressed by the chapel speech, decided to emulate the “Father of his Country”. Not being able to find a hatchet he uses his little hammer.

Special to the *Bazoo*—The Annual Washington’s Birthday Ball is held in the Students’ Parlor. Gay figures flit through the adjoining tank room, whilst over the polished floor, swaying in rhythmic harmony to the mellifluous strains issuing from the waving palms (hired from Hill’s at 5 per), youth and maiden wind through intricate mazes of the languishing waltz. Twixt the paroxysms cherry cocktails are served to revive the palpitating spirits and in memory of George’s immortal hatchet.



Feb. 20.

P. S.—The waltzes continue to languish until 2:30 a. m., when they die a natural death.

Bland (to Wib Lindley, 10 p. m.)—“Come, don’t be so loud. There are people down here in the graveyard trying to sleep.”

Tuesday, February 23.—It rains. Calendar Committee thankful, for nothing else happens.

Wednesday, February 24.—It rains some more. Calendar Committee offers sacrifice to Jupiter Pluvius.

Thursday, February 25.—Once more it rains.

Prexy Kelly (to Dr. Coffin, who is just returning from the city)—“How is the river?” Dr. Coffin—“Well, it’s able to be up.”

Friday, February 26.—H. Hutchens falls down stairs and gets his feelings hurt.

Joe Jones says he has some great plans for the future, which he hopes to have Miss Carey.

At Terre Haute. Earlham, 29; Indiana State Normal, 9.



Feb. 26.

Saturday, February 27.—Faculty Reception. This event was more interesting this year than ever before, perhaps because it was not conducted altogether by the Faculty. They were divided into eight groups, and the fact that they were so arranged that all of them could not be seen at once seemed to relieve the strain of the situation. Sixteen students took turns during the evening in protecting the Profs. from the eager rush of unsophisticated Freshmen and others, who crowded themselves forward into their sacred presence. The special feature of the evening was Hutchens’ breaking the world’s punch record (37 glasses), made by himself one year ago, by drinking two gallons straight.

Earlham loses second game to Engineers. Earlham, 33; Rose Poly, 47.

Monday, March 1.—Miss Hinson strives to write a letter. Is forced to silence her neighbors by bribes of peanuts. Gives Edna Hall especially large portion.

Prof. Holmes sports a water-melon pink tie with white rings in it—and a diamond!

Copies of the original Panoramic Photograph from which the center piece of this book was made may be had of CHAS. BOWDEN, Boyce Block, Muncie, Ind. This beautiful photograph should be owned by every student and Alumni of Earlham. The size is 8x44 inches. This picture will be sent to you on approval. If you like it, remit \$1.00, if not, return the picture. That's fair. A post card will bring it. Do it now.

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Hank and Muggs decide to "clean out". Are compelled to resort to nitro-glycerine to remove the long accumulated debris.

Thursday, March 2.—The little red ant hears Miss Hanson say, "Is the Girls' Parlor a girls' parlor? Yes, the Girls' Parlor is a girls' parlor. Shall any rude, rough boys intrude upon its sacred domains? No; rude, rough



boys would scratch the furniture, would break chairs—might even walk on the carpet."

boys would scratch the furniture, would break chairs—might even walk on the carpet."

Wednesday, March 3.—Laura Doan and Helena Sutton have a terrific battle, each asserting an indisputable claim to the Bryn Mawr Scholarship. Through an oversight on the part of the Faculty, neither is informed of her acceptance as a candidate.

Thursday, March 4.—Evidently a horrible mistake. We are



which take the form of a serpentine with flower beds planted at intervals; while others choose oratory, which consists of flower beds suspended in mid-air."

Friday, March 5.—The little red ant, lost in soliloquy, "What can the matter be? Say what you will, I know I mistook not; I saw Prof. Holmes in a tie of subdued color. Can some of my great compatriots have departed this life? Oh, my heart!" And with one paw pressed to that agitated organ, the little red ant hurries off.

Basketball season closes by Earlham losing last game to DePauw. Visiting team put up a fine game. Earlham was weak in hitting the basket, getting 22 points to DePauw's 29.

Saturday, March 6.—Artie most nobly entertains the basketball team at a most attractive dinner party in the Library. May his successors ever follow his example! The main feature in the entertainment was a ransacking expedition through the SARGASSO office. The "dummy" was not there, but even the letters on the typewriter were read.

The Sophs display their histrionic abilities.

Monday, March 8.—Orville Wright presents "Devil" with a bunch of dog ribs, "compliments of the Earlham butcher shop."

It is reported that a young lady broke her neck in jerking back to avoid a proffered kiss. Is the moral, "Never jerk?" We want to know.

Since the fire escape came into existence Miss Sutton strives to make it useful as a clothes line. There is a continual wash out on this line.



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John Heaton is the happy possessor of a long pompadour. He says the manager of the Gennett insists he is Paderewski. We know John's ability as a truth teller.



Tuesday, March 9.—Who will explain the mystery—Hugh Jenkins and his suitcase? Only once has he let go of it and he thought he was heavy enough then.

Wednesday, March 10.—Earlham Hall is mourning for the untimely demise of Theodosia Winslow Rat, the eldest rat of Grace Vandis Winslow. It came to spend its ill-fated but useful life in this unhappy world on the fifteenth of August, 1908. Blessed with extraordinary beauty and an expressive countenance one could fittingly say, "to know it was to love it." Constant exposure and over-work impaired its none too rugged constitution; and with the new style of hair dressing came its complete downfall. It departed this world amid the wails of its lonely owner and its many relatives and friends and now lies in state in the ash barrel.

Thursday, March 11.—Prexy makes another laborious pun on "Furnas". Paul says he supposes the joke has endless variations and he may as well get used to them.

Miss Pierce says the doctor discovered stygmatism and some other big words in her eyes.

Ann Hinson has two ambitions in life—to get a degree, and to skate with John Hancock. We have this on her own authority.

Friday, March 12.—Hopes of the co-eds blighted forever—Prof. Holmes' engagement announced. Noticeable falling off in number of fair ones in Chemistry. Prof. Grave positively the only hope now. Prospects for enrollment in the Biology Department increasing marvelously. Prof. Holmes is now singing, "I'm Tired of Living Alone."

The 10:57 p. m. edition of the *Quaker City Bazoo* contains the following:

"Earlham Lost and Won

"Administered Defeat to Wabash College at Home, While the Team That Went to Butler Lost to the Irvington Debaters.

"Earlham at this hour is celebrating a war dance about a blazing bonfire, and decking with crape Rooms 205, 210 and 312 in Bundy Dorm. The shouts of victory are mingling with the groans of defeat, and tears for the affirmative team at Indianapolis are running down the ravines made in the faces of the students by the smiles for the victors at home.

"Wabash came, was shown, and will leave for Crawfordsville on the first train, glad to get away with the decision of the one misguided judge who thought they ought to have some consolation to take back with them. There were three men on the Wabash team, which was as many as Earlham had. But though their names were as long as those of Earlham men, if not a shade longer, their tongues were far too short to compete. The visiting men were Ferdinand Francisco Tannenbaum, Earnest Benjamin Hawkins and William Agamemnon Pittenger, but that wasn't enough. They did their best, but 'Tim' Nicholson shouted at them early in the game and took a lot of their nerve.

"And then 'Si' Fauquier showed them how they use language in the country where he was born and brought up, and when he got through, only two legs and one arm of the debaters from Crawfordsville were showing, all the rest being buried under his avalanche of words like this:

'Why, gentlemen, it must of necessity be almost axiomatically evident in the most inconsiderably developed intellectual capacity, that the stability of our governmental felicity is dependent very largely not merely upon the magnanimity of the majority of the constituency, but upon the avoidance of that latitudinarianism and excessive mutability that pos-



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tulates a superabundance of intellectuality in the prolotariat.' Well, you see how it is yourself. What could Wabash do?

"And when 'Bush' Haworth got started, and asked them a few questions that the wisest man in America or Indiana or Earlham couldn't answer without a strain; and when he let go a veritable storm of words in his final rebuttal,—well, Wabash was just snowed under, that was all there was to it.

"There was a great storm at the State capital, and the wires are all down. We have, however, secured wireless communication, and have learned some of the features of the struggle there. The wireless message is as follows: 'At eight o'clock began a storm of thunder and lightning and rain, with a strong hot wind. This lasted until about ten o'clock, after which it turned suddenly cold, and all the telegraph lines were put out of commission.'

"Earlham had three men on her debating team, and Butler had six. Earlham beat four of them, but did not pick out the right four. The members of the regular team were Clifford Browder, John Speigel and Fred Shortmeier. Their assistants were Judge John L. McMasters of Indianapolis, Judge Charles T. Hanna of Indianapolis, and Brandt C. Downey of Indianapolis, to-wit, Irvington. The Earlham debaters, Homer L. Morris, Perley J. Denman and Levi T. Pennington, defeated the first four of these, but the other two succeeded in winning for Butler.'

"The report was received thus far, when the instrument in the *Bazoo* office emitted the following: '***!!!—?—!!—?*(?!!?*!) !'. The *Bazoo* operator says that this is a sure indication that some words were started that the machine could not transmit, and that the fuses have evidently been burned out somewhere, either here or at Indianapolis, and there will be no possibility of making repairs before Monday."

Saturday, March 13.—Hank comes to the rescue,—Miss Hinson's greatest ambition fulfilled. She can devote her entire time to the degree now.

Mrs. Prexy entertains the Freshmen. The hours are very early so as to get the children home before dark.

Marinaduke cremates Theodosia Winslow Rat. The ashes may be viewed at any time in the urn in the Students' Parlor.

Monday, March 15.—President Kelly announces that Prof. Dennis, Misses Francisco and Edwards will be in for Spring term.

Mr. Hamilton introduces English Rugby.

Boys organize etiquette club,—too young to be named yet. A much needed want is now filled.

Tuesday, March 16.—"Devil" Bland uses glass for finger bowl. Terrific deafening noise is heard—boys trying to drink soup from the sides of their spoons. Beachler goes out with a lean look—only indulges in one prune and two red ants—says being polite is too much for him.

Foxy Vail wears dress suit to breakfast.

Wednesday, March 17.—Dr. Cadberry, of Philadelphia, on a flying trip to China as a medical missionary, stops off to breathe the wholesome Earlham atmosphere and addresses the Associations while here.

Thursday, March 18.—Infant organization in Bundy is finally christened "What's What."

Friday, March 19.—Day Dodgers present "Esmeralda". A great success.

"Jenks" Chapman and Gilchrist star as Stage Managers.

John Smyser and Sarah Addington especially desire to repeat the play in the near future in order to practice certain scenes.

Saturday, March 20.—Exams begin.

Hank is a philosopher, all right—answers as many questions as it requires to pass him and then stops.

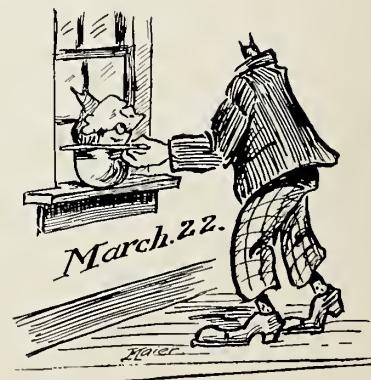
Sunday, March 21.—The following notice appears on the bulletin board in Bundy:

"Lost

"This is a general notice to the effect that I have lost my old hat. If anybody can locate it for me, I shall be greatly obliged. Since vacation is coming I am liable to need it again. Thanking you in advance for what you may be able to do for me along this line, I am,

"B. H. Grave,

"Without a hat.
"Per Bush Haworth, stenographer."



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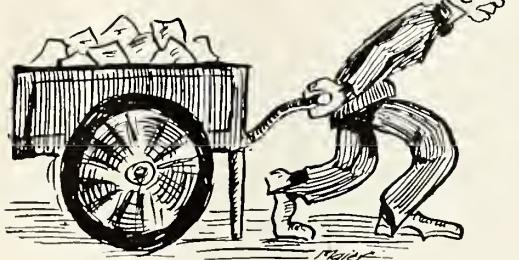
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March 22.



brought up by Finley and distributed among the victims.

6:00 p. m.—Prof. Hirsch partakes of his supper in the back of the room.

8:00 p. m.—Brock Fagan gives up the ghost and departs.

11:59 p. m.—Homer Furnas, after a mad run, catches 12 o'clock car for Indianapolis.

1:00 a. m.—Prof. Hirsch goes home.

Prohi Contest. Oliver Weesner will represent Earlham in State contest.

Tuesday, March 23.—Exams. ended at last.

More deaths than ever.

Statistics prove that more people die from effect of College Algebra, Trigonometry and Prof. Hadley than from any other known plague.

SPRING VACATION.

Monday, March 29.—Some of the early birds return and take in "Sis Hopkins" at night.

Tuesday, March 30.—Matriculation. Several students pass through the experience and do not realize it.

"Birdie" Markle and Denny Hawkins return.

P. W. Bond back. Thought last term he'd not be here this, but had a drawing this way, and is with us again.

Wednesday, March 31.—Last lap begins in the mad race for knowledge.

Prexy tells the other Profs. to make their students wonder.

Monday, March 22.
22.—Prof. Grave finds his hat with a little something in it.

Prof. Hirsch gives History exam.

1:00 p.m.—Exam begins.

2:00 p. m.—Prof. still writing questions on the board.

5:30 p. m.—New supply of exam. books

Prof. Russell tells Miss Trueblood that she's not so many.

Prof. Hamilton, "The Original Rhodes Scholar", gives a talk on Oxford, using such fancy, ruffled words as "howler", "moderations", "literii humaniores", etc. Says that in Oxford half the students take the course in "literii humaniores", half the course in Modern History, and the rest take the other courses. Evidently Mr. Hamilton did not take the Mathematics course.

After the chapel talk, "Hungry" Kennard says he thinks he will be a "pass" man rather than an "honor" man. Prof. Hadley expresses some doubt even on the former.

Miss Hanson has a tea party. She has a very generous supply of "tea" and the poor girls—well, the least said the better.

Thursday, April 1.—Awful joke on piano—Miss Francisco is back, and the poor "Starr" is nearly crushed. One Freshman said, "Gee, if she smashes the machine like that when she comes back from phlegmatic Germany, what would she have done to it if she had gone to Ireland!"

Friday, April 2.—Clock is back in its accustomed old place on the wall. Chapel exercises the briefest we have had in months.

Saturday, April 3.—New students are introduced to the social whirl of Earlham. Pink and white ice cream is served. Prof. Hole graced the event by his gracious presence, but left early. Home cares called him away.

Monday, April 5.—After a neat little speech by our Honorable Editor, ballots are distributed in chapel and the Grand Election is now on. Everyone goes around with a sweet smile for everyone else. The air is absolutely surcharged with telepathic messages of ensuing import, "Say, now, you know I always did think a lot of you—don't you think I'd be a good one to put down for etc., etc." Herb. White walks from Bundy to Lindley Hall with his arm flung caressingly around Foxy Vail, and various such phenomena are observed. Prof. Russell openly solicits all votes from his classes.



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Prof. Russell seems a little bit off today. He tells his New Testament Literature class about the Jewish "synagogue", and assures them that "in 99 cases out of 10 such a plan would fail."

Tables are assigned. The little red ant dreams that Herb. White and Wib. Lindley were assigned with Artie Hotchkiss to Foxy Vail's table.

Pennington is assigned to Miss Hanson's table, but declares that since last fall at the Supe's table he is immune, and won't take a thing.

Tuesday, April 6.—Junior class elects officers for Spring term.

Polls still open. Lively electioneering in all quarters. Miss King running hard race for Biggest Flirt—according to last reports still in the lead, however.

First evening open for strolling and it rains! Believed that Gov. and Miss Hanson have private dealings with the Weather Man.

Wednesday, April 7.—Dowlar laid out. Hank and Mike make flying trip to New Madison for Short Stop, but efforts are all in vain.

Foxy fitting up batting cage.

Polls are closed today. The election board gets busy—sworn to honesty under penalty of death. Even money up on "Devil & Co." and "The John Wesley Associated" as Funniest Case. Betting 10 to 1 in favor of Nanney as Biggest Goat.

Thursday, April 8.—Counting of returns continues. Flagrant attempts are made by interested parties to bribe members of the board into giving a tip on the results, but there's nothing doing.

Friday, April 9.—French arrives.

Several Prohi contestants arrive on the scene of action. Hinshaw is scheduled to speak this evening, but you never can depend on Wisconsin trains. As he fails to appear Shields, of University of Minnesota, efficiently takes his place. Startles us all, however, by remarking that "of every ten children born, eleven grow to maturity."

Saturday, April 10.—DePauw and Earlham meet again. Prexy waxes enthusiastic, but 'twas before the ninth inning.

Earlham	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
DePauw	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5

However, Earlham returns the compliment in the evening. Weesner gets second place over DePauw's third in State Prohi Contest. Taylor University wins first.

And now, oh ye people, are we withdrawn from the office of public diary-ists. No more shall ye know the what ye did yesterday and the day before and yea—even the day before that, for memory is a sly lass and prone to wander. And we repeat the chiding of the Prophets of Old that 'tis not what ye did but what ye failed to do about which we are wroth. What aileth the Canning Process? Alas, methinks 'tis rusty from disuse. And now hark, ye people to our last prayer. May our successors be spared the troubles, pains and vexations that we have experienced. May they not have to make the acquaintance of the small hours of the night in the search for new ideas. May they rest on "flowery beds of ease" while stories, pictures and jokes come piling in upon them. And now, with our parting gasp, extend we thanks to thee, O Cliffie—to thee, O Doctor Holmes—and others.



FINIS







